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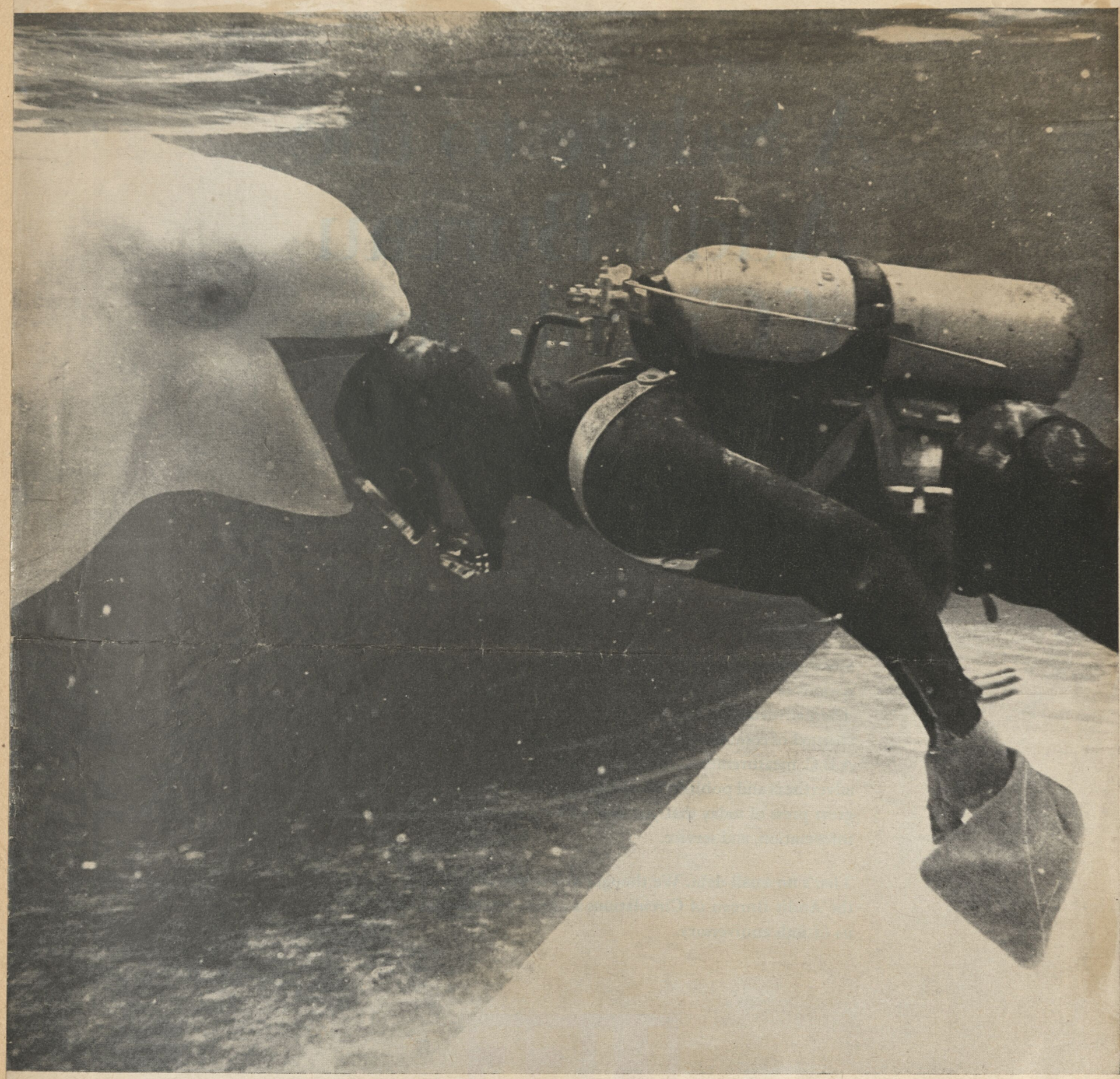
SCRAP BOOK

78-24
P. F. M.

Whaling



A FRIEND DROPS IN FOR LUNCH

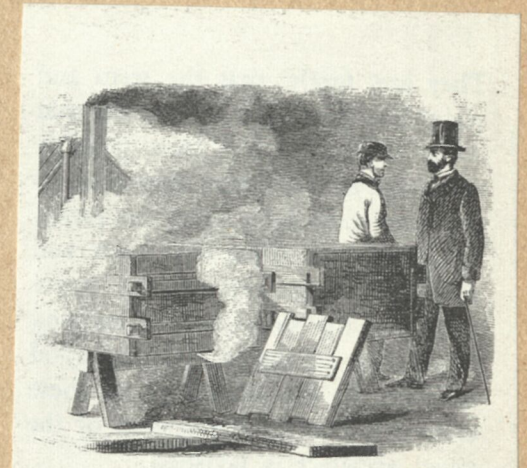


The Building Of a Ship

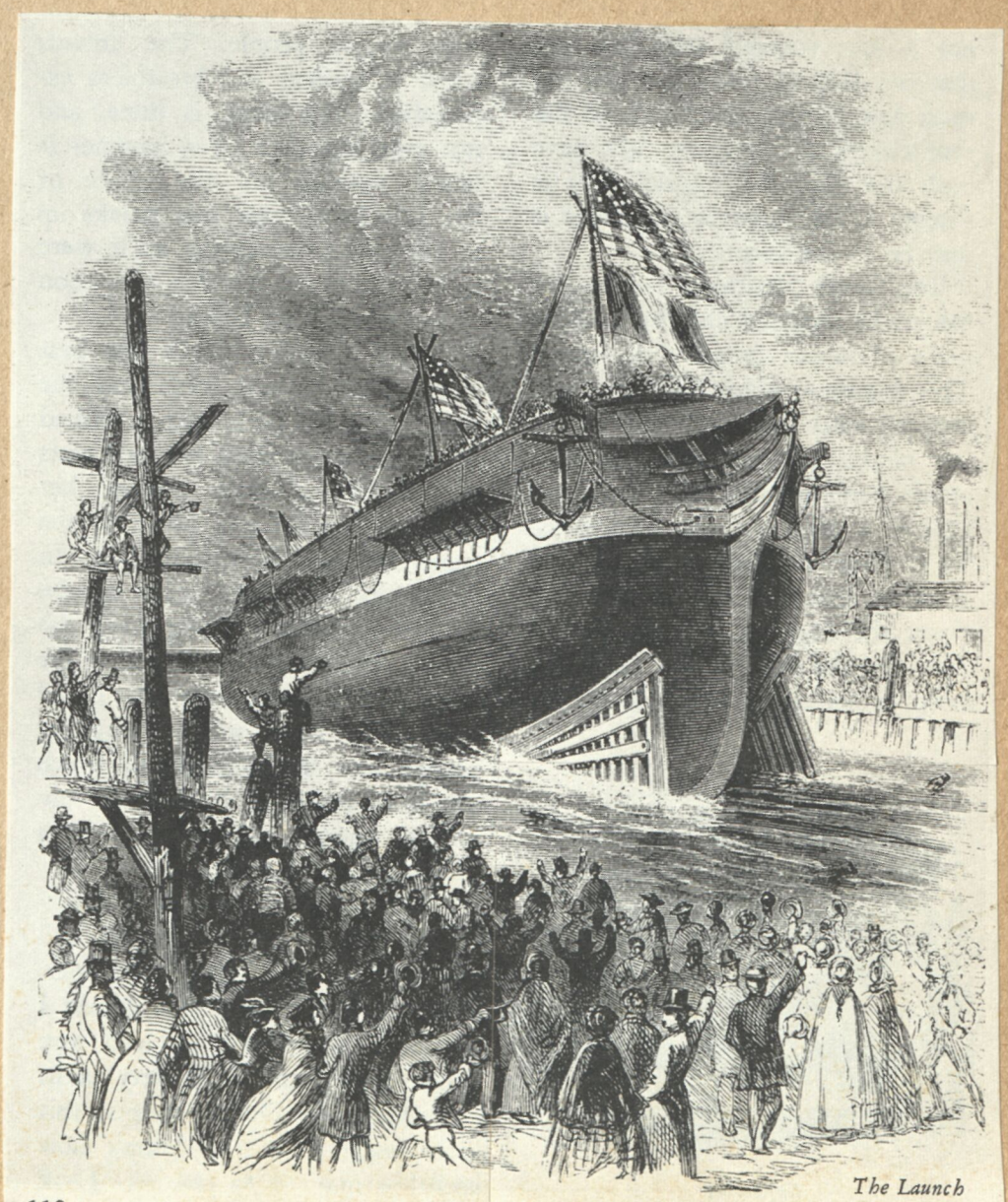


Interior of the Ship





The Steam-Chest



The Launch



Axemen

Homage to Whaling Life

Reviewed by
David Roberts

The reviewer is the author of "The Spear Thrower: A Story of Early Man" and "Mountain of My Fear," among other books.

In 1871 the American whaling fleet in the Arctic met with an unprecedented disaster. The earliest winter in memory combined with just the wrong seasonal winds to trap most of the fleet inside the piled-up floe ice, in shallow water against the northwest coast of Alaska. By the end of August, 32 of 39 Arctic vessels were stuck for good. When the northeasterly breezes that would have freed the ships never came, the captains made the inevitabe decision: to abandon ships and cargo and flee in whaleboats and on foot southward along the coast. Remarkably enough, 1,200 men made the retreat and were rescued by the seven remaining ships—without the loss of a single life.

By the '70s whaling was already in decline, doomed by the development of petroleum oil and cheaper substitutes for whalebone. But in "Children of the Light," Everett S. Allen identifies the 1871 disaster as the death knell for the quaint industry in which Herman Melville saw the metaphysics of existence. Allen's book is an unabashed homage to the whaling life, and to the Quaker town of New Bedford that was its home.

It is a work of pained nostalgia, too, revealing an amateur historian poking around his home town, among the artifacts of its whaling museum, and into the memories of his oldest cronies, for retrospective clues that might somehow foreshadow the events of 1871. The book's clumsy structure—200 pages of preparatory bulk that lead only by the thinnest of threads toward Allen's real subject (the 1871 catastrophe, which ends up underplayed)—derives, one suspects, from the self-indulgence of nostalgia.

A chapter of oversimplified Eskimo enthnography, for example, contributes little—and betrays a condescension that lurks in gauche inaccuracies like, "As for mating, love does not figure in that, either." The early chapters are written in an annoying second-person, 1871-present-tense ("If you have to go out on a dark night—and it is better not to— . . . at least carry your bone knife and have it ready to keep off Toonook")—symptoms of a nostalgia that would just as soon forget that today's Eskimos drink Budweiser and drive Hondas.

Yet the book is rich in facts. How to build a whaling ship, how whales were cut up, what whalebone was used for (everything from billiard-table cushions to tongue scrapers)—these are things that Allen knows well and intimately. The sidelights, quirks of chance and personality that spring to the surface, make perhaps the best reading. Old New Bedford salts, for instance, were inclined to regard Melville as a faggot intellectual who had caricatured their livelihood. The Quaker sternness of owner George Howland dictated, immediately upon purchase, chopping off the figurehead of the ship *Rousseau* and throwing it into the mud of the dock. Under the misconception that he could not change the ship's name, he persisted in mispronouncing it "Russ-o" for the rest of his life.

Among the 1,200 sailors who escaped the ice, there was one "deserter," whose name is lost to history, who returned to the ships and wintered over in one of them, hoarding whalebone that he was never able to bring to market. The Eskimos, who plundered the ships soon after they were abandoned, got sick from drinking all the potions in the medicine chests. To drive out the evil spirit Toonook, they set fire to every ship they had gotten sick on.

A book, then, for whaling buffs, perhaps for 19th-century American history buffs. But a disappointingly unmoving book. Allen's sympathies lie all too strongly with the New Bedford owners: A commercial tragedy (the loss of $1.5 million worth of ships) is not the sort we are likely to grieve over a century later. The sailors themselves, who took the risks for a tiny cut of the profits, remain almost invisible in "Children of the Light."

Fin Whale



Slaughtering Stranded Pilot Whales



Whale Kill. But nothing, liquor included, is more likely to incite Faroe Islanders than the electrifying news that a herd of pilot whales has been trapped in a fjord or harbor. It happens often and then good manners are forgotten. Some islanders are ashamed of these slaughters, a Faroese equivalent of the Spanish bullfight. When the whales are driven into the beach, dispatch of the stranded animals is neat, quick and expert. But when the whales panic and wheel about, the islanders panic, too. Hysterically, they hack away at the huge beasts with everything from stabbing pocketknife and boat hook to scythe. Dignified, formally-dressed gentlemen have been seen leaping fully clothed into water red with blood. Swimming, paddling, wading, men wildly attack the trapped animals, heedless of danger in the bloody froth.

"It's a blemish on our nation," says Heinesen. But, unlike bullfights, Faroese whale killings are part of the struggle to exist, often the difference between hunger and filled stomachs. Even today they are important, the whale meat democratically distributed to everyone in the district, including tourists.

Faroese politics are democratic, too, although sometimes as wild as whale killings. After 600 years of colonial rule from Copenhagen, the islanders were granted home rule 20 years ago. Nationalistic feelings are strong, but many a Faroese politician straddles an ambivalent platform—one side for secession and complete independence, the other knowing too well that the ties with Denmark do carry economic advantages. Respectful of the islanders' feelings, the Danish government recently agreed to recommend that the Faroe Islands be given their own seats in the Nordic Council,* probably along with Finland's Åland Islands.



Shipping out Whale oil

Whales produce songs

It has been known for many years that whales produce sounds of various kinds. Dr. Roger S. Payne of the New York Zoological Society has recorded the sounds made by humpback whales, and he and Scott McVay of Princeton University have analyzed the sounds and discovered them to be elaborately patterned and song-like.

Dr. Payne's main interest was in discovering the role of the sounds in the behavior patterns and life cycles of the whales.

"It would be so nice to think they talk to each other," he says. "But many other creatures, including bees, communicate at some level. There is no evidence the whales are philosophical creatures of the deep."

In fact, Dr. Payne adds, the songs—which a number of musicians have ranked as music of some quality—are repeated monotonously, even though the total repertoire of a single whale may last 7 to 30 minutes.

He speculates that the purpose of the songs is to allow different whales to recognize one another and keep contact as they migrate in the Atlantic.

New Bedford Retains Magic of Whaling Days

By WALTER HACKETT

NEW BEDFORD, Mass. —In the quiet of evening on the waterfront here, as the gulls shriek and the water whispers in the harbor, it is easy to imagine that the clock has been turned back and that Herman Melville is standing near, pondering his first voyage to the South Seas.

It was from New Bedford in 1841, when this was the greatest whaling port in the world, that Melville set sail on the whaler Acushnet for a voyage that for him ended in his desertion in the Marquesas Islands, in the South Pacific, many months later.

The author of "Moby Dick" must have attended a service



FIGUREHEAD—A prize exhibit in the Whaling Museum at New Bedford, Mass.

in the Seaman's Bethel, which stands here on Johnny Cake Hill, because Father Mapple, the fiery preacher in the book, is certainly based on the Rev. Enoch Mudge, who was the chapel's first minister from 1832 to 1843. Those who love stories of the sea and visit the Seaman's Bethel can visualize Ishmael, the narrator of "Moby Dick" and the only survivor of the Pequod, sitting in a pew nearby.

19th-Century Aura

In the chapel, in the Whaling Museum—which is also on the hill—and among the narrow streets that hang over the harbor, a panorama of New Bedford's 19th-century heyday and the atmosphere that Melville captured here are plain to see.

The Old Dartmouth Historical Society, which operates the museum, says it is the largest American museum devoted to a local past. It contains one of the best collections of whaling memorabilia in the United States, and probably in the world.

The centerpiece of the museum, founded in 1906, is the full-rigged, half-scale model of the Lagoda, which was typical of the whaling ships that cleared New Bedford during its great era from 1840 to 1860. The original Lagoda, a 122-foot-long bark, was owned by Jonathan Bourne of New Bedford, whose family presented the model and the original building to the museum.

'Boarding' Possible

Visitors can "board" the model, which was built in 1915 by Edgar Hammond, a ship's carpenter who had worked on whaling boats. The original Lagoda sailed from this port for 48 years and is mentioned in Richard Henry Dana's novel, "Two Years Before the Mast."

She cost $40,000 to construct and fit and was similar to the Acushnet. The average crew of those days was not genteel. It was made up of New England farm boys, professional sailors from New Bedford and Nantucket, Gay Head Indians — they were great harpooners — Portuguese from the Azores and islanders from the Pacific, like Queequeg, the tattooed cannibal in "Moby Dick." Fleeing criminals found a three- or four-year voyage aboard a whaler an ideal escape hatch.

Authentic Whaleboat

Next to the Lagoda model is a 30-foot-long whaleboat. Built of cedar and outfitted, she is ready to be rowed or sailed by a six-man crew into the lee of a sperm whale.

The museum has a fine collection of ships' figureheads, beautifully carved and painted; portraits of ship owners and captains, primitive oils showing local whalers in foreign ports and illustrations of the various phases of whaling, from harpooning to "cutting-in" (removing the blubber).

There is also a display of scrimshaw, the knickknacks carved by sailors from the teeth of sperm whales. Other collections include sextants, quadrants and compasses, and old photographs of New Bedford's harbor packed with whaling vessels, of shipyards and of ships' chandlers.

Sea Songs

The museum has more than 700 whaling ships' logs and journals. Many contain such information as the songs that whaling men sang, medicines used at sea and the habits of the South Sea natives.

Other records show the importance of whaling to New Bedford. The port had its greatest return from its whaling fleet in 1845, when 158,000 barrels of sperm oil, 272,000 barrels of whale oil and 3,000,000 pounds of whalebone were brought in. In that year, 10,000 men manned her fleet.

The discovery of petroleum in Pennsylvania in 1859 and the loss of much of New Bedford's fleet in the Civil War helped end the port's ascendancy.

In the Seaman's Bethel, a bust and a portrait of Mr. Mudge are behind the pulpit. Every Memorial Day, a small organ in the chapel is carried on a wheelbarrow to Pier 3 for services in memory of fishermen lost at sea.

Mariner's Home

Next to the chapel is the Mariner's Home, built in 1787, where sailors can get a bed, shower and breakfast free of charge. The home is open to visitors.

New Bedford has some fine examples of Federal architecture — houses, warehouses and offices of brick, granite and fieldstone. On Second Street is the Old Custom House, built in 1836 and still operational. Some of the city's old buildings have been converted into rooming houses and offices or are boarded up, having become bleak monuments to a great past.

A local nonprofit group, the Waterfront Area Historic League, known as WHALE, is attempting to restore the waterfront, which is a busy area today because of its importance as a fish-processing center.

Whaling ships sailed from New Bedford as early as the Revolutionary War. They carried skeleton crews and then put into the Azores and Funchal, Madeira, to take on extra crewmen, fresh water, fruit and vegetables.

Whales Plentiful

At that time, whales were plentiful in the Atlantic. Later, when the whaling ships rounded Cape Horn into the Pacific, similar stopovers were made. Many Azoreans settled here at the end of long voyages.

Today, thousands of people in New Bedford and the surrounding area in Massachusetts and Rhode Island are of Portuguese descent. In New Bedford, many of them are fishermen, and Portuguese is the city's second language.

From September through June, the Whaling Museum is open Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. and on Sundays from 1 to 5 P.M. It is closed on public holidays, as well as on Mondays



WHALER—The Charles W. Morgan, at Mystic Seaport, once sailed out of New Bedford.



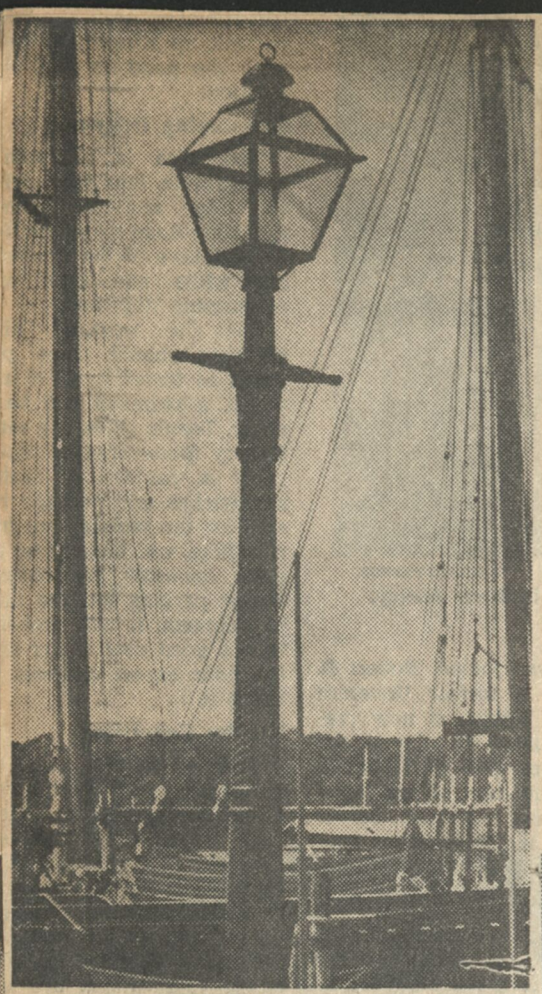
Photographs by FRANK BROWN Jr.; The Whaling Museum, New Bedford

WHALERS' CHURCH—Seaman's Bethel in New Bedford was described by Melville in 'Moby Dick.'

MYSTIC: PORT OF LAST CALL

THEY stand at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut—the Charles W. Morgan, the Joseph Conrad and other relics of the sea. The Morgan, 127 years old, was the last of the Yankee whalers; the Conrad, was built in Copenhagen 86 years ago as a training ship. The buildings, the shops and the other vessels at Mystic form a living portrait of the romantic era known as the Age of Sail. The high lantern at shoreside and the crusted anchors—these, too, are reminders of mid-19th-century seagoing. The seaport, on the Mystic River off State Route 27, is open daily, except Thanksgiving and Christmas.

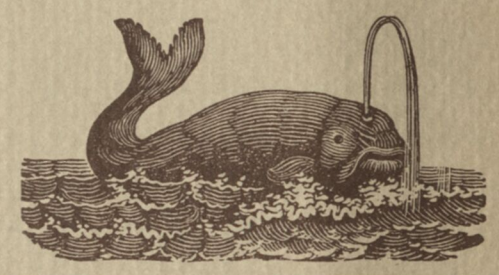
—GEORGE BERTIE.



HIGH LIGHT—A lantern at Mystic.



VOYAGER NO LONGER—The Joseph Conrad sailed the seas under three flags.







HELD FAST—The Morgan's last port, a bed of concrete and sand.



GEORGE BERTIE

BEACHED—Anchors on the Mystic shore.

No whaling moratorium, but quota system set

Like many other marine animals, whales have been hunted so ambitiously that many species are in danger of extinction. On the endangered list published by the U.S. Department of the Interior are the bowhead, right, blue, sperm, finback, sei, humpback and gray whales. The United States has already halted all whaling by its nationals and banned importation of products, such as oil, from endangered species of whale.

But the U.S. whaling industry, as one observer notes, "amounted to zilch." Thus these moves, according to Robert M. White, director of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, were "a valiant gesture, but a feeble tool, for protecting the whales. The simple fact is that whales are caught by other nations, and our actions affect them not at all . . . we must face the fact that we alone cannot save the world's whales."

Cynics point out that the United States has nothing to lose by advocating bans on whaling. Nations such as the Soviet Union and Japan, which account for 80 percent of the total catch, would face loss of a major industry. They have naturally opposed whaling bans. U.S. observers believe such nations are not likely to agree to a total moratorium or ban on whaling. But there are indications that a phase-out of whaling, or at least strict controls, may be possible.

Delegates at last month's conference on the human environment in Stockholm recommended a 10-year moratorium on all commercial whaling and a large-scale research program to determine how this resource could be most successfully managed. The Stockholm conferees also recommended that the International Whaling Commission, a regulatory body established by a 1946 convention between 14 whaling nations, be strengthened.

Last week, at its annual meeting in London, the IWC rejected a moratorium on whaling. Japan, the Soviet Union and four other nations voted down the 10-year ban proposed by the United States and Great Britain. The IWC did take what David Wallace of NOAA, an adviser to the U.S. delegation, believes is an important step in the right direction. It set up quotas on total numbers of whales of each species and sex that can be caught each year. Separate quotas were established for the Northern and Southern Hemispheres because the two populations do not mix. Thus the quota for sperm whales, for example, is 6,000 males and 4,000 females for the North Pacific and 8,000 males and 5,000 females for the Southern Hemisphere.

The IWC had previously set quotas for the North Pacific, but the quotas were applied to total numbers of a given species, regardless of sex. The trouble with this system, says another U.S. adviser, Prudence Fox of NOAA, was that the proportion of males to females is important. The sperm whale, for example, is a harem animal, and though some excess of males over females may safely be taken, males were in practice being "overfished." Part of the problem was that the commission had set size limits on whales that could be caught—a minimum of 35 feet for coastal waters and 38 feet for the deep ocean—and females are much smaller than males. In addition, whalers had claimed they couldn't tell the difference between males and females in the water. The result was that almost all the sperm whales caught were males. The IWC has now adopted the view, long held by cetologists, that the size difference between males and females does allow identification of a whale's sex. To enable whalers to catch greater proportions of females, the size minimum was lowered to 30 feet.

The North Pacific quotas will take effect in 1973; those for the Southern Hemisphere, in November of this year when the Antarctic whaling season begins. The quotas set were the total number for all nations. The IWC has no authority to set limits for individual nations. The nations will have to decide among themselves how the allotments are to be divvied up.

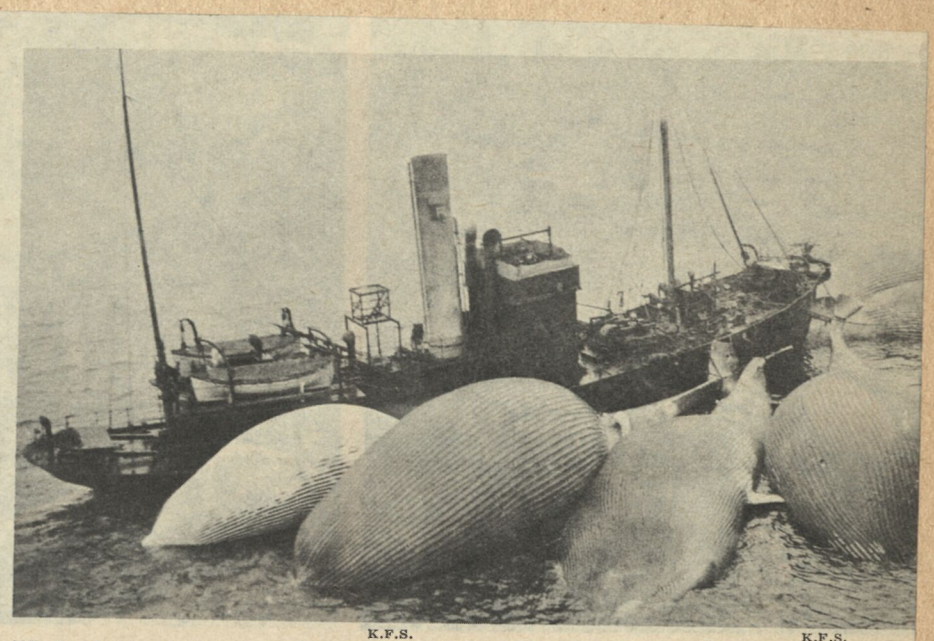
The IWC also called for an International Decade of Cetacean Research. Wallace estimates that the study, to be coordinated by the IWC, will begin in about a year. In accordance with a scheme adopted by the commission a year ago, member nations are admitting impartial observers to inspect whale catches and report to the IWC species, size, sex and number of whales caught.

Two U.S. representatives are already observing whale catches in Japan. Japan, the Soviet Union and Norway plan to exchange observers, as do Norway, Canada and Iceland.

Another encouraging sign, says Fox, is that the IWC agreements reached last week were all in complete accord with the recommendations of the commission's scientific committee, which reports on the sustainable yield for each whale species. In the past, the commission hadn't adhered closely to the committee's findings, setting quotas higher than recommended.

In fact, the quota for one species of whale, the finback whale, was set even lower than recommended. Sustainable yields recommended were 3,200 for the Antarctic area and 900 to 1,000 for the North Pacific. These were reduced to, respectively, 1,950 and 650. Furthermore, the countries now fishing finback whales have committed themselves to reducing these numbers still more in the future.

Some conservationist groups, in particular the Friends of the Earth, view rejection of an absolute moratorium as a major setback, scoring the "lackadaisical, uninterested" attitude of delegates to the IWC. Both Wallace and Fox, on the other hand, are encouraged by the recent IWC actions. The United States is not satisfied, though, Wallace says. "We'll be pressing for more and more protection." What was accomplished at London, he says, is that "we have changed the tenor of the meetings. They're thinking more about conservation aspects, and that's what we want." □

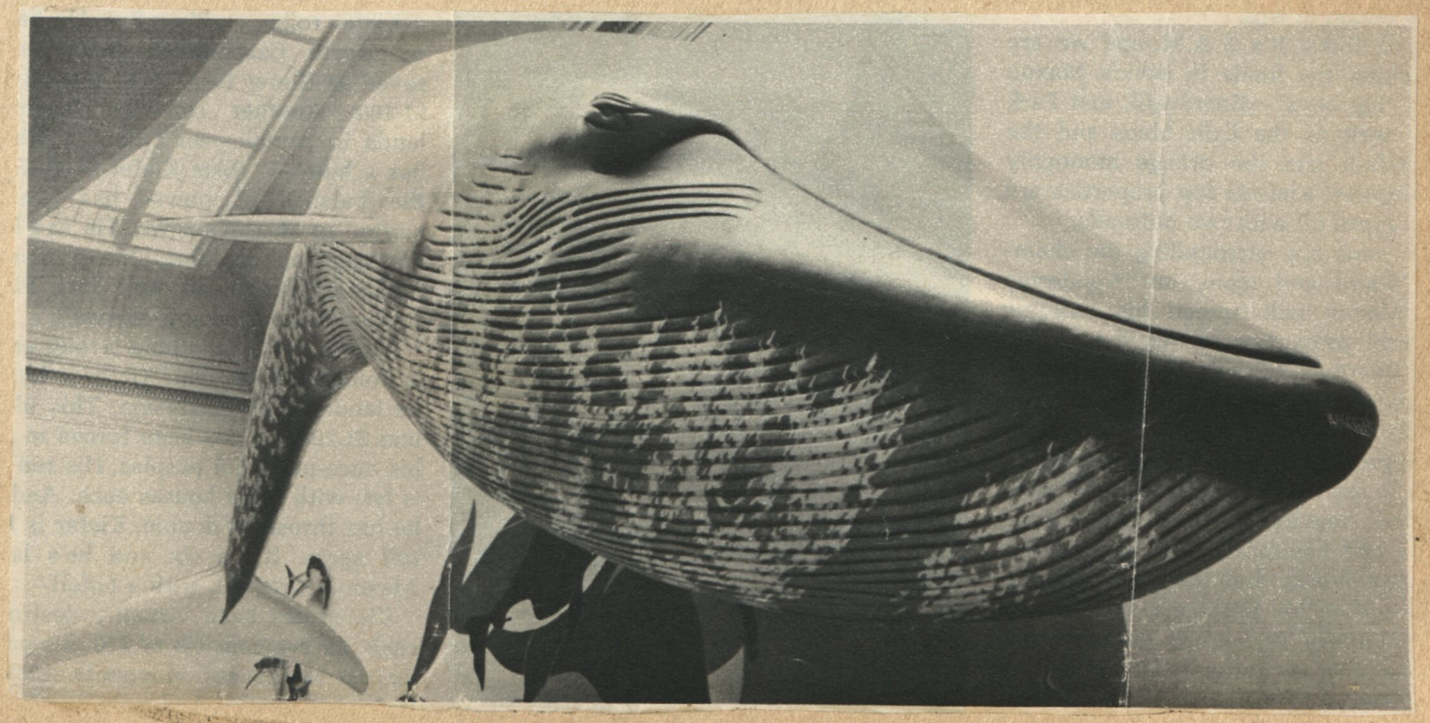


K.F.S.

Whaling in the old days was romantic, picturesque, dangerous and inefficient. A three-year voyage in a wooden ship might result in 40 whales, if the crew was lucky. Only the fabulous prices paid for whale oil made such hazardous voyages profitable.

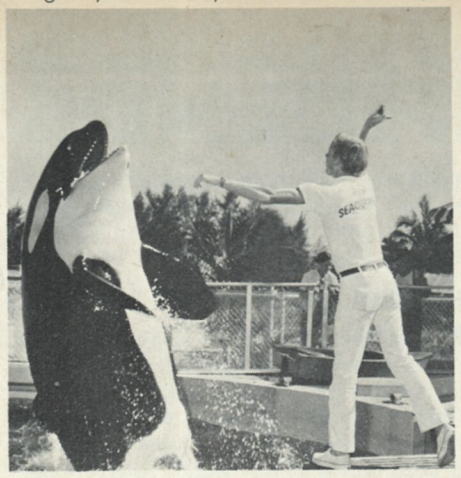
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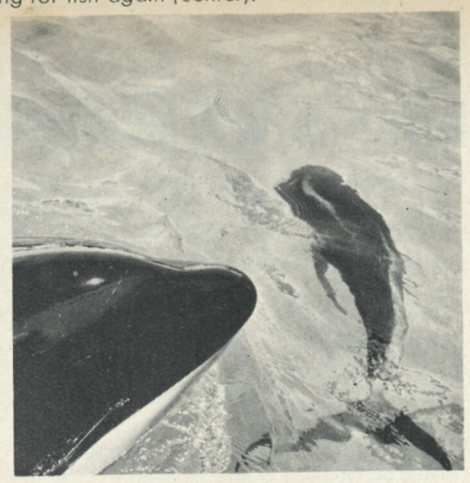
There is nothing picturesque about modern whaling. It is slaughter on a mass scale. Photo above shows how whale bodies are inflated with air so they can be floated alongside ship to factory ship or land-based station for butchering and processing.



Responding to companionship, huge Hugo cavorts gently with dainty Moana. He's also jumping for fish again (center).







HUGO LOVES MOANA

by Gail Compton

When a killer whale sulks and behaves in a petulant manner, you call a staff meeting and include the doctor.

"Call a staff meeting and include the doctor," said director Burton Clark of the Miami Seaquarium after looking at a health report on his favorite exhibit, Hugo the killer whale. "I'll not permit our trainers to ride the back of an irritated whale."

The problem was serious. Anything 18 feet long weighing 3,800 pounds, and petulant, has to be serious. Hugo, a cold killer from the north trying to get along in warm southern waters, was not performing his tricks and was thrashing about in the small whale pool in a manner dangerous to trainer and tourist alike.

Dr. Jesse White, Seaquarium veterinarian, and Hugo's personal physician, upset the staff meeting considerably.

"Put a 'whiteside' in with him," said the doctor.

"Are you mad?" a stunned trainer asked. "Putting a Pacific whiteside dolphin in the tank with a killer whale is like putting caviar in front of a Russian. One just naturally eats the other."

"Hugo is homesick and lovesick," countered Dr. White. "He needs company and preferably a young lady from his own cold arctic-type waters."

"But killer whales would rather eat whiteside dolphins than go around with girls," another knowledgeable animal trainer protested.

Director Clark, who had the idea of getting Hugo in the first place, knows his whales and also his veterinarians. "Get it, Doctor," he ordered, thereby ending the staff meeting.

Dr. White proceeded to dicker, trade, and deal with Navy officials at Point Mabu in Hawaii where they have whitesides and are dying to get a couple of bottlenose dolphins. A swap was made.

From the land of the lei came lovely, petite Moana (meaning "heavenly waters"). She weighed a delicate 195 pounds and was a dainty 78 inches long.

Caution indicated a period of getting acquainted to precede any actual contact between the two animals. Moana was placed in a holding tank adjoining the whale pool. Only a sliding solid wood gate stood between the two.

Moana frolicked happily in her new tank of salty water. Next door, Hugo quivered, halted his thrashing, and listened. With a squeal of whistling joy, he announced he guessed what was behind the gate. Moana heard the whistle. The whistle of a killer whale, mortal enemy of whiteside dolphins! Moana went straight up out of the water in a frenzy. Hugo stuck his monstrous nose against the gate and whistled again. Moana was reduced to a quivering wreck huddled at the far side of the tank.

Thus passed the first few days. Then female curiosity overcame fear. Moana stuck her nose against the gate and whistled right back at Hugo. Within two days the two were united.

Hugo was so overflowing with joy and affection, it took him several days to reason out that Moana was not really a suitable bride. Stoically he forthwith accepted the little lady as a buddy.

Now they're inseparable and constantly putting on their own show. Hugo loves to open his mammoth jaws, close them gently around Moana, and swim about the tank carrying his buddy in his mouth.

When a whale and his buddy are having so much fun that they forget to do their tricks and splash water all over the trainer and the tourists, you call the contractors and build a huge whale pool.

"Call the contractors and build a huge whale pool," said director Clark...





A "sei" whale diving — These whales are very difficult to catch.



Whales often travel in pairs.

Grab a Whale by the Tail

Expedition Lassoes Gigi for a Life in Captivity

FROM SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

GIGI is a whale of a baby. At an estimated 2½ months of age she weighs more than 4,000 pounds and is growing at the rate of 40 pounds a day.

Until last month Gigi was frisking about the waters off Baja California. Then one day a small expedition, headed by Dr. David W. Kenney of San Diego's Sea World, came hunting to take a gray whale into captivity for the first time.

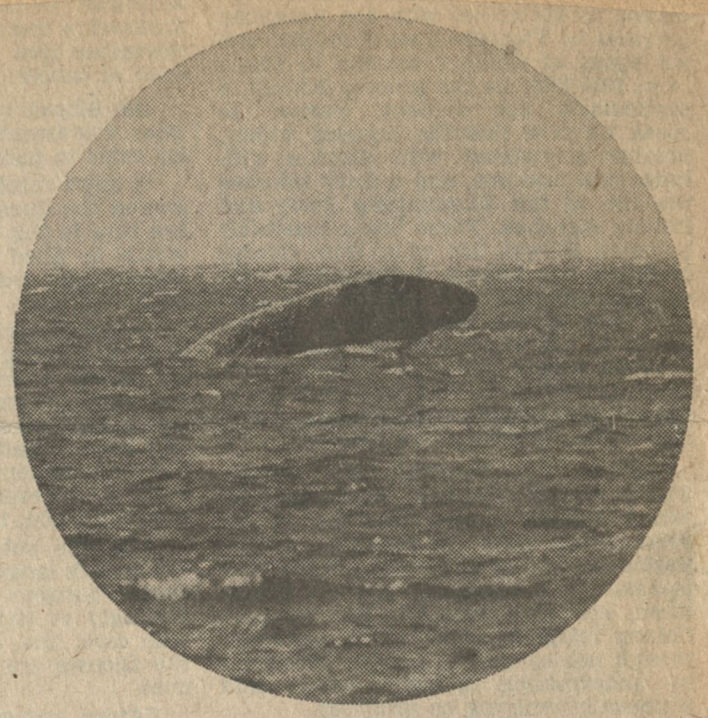
After 10 days of prowling the Scammon Lagoon, about 325 miles south of San Diego, the expedition chanced upon Gigi. Carefully the Martha Jane, a maneuverable boat fitted with a swordfish plank on its prow, moved into position. One crewman stood at the tip of the plank, balancing a large metal hoop into which was fitted a rope lasso. As Gigi surfaced, the crewman slipped the hoop over her head, then drew the lasso tight around the whale's tail. Off Gigi raced at her mother's side. The captors played out 1,200 feet of line and let the 20-foot whale tire in the choppy waters.

Hoisted over the side of the other expedition boat, the Mary F, in a special stretcher, Gigi was placed in a suspended sling in the boat's bait tank for the two-day trip back to San Diego.

The baby monster is in a 35-fcot-diameter holding tank now, with a dolphin for company, and late in May will be transferred to another basin of about twice the size.

Gigi is doing fine, reports Dr. Kenney, a veterinarian and Sea World executive, on a tube-fed diet of whipping cream, squid, and vitamin formula. The captors figure it will take about $100,000 a year to feed the growing whale, which they estimate may get as long as 30 to 40 feet and weigh as much as 80,000 pounds.

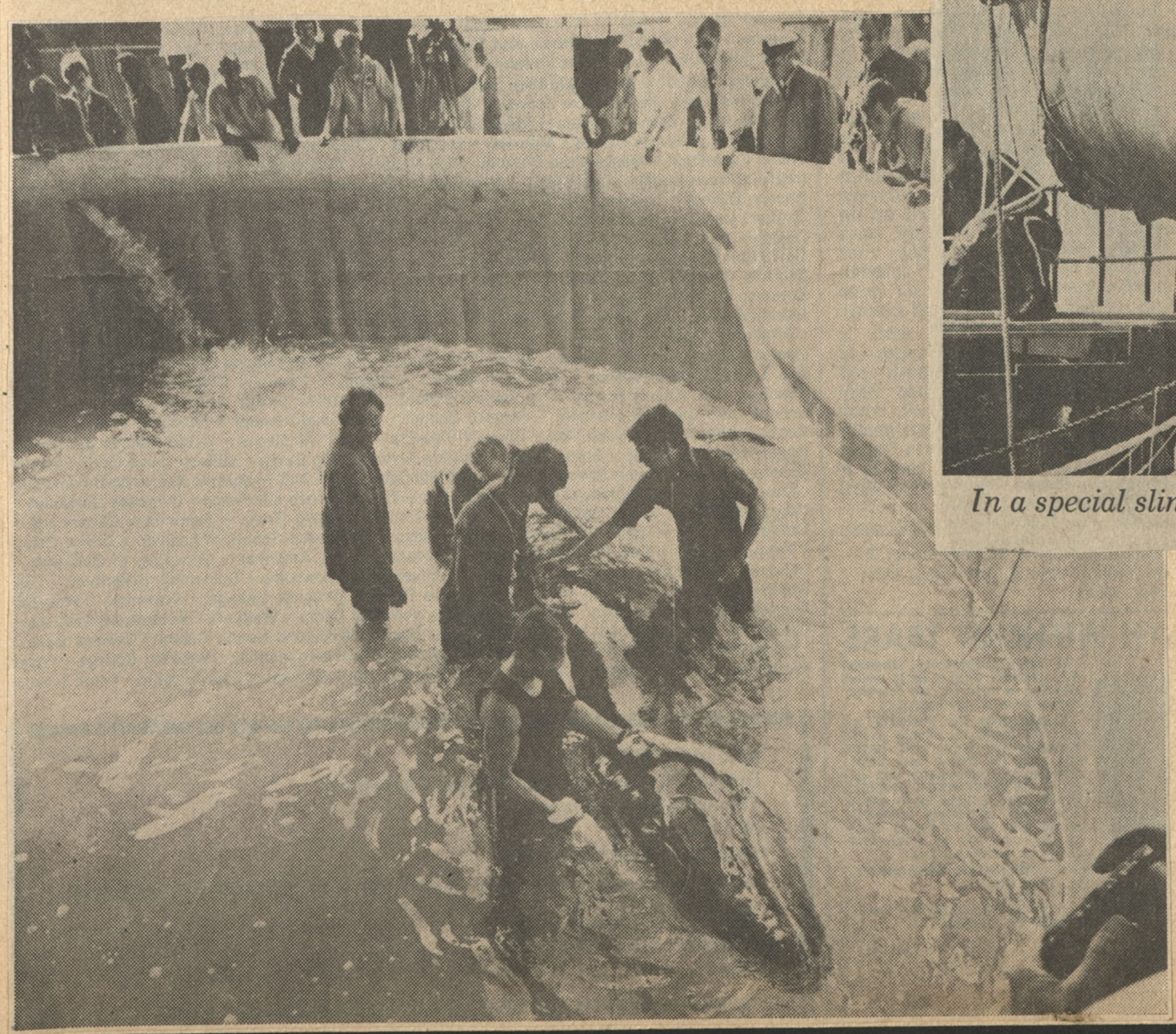
Dr. Kenney secured permits from both the United States and Mexico to go whale hunting, arguing that scientific research is needed with the species *Eschrichtius glaucus* to prevent its disappearance from the oceans. So Gigi will serve a dual purpose in her marine playpen: as tourist attraction and experimental guinea pig.



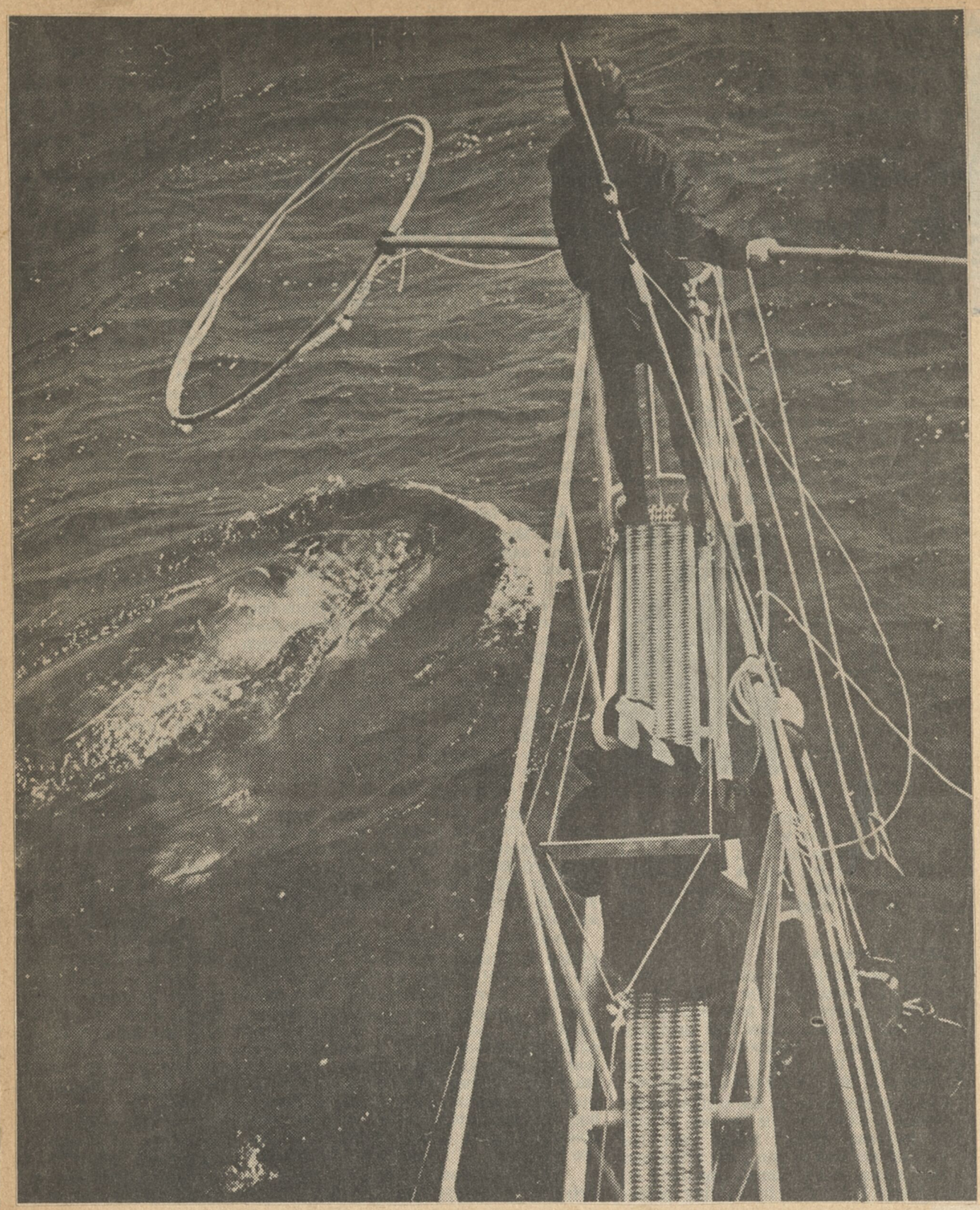
An adult whale surfaces near the ship.



In a special sling, Gigi is hoisted aboard the Mary F.



Arriving in San Diego, the hunters unload Gigi into the tank that will be home for the next few weeks.

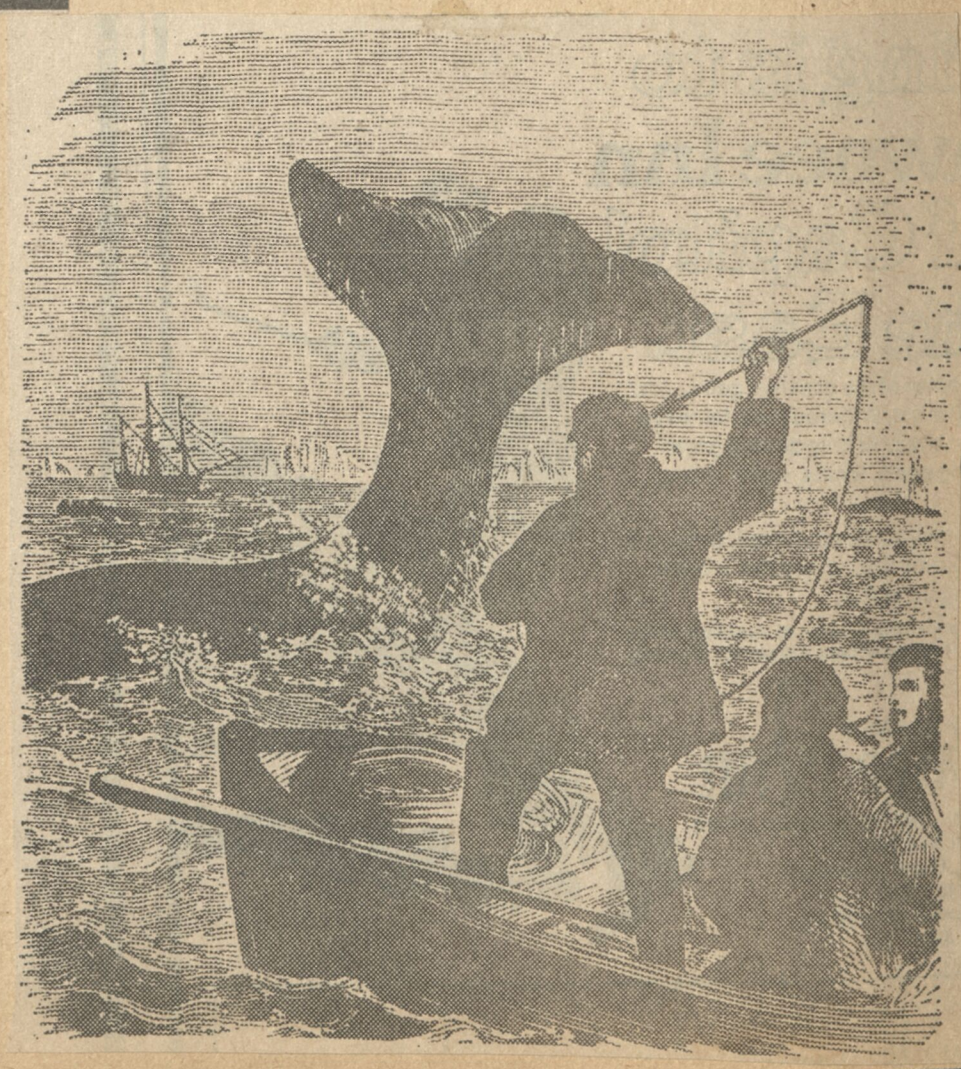


Just before the capture, Gigi's mother slides under the plank as a crewman stands poised with the whale lasso.









An Art Form as Scarce as Whales' Teeth

3/3/74



Scrimshander Nancy Chase.

By Rex-zane Rude
Christian Science Monitor News Service

NANTUCKET, Mass.—For almost 200 years, Nantucket sent whaling ships to all parts of the globe in search of oil for lighting and baleen (whalebone) for the manufacture of corsets. Some of these voyages lasted as long as three years.

To while away the long hours at sea when not fighting a storm or pursuing a whale, the seamen would work at scrimshaw. Using the whales' teeth and jawbones, which were of no commercial value, they made keepsakes to give to loved ones when they returned to port.

They used a file and shark skin to smooth the tooth or bone surface, etched designs with a penknife or sail needle, rubbed ink into the lines and then polished the surface with wood ashes.

A modern scrimshander, as the artists are properly called, has a shop across from the high school here. Nancy A. Chase, two of her sisters and four other workers carve sperm whales and seagulls and etch numerous designs for tourists eager to buy.

Miss Chase, a native of Nantucket, worked as a bank teller for 10 years before becoming a fulltime scrimshander. She started by carving whale bone her grandfather had given her. Finally pleased with her work, she approached Jose Reyes, who had revived the art of making Nantucket baskets, and asked if she could buy some baskets to put her carvings on.

This developed into an order by Reyes for 103 sperm whale carvings. At this point, Miss Chase built a shop and worked at her new-found business for two years parttime before quitting her teller's job.

That was 13 years ago. Now Miss Chase can carve out a finished sperm whale in a few hours and sell it for $45.

The carvrings in her shop range from chess pieces to gulls in flight. She starts with a blank in the rough shape of the design wanted, then with a power tool much like a dentist drill, quickly chips away the ivory. Finally, the figure is sanded by hand and polished on a jewelers wheel, ready for a Nantucket basket or a family mantel.

For an etching, the ivory or whale's tooth has to be cleaned and polished. If it nifying glass is used to pencil in the sketch and the lines are etched with a sewing needle mounted in a special handle.

The, as in the technique used by old-time whalemen, ink is put in the lines to make the design permanent. After a final polishing, the tooth sells for $400.

For modern scrimshawing, ivory from elephant tusks has been added to whales' teeth as raw material. The ivory is pure white while the teeth are two-tone light brown and cream white.

The embargo on whale products makes new whales' teeth scarce, if not impossible to get, and when a tooth can be bought it goes for $75 to $80. Ivory used to sell for $5 per pound. Last year it was $15. Now it's $55 per pound.

So, it's not hard to understand why Miss Chase doesn't waste a bit of scrap. It took a year to develop a technique to tumble polish her discards. The polished pieces are made into key chains which are a popular tourist item, selling for $7.50 $7.50 to $9.

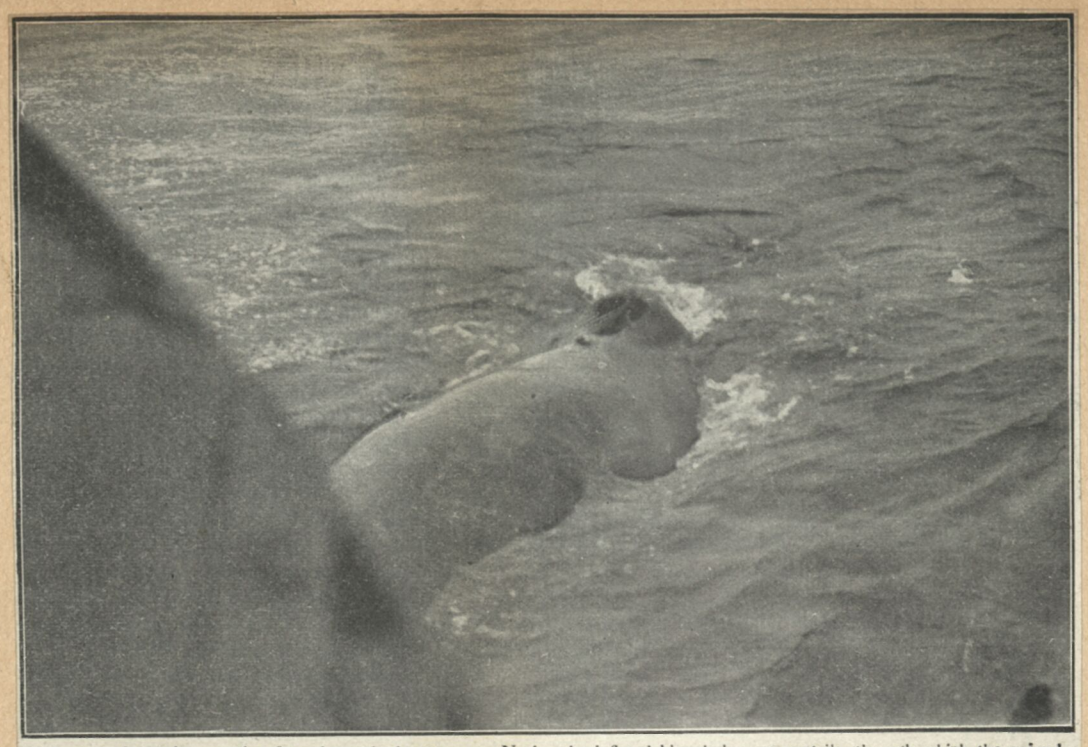
Below: Ditty box made of whale ~~bone~~ ivory and rosewood and lined with whale leather. These whale bone purses are made buy talented artists and personalized with an ivory plaque...





Christian Science Montior photos

A magnifying glass is needed on detailed designs.

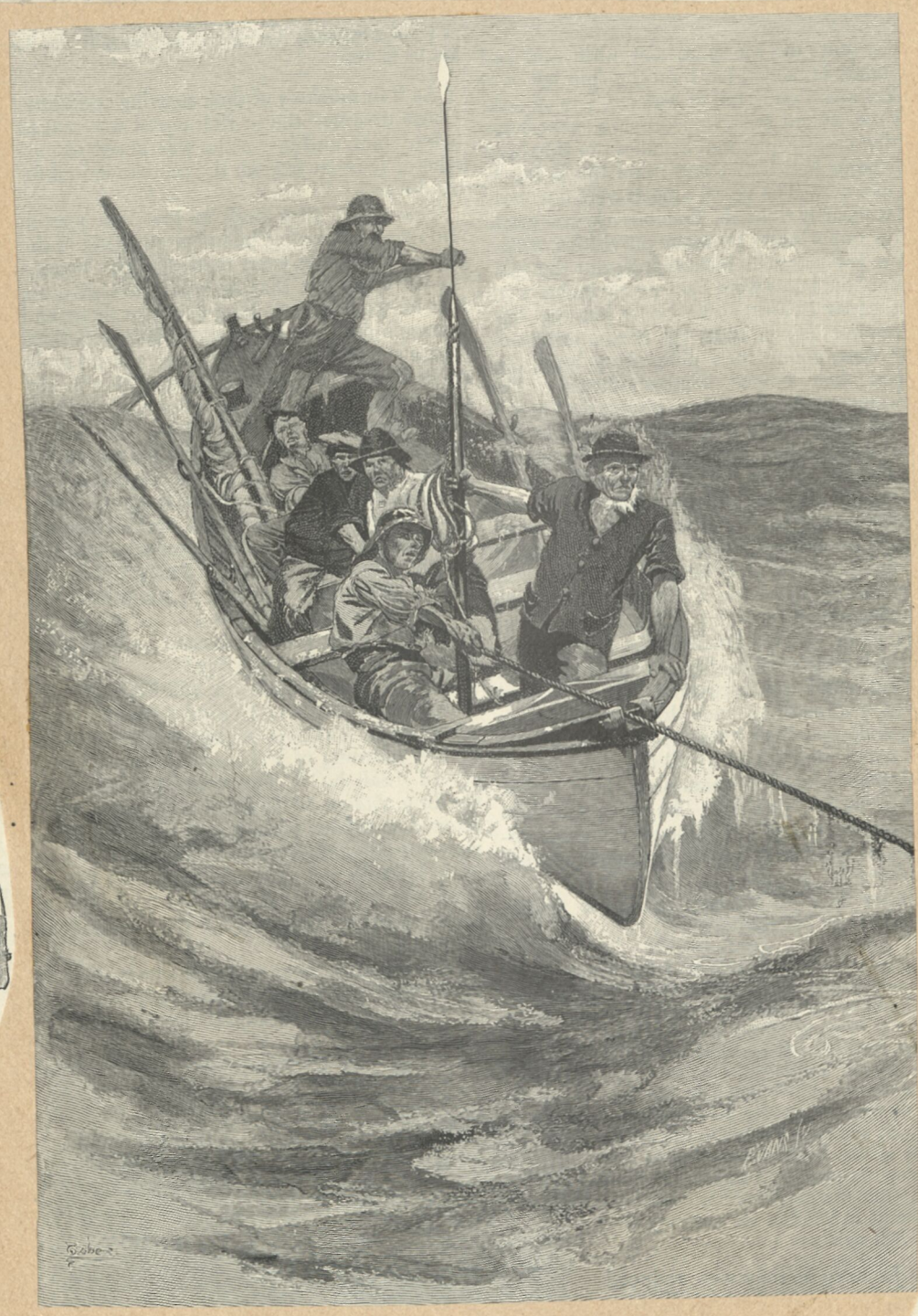


A humpback whale emerging from beneath the steamer—Notice the inflated blow-holes, or nostrils, through which the animal is drawing in its breath.



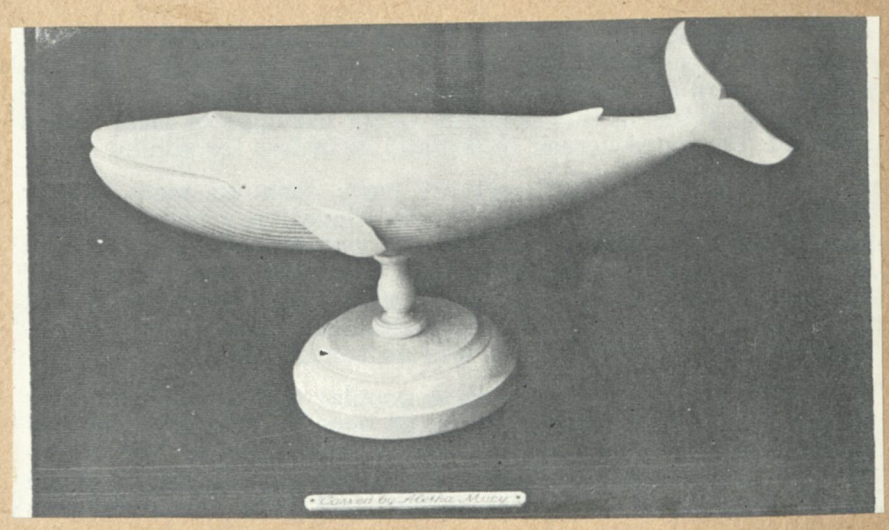
WHALING-IMPLEMENTS.

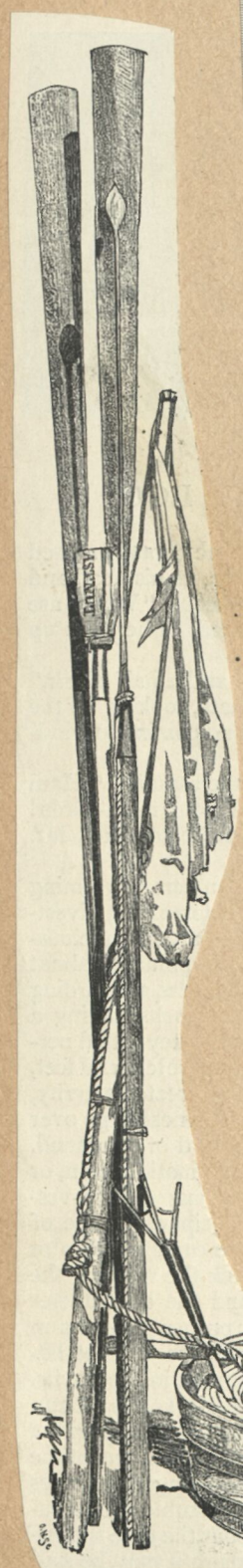
Boarding-knife. Bomb-lance. One-fluked iron. Two-fluked iron. Harpoon-guns. Boat-lantern. Skimmer. Bailer.

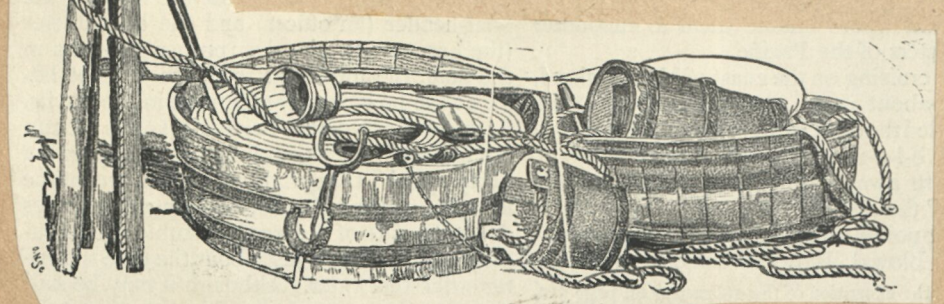




Chasing a finback.







OUTFIT OF A WHALEBOAT.



MAMMALOGY

Speaking to masters of the sea

Killer whales, once more feared than sharks, may join man in the sea

by Jim Hazelwood



Photos: by Keith Dennison

Killer whales seem to enjoy playing, leaping and flopping in their enclosures.

Last spring a lone male killer whale swam in close to the rocks near the tiny British Columbian coast town of Garden Bay and began making noises which sounded like distress calls.

It was the opportunity several commercial fishermen in the village had been waiting to seize. Within the past few years, about a half dozen of these animals have been caught in nets and sold to aquariums for prices in the $5,000 bracket.

Fishermen Cecil Reid, Bert Gooldrup and Jim Cameron immediately put out in a small boat and strung a net around the rocks where the 4,000-pound beast was floundering.

All through the night the helpless animal kept calling, and the people of Garden Bay could hear answering calls from deeper water. In the morning they could make out the huge triangular dorsal flippers of an entire pod. The captured whale had been joined by six more animals, most likely other members of his own pack.

"About half the community put out to sea," an onlooker recalls, "and we just rounded them up."

The killers made no attempt to escape. In fact the leader, an 8,000-pound bull later to be called Skookum Cecil, rounded up the cows who tended to become skittish, and kept them within the confines of the net.

"It was almost as if they intended to be captured," one of the fishermen says.

Telephone negotiations were opened with the Vancouver Public Aquarium, which already possessed a killer whale and had some experience in handling them. The aquarium bought all seven of the animals.

The astonishing capture has made possible the first scientific study of killer whales in their more or less natural environment. Having no facilities for keeping such a herd of leviathans at the aquarium, officials sold off three of the animals, took one to the aquarium, and kept three in a jury-rigged series of pens at Garden Bay.

It was a splendid opportunity for Dr. Paul Spong, a psychologist with training in neurophysiology, to observe an animal which has hitherto defied almost all attempts to gain any real knowledge of its behavior and family secrets. Dr. Spong had done brain research at the University of California at Los Angeles and is permanently attached to the aquarium.

The study is only beginning, so Dr. Spong doesn't have any answers to many baffling aspects of killer whale behavior, but he believes he is on the road to understanding some of the enigmas.

The legendary gentleness of killer whales had already been demonstrated by specimens captured earlier and exhibited at Seattle, San Diego and Vancouver. It was thought that this was partly because the isolated animals had become accustomed to their captors and had established a certain easy rapport with them.

But the Garden Bay whales proved to be friendly from the start. They permitted a team of young aquarium employes to rub their heads, stick their arms into their cavernous months, and pull them around by the blowholes.

This kind of behavior seems inexplicable from an animal which feeds by attacking large fish and sea mammals like seals and even the largest whales. But Dr. Spong feels that the docile killers are perhaps intelligent enough to recognize that man is in a class by himself among the animals.

"They are probably not sure as to what powers we have," he says. "They are not afraid of us, but then they probably don't know fear as we do. They have no natural enemies at all—nothing to be afraid of."

Another conundrum is the failure of the whales to try to escape. The flimsy log and net barrier at Garden Bay would hardly hold them if they wanted to get away.

"They could leap over the logs or tear right through the nets," says Chris Brown, business manager for the whale station. "We can only guess that they have no particular desire to escape as long as we feed and pamper them."

Skookum Cecil did, in fact, escape several months after his capture. But it was only because the net fell apart, without apparent help from him. He headed slowly out to sea and the two imprisoned whales remaining made no fuss about his parting.

"There are obviously great differences in many of the general reactions to different situations between sea and land animals," says Dr. Spong.

"Land animals, for example, almost invariably attempt to escape when caught. The lack of desire to escape on the part of the killer whales is just one of the things which indicates that we don't know anything about these animals at all."

Only one of the whales is currently being trained for aquarium work. This is the 16½-foot young bull called Hyak which first led the pod into captivity.

"He can learn a whole routine in about a week," says Brown. "The first time he understands what you want him to do, he will continue to do it on command."

Dr. Spong is interested in learning more about the whales' sonar and communication systems. There is little doubt that the animals have a sophisticated language with which they can communicate with each other, but practically nothing is known about the complexity of their speech.

"We think they probably have a high order of communication," says Dr. Spong. "On our electrical listening equipment we hear definite sounds and responses."

The sonar ability is equally intriguing.



Docile killers can be shoved around.

The high-pitched sonar sounds seem to emanate from the blowhole and a canal in the nose. The receiving mechanism is not so certain, but Dr. Spong believes the whole skull may be sound-sensitive.

"I think they can obtain a three-dimensional view of their environment just by listening," he says.

Dr. Spong believes that killer whales have somehow solved their population problem. How, of course, is unknown. He notes that a cow whale can give birth to a calf once a year and that the adults, with no natural enemies, may have a reproductive life span of 20 years or more.

"This means that each pair of killer whales could produce 20 offspring in the course of its lifetime," he says. "Other animals have their numbers limited by being preyed upon. One would think that the ocean would soon be full of killer whales unless they have found some way of keeping their numbers in check."

The great intelligence of the killers, their ability to dive more than 1,000 feet deep and hold their breath for 20 minutes, and their apparent good-natured tolerance to man, all lead to the fascinating possibility that whales and man may someday be able to cooperate with each other. There are all kinds of underwater tasks that killer whales could do infinitely better than man even with his most sophisticated underwater equipment—if only the giants could be persuaded to do so.

Dr. Spong now hopes to conduct a massive experiment to see whether man can establish a close working relationship with killer whales.

"We'd like to capture a whole pod of whales and keep them for the summer," he says. "Then we'd release them for their normal migration to Mexico and see if they'd come back to us the next year."

If the whales did come back, he says, it might demonstrate that some kind of symbiotic relationship is possible between killer whales and man living and working in the sea.

Dr. Spong says the main barrier to the study of killer whale behavior is the almost total lack of common experience between man, the land mammal, and whale, the sea mammal. The whale's environment and its sensory apparatus and input are so totally different that very few communications bridges can be built. The first step, therefore, he says, is the study of this sensory apparatus.

It has been found already that a killer whale's visual acuity is as good as a cat's. Dr. Spong finds this strange since vision under water is so much less useful than the whale's sonar system.



Bareback ride on a beluga whale takes an Indian through Hudson Bay shallows.

Al Oeming, below, cradles a tundra wolf pup that he found in a hillside den.

Photographs by Don Lusby, Jr.

. . . Sea's masters

"One suspects that this auditory system provides all the information they need," he says. "What use, therefore, have they for good vision?"

He says it may be that vision is used at short ranges where the echo locating system might possibly lose effectiveness. To test this idea Dr. Spong is determining the limits of the whale sonar's ability to discriminate between two close solid objects. He moves two pieces of wood closer and closer until the whale responds as if to one piece.

Once the limits of the whale's sensory appraisal of its surroundings have been learned, it may be possible to determine how well the creatures have evolved to cope with their environment. Dr. Spong believes killer whales are "probably the supreme species in the ocean," themselves predators on any species they please and preyed upon by none. He says that it appears that they have brains as well developed, at least physically, as man's.

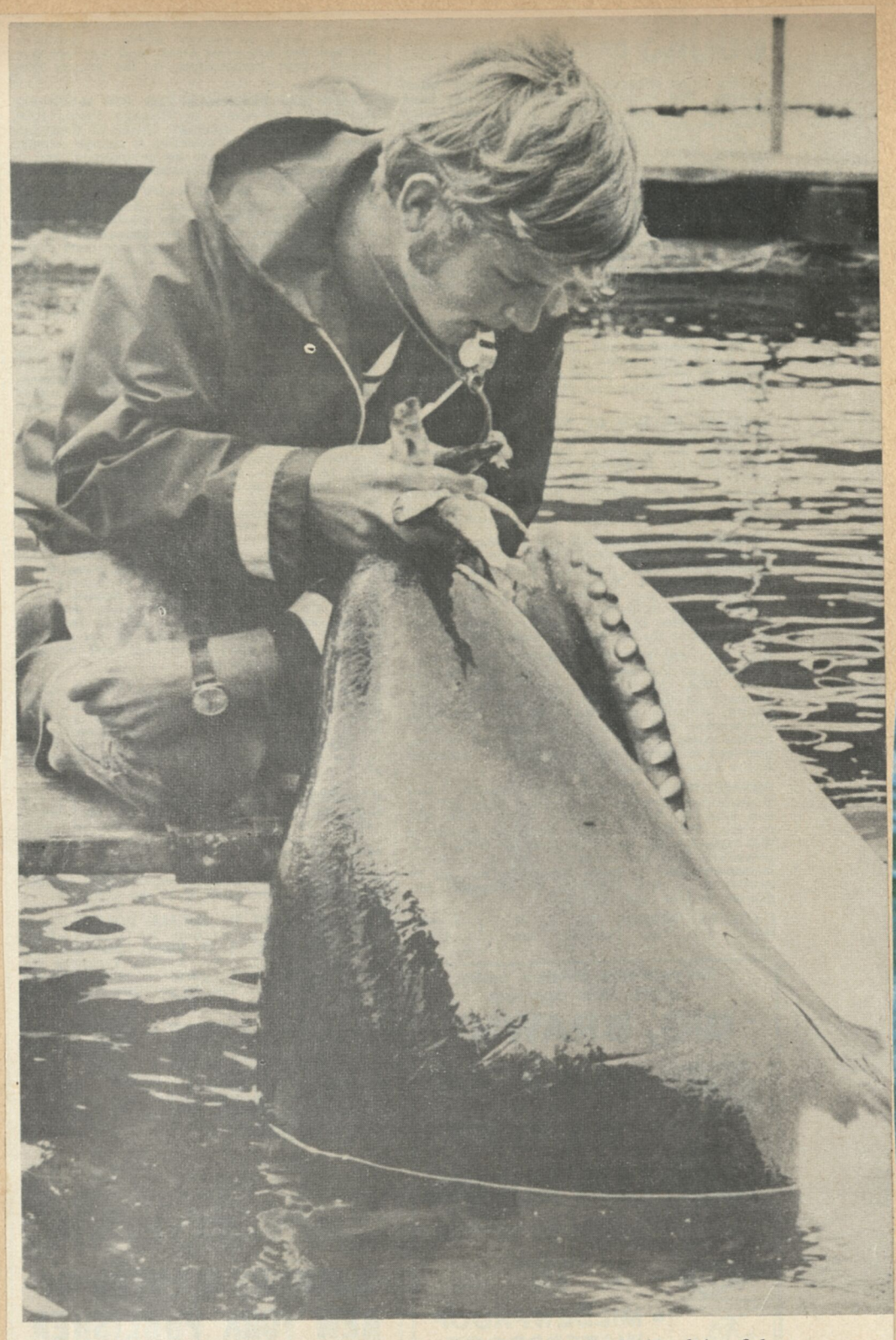
"However," Dr. Spong says, "the basic question about intelligence is how efficiently and effectively can the whale deal with its environment, and how complex is the information that the animal can process."

Intelligence still is almost impossible to assess, Dr. Spong says, because of the communications difficulty. It may be considerable since the whales don't have to spend time worrying about being eaten. He notes that the "fantastically ferocious" killer whale appears to have better control of its aggressiveness than man, since it routinely exhibits great gentleness also. Unlike nearly all other animals it exhibits none of the fight-and-escape reaction when cornered or captured.

"It is remarkable that killer whales form complex and stable family structures for long periods, presumably for life. This probably means a level of social relationships evolved comparable to the highest land animals, maybe even man. For instance, they fight together but I don't think they kill each other."

Dr. Spong says it is unfortunate that the wild pod that was captured had to be broken up. This was done solely for economic reasons, 5,000- to 10,000-pound whales being hard to feed in very large numbers. But an opportunity was lost for observing some of the social interactions in a pod.

Even had this been possible, however, Dr. Spong believes the state of captivity would have altered most or all of the behavior patterns. Therefore he hopes this spring to be able to attach telemetry equipment to members of a wild pod, then track them in the open sea for a couple of weeks. ◇



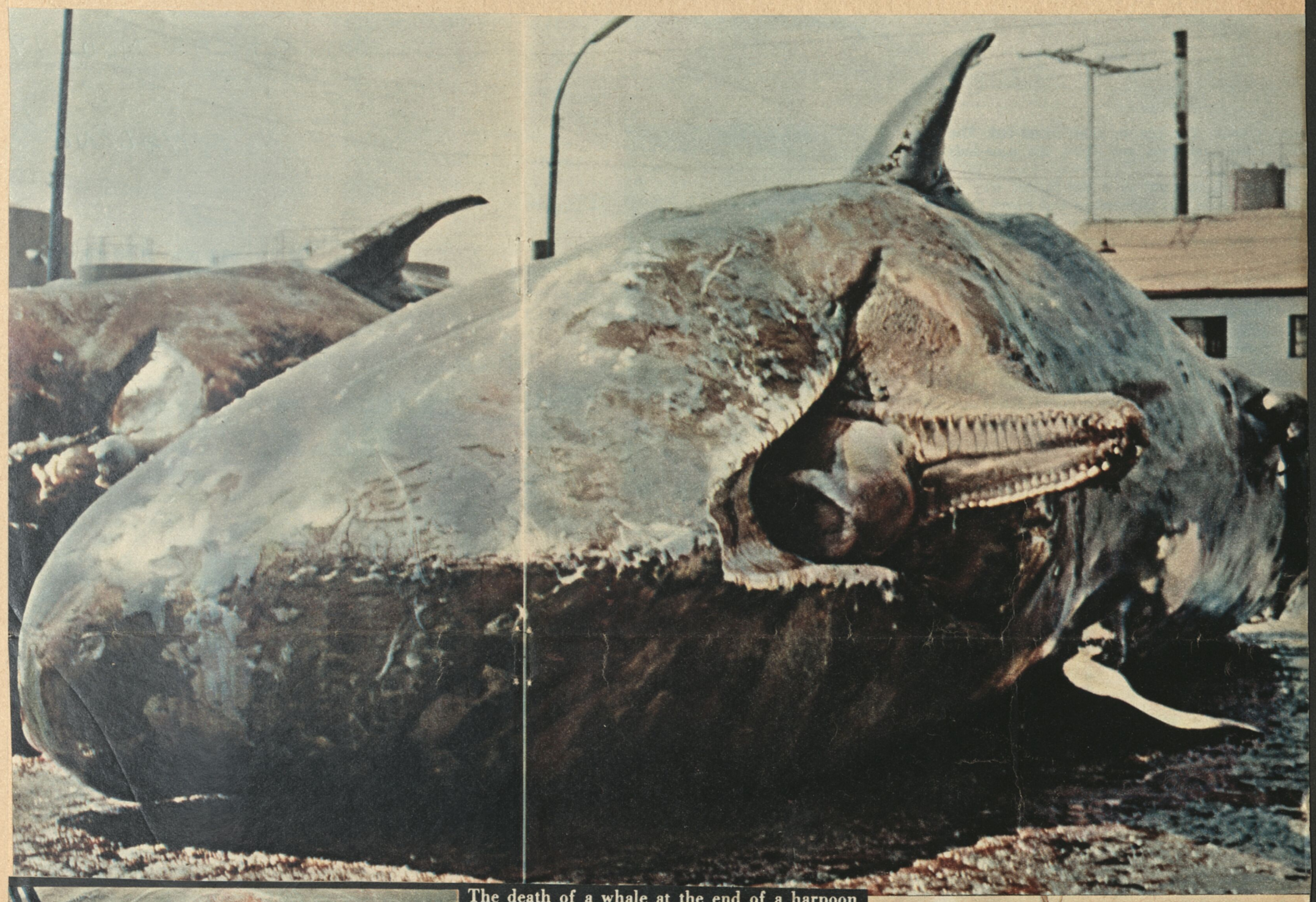
These jaws can kill anything in the ocean, yet nuzzle worker's hand for fish.

Whiteside dolphin





WHALE KILL





The death of a whale at the end of a harpoon is not a pretty sight. The whale fights desperately for his life. Again and again he dives thousands of feet in an attempt to free himself from the harpoon rope binding him to the ship. But there is no escape. A winch steadily draws the monster closer to the ship. Compressed air roars through his body.



Surplus food from Antarctic waters

Angela Croome

SCAR SYMPOSIUM ON ANTARCTIC ECOLOGY
Cambridge, August *(Arranged by Dr M. Holdgate of Nature Conservancy, London)*

The resources of the Southern Ocean alone are quite sufficient to provide the additional protein for human consumption called for by the year 2000. This assessment, confirmed from several sources, was the pivotal interest of the 2nd SCAR International Symposium on Antarctic Biology, held at the Scott Polar Research Institute in Cambridge during August. (SCAR is the advisory body set up during the International Geophysical Year of 1957-58 for guiding the research of the 12 Antarctic Treaty nations, the only countries entitled to work in continental Antarctica.)

The huge surplus production of Antarctic waters range from a conservative "not less than 30-40 million tonnes a year" based on what the reduced whale population no longer eats, according to N. A. Mackintosh of the British Museum, to the 150 million tonnes per year derived by P. A. Moiseev, Director of Soviet Pacific Fisheries, from measurements of krill abundance in Antarctic waters for several seasons. The working approximation is that current world fishery tonnages (about 50 million tonnes) could be doubled at least by exploiting the krill production of the Southern Ocean.

The Soviet Union has the largest body of information on the Antarctic krill (*Euphasis superba Dana*) through the agency of its intensive research ship cruises over some years, supplemented last Antarctic season by experimental krill fishing from its new ice strengthened oceanic trawler, the SS *Knipovitch*. Moiseev's conclusion is that krill is a "rather promising commercial item due to its abundance, size (adults average 4·5 cm long), shoal concentration, behaviour pattern and nutritional value (seven per cent fat, 16 per cent protein)." Between January and April the krill form rather stable, large shoals with a concentration of 15 kg/m³ in the sub-surface layers of sub-Antarctic waters. The *Knipovitch's* one kilometre long trawl, fishing a layer 5-40 metres deep last season, was yielding regularly up to six tonnes in every 30 minute haul. A striking colour film showed it in action. A third of the catch was processed and later fed to pigs and chickens which are said to have grown faster than conventionally fed animals.

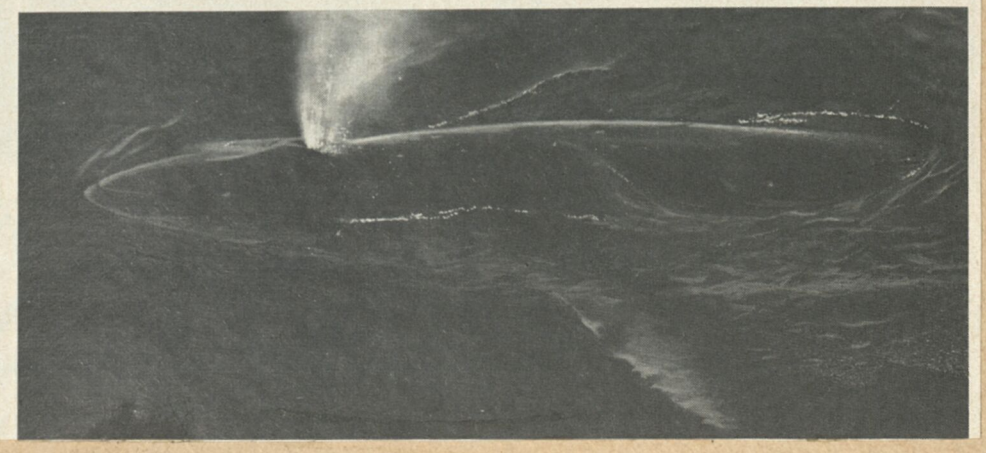
The technology for catching and processing krill is well on the way to being overcome, felt most conference members. J. A. Gulland of FAO in Rome reported favourably on developments. But it was appreciated that considerable further research is needed to fill in the details of the ecological picture, which is still too vague as a basis for commercial exploitation of a new resource. Numbers for an optimum sustained yield are essentially required. This has been disastrously ignored in the case of Antarctic whale stocks—which have been reduced by 80 per cent over the past 50 years.

Dr Martin Holdgate, conference organizer and secretary of the SCAR Working Group on Biology, drew attention to the critical position of krill in the Antarctic food chain. "If you take the centre out of the food chain you may knock out Antarctic fish populations and knock back Antarctic birds by half." He considers that all the relevant questions on Antarctic populations and their interactions should be answered in ten years of sustained research.

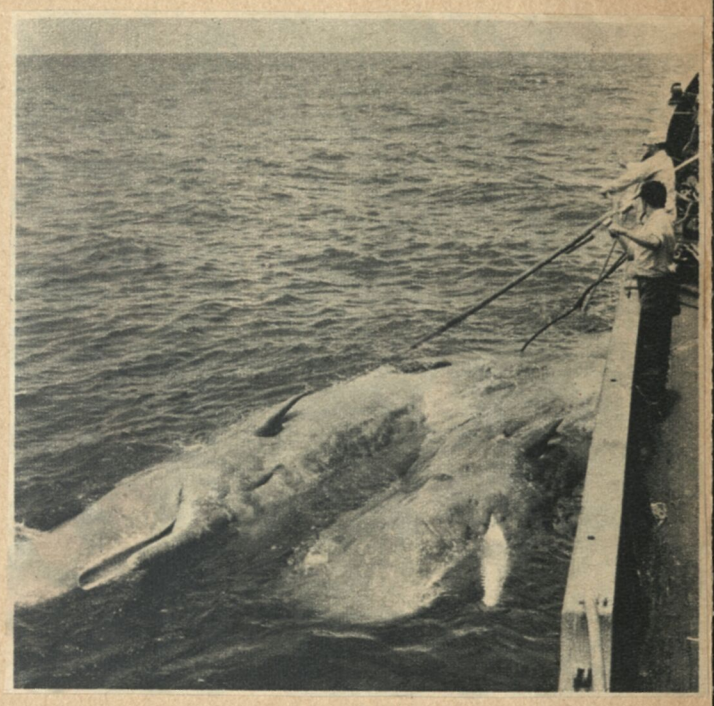
A pertinent question raised at the conference was whether Antarctic protein stocks would be better handled by harvesting krill direct or by allowing whales to act as the processing plant for man. There are now hopes that the whale population may recover but this will take decades. Either way, effective international protection measures are called for; and the conference heard suggestions for an International Fisheries Agency, with the remaining whaling fleets put under international ownership.

Following the Agreed Measures adopted by the Antarctic Treaty nations in 1966, all Antarctic animal life is protected on land and on the shelf ice. But life in the seas is not protected. This is a serious gap in the Antarctic situation. "Any ecologist looking at the Antarctic and sub-Antarctic ecosystem is forced to recognize that the whole system depends on the productivity of the Southern Ocean, and that the birds and seals which are the main pathway between sea and land and give the whole area its wild life richness depend entirely on the production of this ocean," said Holdgate in his review of the success of Antarctic conservation. A first step has been taken to tackle animals in the sea that may become endangered. Guidelines for joint action to control pelagic sealing are being considered by SCAR national committees for forwarding to Antarctic Treaty governments. In the meantime it is still unclear what numbers of animals are involved. Conference papers on censusing and surveys showed how incomplete population estimates remain while large sectors of coast are unstudied. There are certainly larger seal and penguin populations than once supposed, and adaptation seems to have started earlier. The discrepancy is illustrated in reports showing that to date 3500 seals have been reliably counted out of an hypothetical total of 6 million. The two principal surveys have been carried out from American icegoing ships in the Weddell and Ross Sea areas. Paradoxically, the Weddell seal was the most frequently seen in the Ross Sea, whereas in the Weddell area crabeaters were by far the most numerous. In both areas the two 'solitaries', the Ross and leopard seals, were very infrequently observed.

FIN WHALE (*Balaenoptera physalus*) grows to a maximum length of 25 metres and, with the exception of the sperm whale, has been the most plentiful of the great whales. For the past 30 years, whaling fleets have depended on the fin whale more than any other, but excessive catching has taken its toll. However, properly managed (with the remaining fleets under international control) the whaling industry could be expanded from its present level of £50 million to about £200 million per year







***Above*, harpoon charge explodes deep in giant on contact, releasing compressed air which blasts through body. *At right*, dead whales, bleeding from eyes and mouths are brought to ship by winch. *Bottom*, blubber goes to vats.**



MANY Washingtonians are disciples of Izaak Walton. Some have experienced the struggle with tarpon and sailfish. Others have thrilled to the catch of 'cuda and tuna. But few have stood behind a gun and actually shot their "hook" into a whale.

Since the 13th century whaling has been an important industry. With the capture of a sperm whale in 1712 American whaling spread down the whole length of the Atlantic and had reached the Pacific by 1800.

Substitutes for whale oil illumination by petroleum products and coal gas led to a dwindling in the industry. Today, with modern science and chemical research, whale products are still in demand. As of old, men put out to sea in search of this valuable marine monster.

1 DRAWING A BEAD . . . A whale gunner in the act of sighting on a whale. Note how he is dressed. Note also the huge harpoon line ready to take the strain when the harpoon sinks into its target and explodes. The harpoon grenade immediately destroys the vital organs, causing instantaneous death.


1

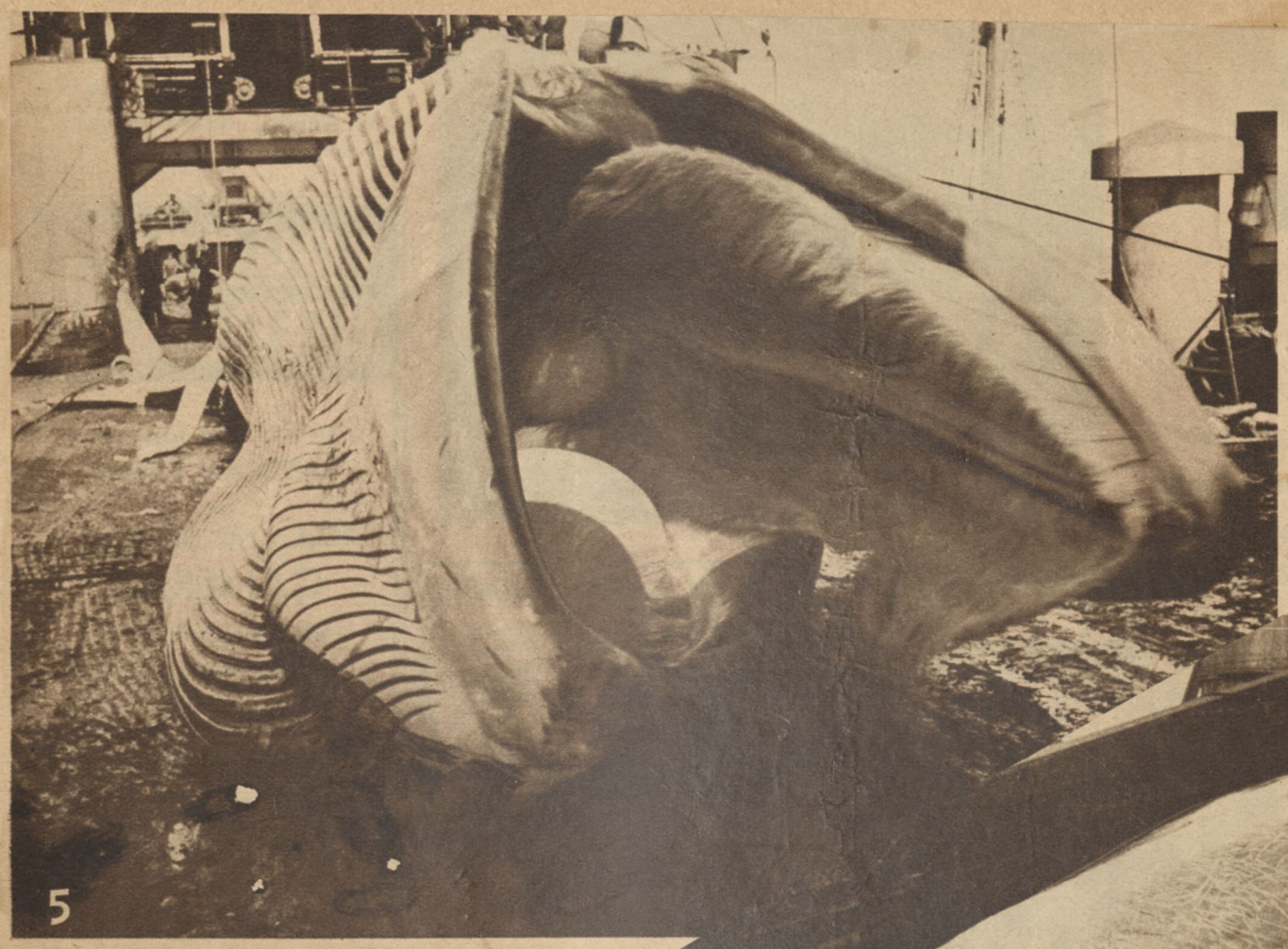
2 THAR SHE GOES . . . No more harpoons hurled by hand. The whaler of today does not have to be a javelin thrower. But he does have to be a good gunner, for the harpoon is fired from a gun. Here you see a direct hit. The harpoon has just banged into a whale, the dorsal region of which may be seen to the left of the splash. The harpoon head is fitted with a grenade which explodes three seconds after striking, killing the whale instantly.


2

6 THE BAG . . . Here is a catch of whales moored to the stern of the factory ship. They are taken aboard and cut up in turn, the oil being rendered from the flesh and the baleen extracted on the big cutting deck.

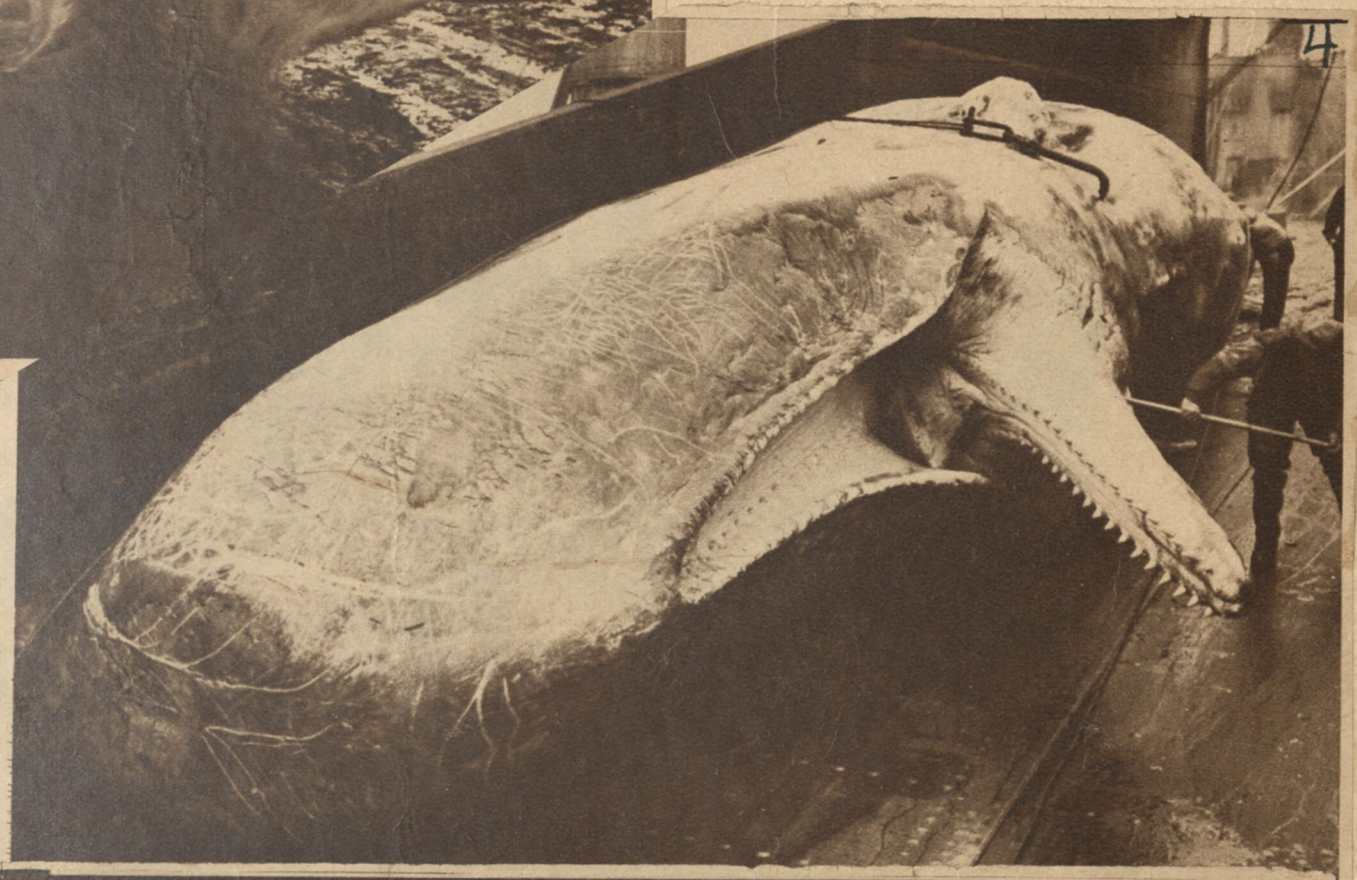
Photos From International News, Courtesy of U. S. Coast Guard.


6



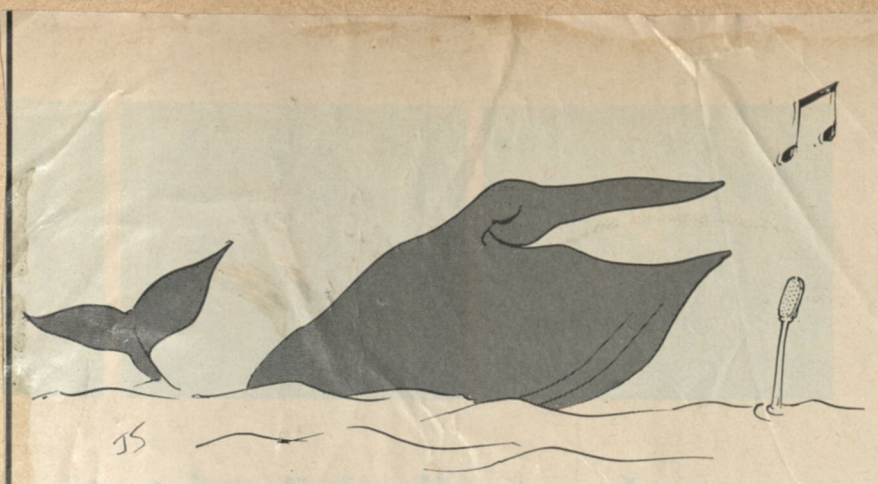
4 BLACK SHEEP . . . Out of 27 varieties of whale, we are told, only one has teeth. This fellow seems to be the one. The monster is shown being hauled up the skidway into the factory ship. Nice set of snappers, eh? But this variety has no baleen, we are informed.

5 SO YOU'RE FROM MISSOURI? . . . If you are one of the people who couldn't swallow the story about the whale swallowing Jonah, take a look at this rosebud mouth of a fin whale. He could have gulped Jonah down if Jonah had been driving a truck. The tongue of the average whale weighs 40 pounds. That hairy stuff grows on the baleen (whalebone), used by the whale to strain his food; used by the girl with a whale of a figure to keep it that way. Yes, they put it in the better girdles—or corsets.



3 MODERN JONAH . . . But Biblical Jonah was in the whale's stomach while it was alive. This man is standing in the abdominal cavity of a dead whale on the cutting deck of a factory ship. He is cutting the ribs free from the backbone. The great chunks he cuts loose are pulled free by means of winches.





LIFE MUSIC REVIEW

A hip new gift from the sea

SONGS OF THE HUMPBACK WHALE

Nature is what we make it. Just look at the history of natural sounds in music. First, we have the Age of Reason: nature as clichés, mental formulas that denote Vivaldi's *Seasons* or Mozart's storm in *Idomeneo*. Then the Romantic Era, with much more naturalistic detail, but God speaking from the *Pastoral* and an intimate dialogue sparkling between Schubert's Miller and the brook. The modern era begins with Debussy painting the sea as a mysterious presence, eloquent but no longer paraphrasable into human language. Then it's the '30s, with jungle cries and tropical rhythms: nature as cruel, erotic and indifferent to man. Finally, we come to our own age of space: alienation and electronic ululations. Our anthem will be something like *Songs of the Humpback Whale*, an album of whale cries recorded by a professor of biology and an acoustics engineer while lying in the back of a sailboat in the Bermudas.

Originally offered with an expensive illustrated booklet as a contribution to science and the preservation of an endangered species, subsequently composed into a shlocky symphonia by Alan Hovhaness and aired over late-night FM and acclaimed in the ecology-oriented rock press as an "underground hit," these sounds of huge underwater creatures communicating at great distances with eerily attenuated cries and grotesquely comical rumblings have now melded with *2001* and electronic music and the moon shot and *The Sea Around Us* to become the symbol of a whole new nature sensibility.

"Songs" may be technically correct for these eerie cries, lowings, bellowings, blubberings or what have you. The whale sounds do obey meter and maintain pitch and repeat themselves in patterns that are not dissimilar to the patterns of both human instruments and noise-making machines. In this sense they are "songs"; but otherwise they are simply sounds and noises of a most alien and often unattractive variety. Typically, the whale emits high-pitched cries that range from the area of gull cries up through violin harmonics to the squeakiest squeak of chamois rag on clean wet glass. The typical pattern of these treble sounds is a series of scale-rising scoops like the whoops of a ship siren. At a guess, I would say the whale pushes his voice as high as it will go and stops finally like a bathroom tenor with his "throat" clenching painfully shut.

At the other end of his vocal spectrum, the humpback whale sounds like a thrumming motorboat pulling away from the pier. This sea-mooing sometimes associates with the sounds of animals at the zoo, but the sound is so low and powerful that it associates best of all with just plain whale —that immense mass of blubber wallowing in cold seas, venting air through tubes or flaps or valves fibrillating at pitches so low they are practically soundless vibrations.

What is really impressive about this record is not the "songs" of the whales so much as the demonstration it affords that these giant animals can in fact "sing." The best track is one in which you can hear the water rippling past the mikes, like the waves in Wagner's Rhine, while down in the depths you hear three whales conversing for 20 minutes in squeegee squeaks and two-cylinder brrrrrrrps and other-worldly cries that arc across acoustic space like particles in a cloud chamber or vector curves on a graph or the inconsequent anguish of an atonal violin.

As a symphony of undersea sounds, this strange whale trialogue is only intermittently absorbing; but as a suggestion of the mighty creatures themselves, thrashing about in dark waters, bellowing and crying to one another in heaven knows what condition of joy or lust or terror or after-dinner contentment, the whale songs are intriguing. They offer the acoustic equivalent of pressing your face against the glass wall of a huge marine aquarium and watching the creatures in the tank swimming round and round impelled by energies and obsessed by thoughts or desires to which we highly articulate humans haven't the slightest clue—except perhaps to remind us, say the ecologists, that all nature is one.

by Albert Goldman

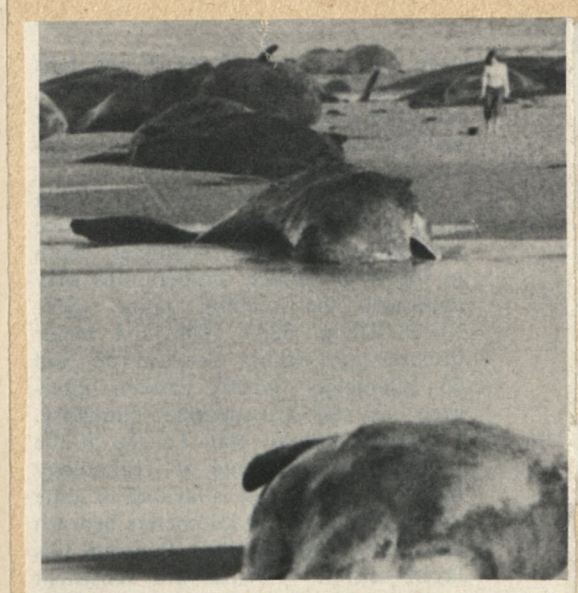




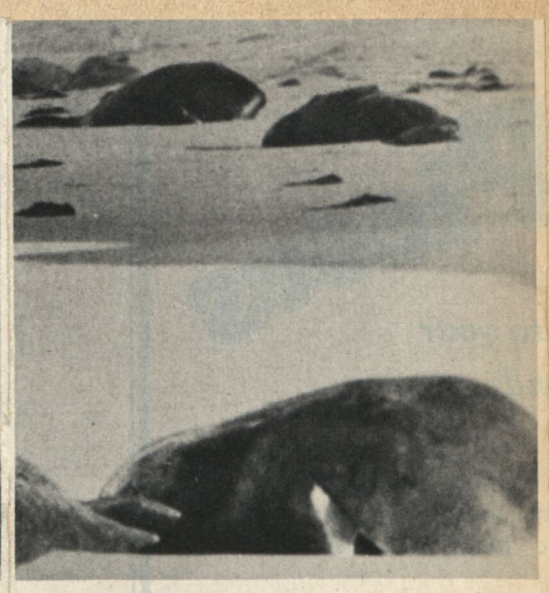
Bowmen keep tense watch on huge tail as harpooned whale dives.



Whale is hauled in to factory on the land where the cutting up begins.



Dozens of whales unaccountably beached



themselves to die on Australia's shore.

WHALING:

'Ya, Ya, Ya! Big Tail!'

'Tis advertised in Boston, New York and Buffalo
Five hundred brave Americans
A-whaling for to go . . .
—"Blow Ye Winds," a sea chanty

Yankee sea captains haven't advertised for whalers since the bark Wanderer broke up on the rocks off Cuttyhunk, Mass., 40 years ago—the last of the great square-rigged whaling fleet that sailed from New England ports in the nineteenth century.

But a score of Californians in five small motor vessels still put out from San Francisco in search of the massive finbacks and sperm whales that migrate up and down the West Coast. They, and the crew of a sister ship that sails out of Warrenton, Ore., are all that remain of an industry that flourished in America for nearly 300 years.

The Squinters: As the six-month legal whaling season came to a close last week, NEWSWEEK's Joseph M. Russin went aboard the Sioux City, a 135-foot former Navy patrol boat that now sports a harpoon gun on its bow.

Sailing in midmorning from the wooden pier of the Golden Gate Fishing Co., the Sioux City cut through San Francisco Bay at 7 knots, under the red arch of the city's great bridge, and into the heavy swell of the Pacific Ocean. Five hours later Capt. Don Gamble, a lean, sandy-haired 46-year-old wearing a beret, and his three crewmen still quietly scanned the sea. Diesel engines power the boat and the harpoon is propelled by an explosive charge, but these men still spot a whale exactly the way the oldtimers did. They simply squint against the glare of sun on sea and wait patiently for the whale to give himself away with his spout.

A yell finally went up from Peruvian helmsman Julio Ninayahuar. "Ya, Ya, Ya. Big tail! Big tail!" he shouted, jerking an arm toward starboard. The Sioux City turned in the now choppy sea and the chase was on. Gamble took the wheel while Ninayahuar scrambled to the crow's nest for a better look.

But the whale, a big sperm, had sounded below the surface to search for food, a quest that can take up to 40 minutes. The Sioux City waited, all eyes peering across the empty sea. Then, from his high perch, swaying back and forth over a 45-degree arc, Ninayahuar called out: "He blowed again." This time the puff of mist appeared nearly a mile astern.

The ship came about and plowed ahead full speed for ten minutes. With the whale close by, Ninayahuar took over the wheel while Gamble went to the harpoon. The Sioux City closed slowly to bring the harpoon within its maximum 25-yard range. Suddenly, the ship reeled under the deafening blast of the harpoon shot. Another roar followed immediately, as the black-powder explosive head burst inside the whale. All hands tugged on the nylon rope attached to the harpoon. In five minutes, the thrashing giant was against the bow, spouting blood and lashing the ship with its flukes, but it couldn't shake loose.

It took two hours to pump air into the whale so it would float, and to attach it portside with a heavy chain for the trip back to the Golden Gate warehouse for butchering.

There are no U.S. factory ships like the ones that travel with the whaling fleets of Japan, Russia, and Norway, processing the whales at sea while search ships bring in more. Japan, the industry leader with ten floating factories, took 21,353 whales last season.

Mink Food: America's taxi fleet towed about 250 whales into San Francisco this season, including the 38-foot, 22-ton sperm caught by the Sioux City. That particular catch brought $1,500 to the Golden Gate Fishing Co., which rendered it into 1,000 gallons of oil (used as a lubricant by the metalworking industry, and as a nutrient by poultry producers), 5,000 pounds of meal for chickens, and 8,000 pounds of meat that is sold to mink ranchers.

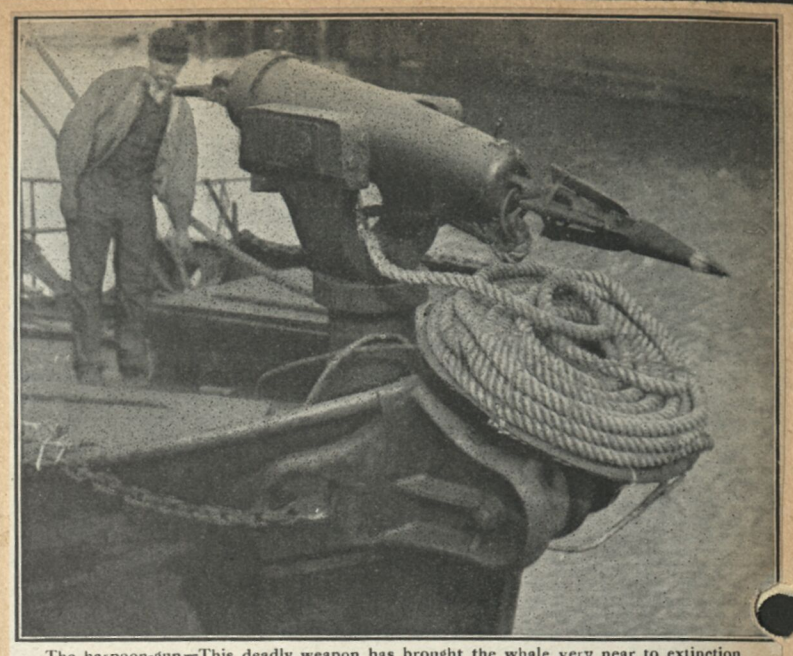
The men on the boats are paid by the foot for their catches. At a captain's share of $2.40 a foot, Gamble got about $92 for his day's work. In a good year, the captain, who has a wife and five young children, earns about $10,000. Overkilling by the foreign fleets makes the business a little tougher each year, but the onetime tugboat captain has no intention of looking for other work. He has been at it since 1947. "An old whaler told me that once you go whaling, you never stop," Gamble says. "I guess he was right."



One that didn't get away: Skipper Gamble fires an explosive-tipped harpoon, and a 38-foot whale is hauled alongside



Newsweek—Harry Groom

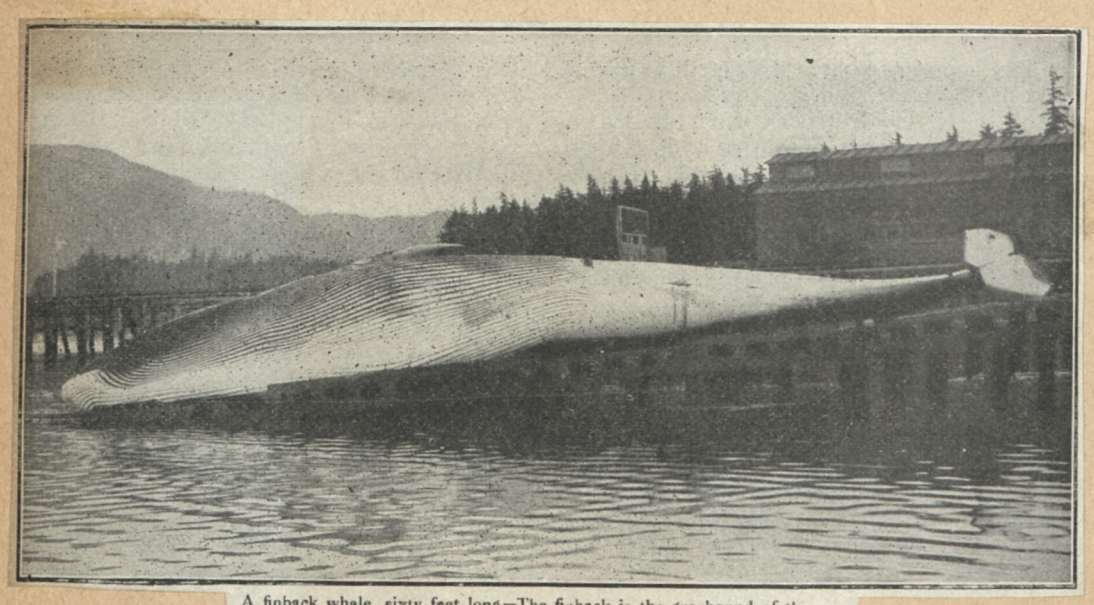


The harpoon-gun—This deadly weapon has brought the whale very near to extinction

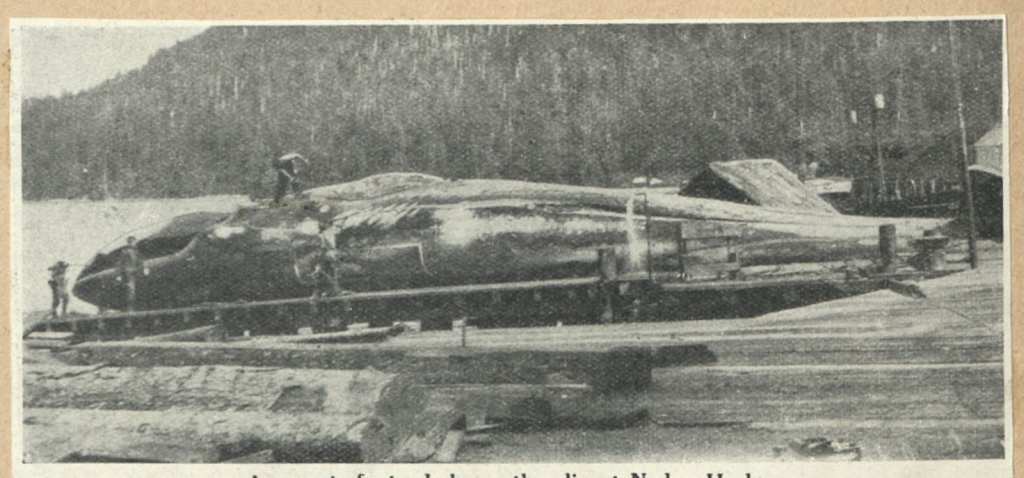


Loading the harpoon gun.





A finback whale sixty feet long—The finback is the greyhound of the sea.



A seventy-foot whale on the slip at Naden Harbour.

WHALE OF A STORY

The writer paid a visit last Tuesday to what is believed to be the nation's leading whaling station, known as the Maritime Industries. In fact it is the only licensed whaling station in the U. S. and until the Rose Harbor Station near Alaska opened in June of this year, was the only one in operation.

Maritime Industries is located at Fields Landing on Humboldt Bay six miles south of Eureka and is just a few minutes sailing from the expansive Pacific Ocean, the source of its existence.

Greeted by C. W. Yates, manager and engineer of the plant, and Capt. George Pantelides, Supt., your reporter proceeded to throw questions at them in rapid fire fashion which they answered obligingly.

So famous is this whaling station that Coronet magazine is running a story in its September issue titled " STEAKS FROM THE DEEP" relating exciting experiences of the heroic men who battle these monsters of the deep. This story is spectacular and informative and recommended to all who enjoy adventure.

You will note that our figures on the number of whales caught per year differs considerably from those in Coronet.

In June and July of this year Click magazine sent its representatives to the station and accompanied the whalers on several expeditions, securing action shots. The results of their efforts are scheduled to appear in Click possibly in the next edition, depicting all operations at the plant and at sea.

Paramount Movietone likewise saw fit to record the activities of the killer boats and their gallant crews, the pictures being shown all over the United States during the latter part of July.

Mr Yates said the station was founded in 1939 with the main office in San Francisco. The average take per seaon is 27 whales, while this year they have amassed a total of 29 to date.

About forty years ago at Trinidad Head, which is eighteen miles north of Eureka, approximately 383 whales were brought in during one year. At the time fifteen killer boats were employed in the operations.

At the present time two killer boats are operating from the station and occasionally a third. These boats, tiny in comparsion to their quarry, are known as killer boats and are slightly over 100 feet long. They are sturdily built with powerful engines and are equipped with a 3 3/4 inch muzzle loading cannon. The harpoon weighs about 580 pounds including a 13 pound bomb loaded in the spear head; the bomb explodes inside the whale after it is harpooned, sometimes killing the beast instantly.

The average distance of harpooning is approximately 60 fathoms. A wounded whale will oftengo berserk, generally striking off in a northwesterly direction at 17 or 18 knots with the killer boat in tow for four to six hour rides.

On one occasion, propellers churning in reverse, a harpooned whale hauled a killer boat through the sea at 20 knots, forcing the crew to cut the wire rope to keep the boat from foundering.

The harpoon is fastened to a four inch hawser which is in turn spliced to a wire rope wound on a winch.

All told there are eleven species of whales but only four are caught by the Maritime Industries station, namely the sperm, finback, humpback and sei, plus an occasional blue whale. The blue whale is the largest which abound off the California coast, running about 108 feet long and weighing approximately 125 tons. The largest blue whale brought into this station was in 1941; it was 98 feet long and weighed a little over 100 tons.

The largest caught this year was a finback, 78 feet long, weighing 80 tons.

The finback predominates in these waters but the sperm is the most valuable to the war effort because of the sperm-acetti and glycerine it yields.

Its head oil will not freeze at 27 below zero, remaining in liquid form to that temperature. Consequently it is vital in the manufacture of aircraft instruments and is used in compasses and thermometers.

The sperm has a huge jaw and throat and is the greatest enemy of the shark. This is in contrast to other whales which have exceedingly small throats. One sperm when cut open was found to have swallowed three tons of octopi. The sperm whale floats when killed while all other must be pumped up with air to stay afloat.

The finback, sei and humpback are most valuable to the company, as there is no ceiling on oil and for the revenue derived from the whale meat. Five to 15 tons of meat per whale is taken which sells for ten cents a pound wholesale and from 17 to 38 cents a pound retail.

The meat from a sei is best for human consumption and the finback second best. Whale meat is 87 percent protein, which is 20 percent more than other meats.

Whale bones are used for bone meal and livers weighing from 600 to 2,000 pounds and hearts weighing from 250 to 800 pounds produce vitamins A and B. The glands proce homones.

The average whale produces around 35 barrels of oil and the total gross income derived is approximately $2,500 each.

Females are sometimes brought in with unborn calves 25 feet in length maximum but averaging 12 feet. They carry their young 11 months, giving birth in the fall. The age of a whale is unknown but by marking them they have been found 30 years later. They grow about five feet for the first five years and after that about two feet per annum. There is practically no difference in the physical structure of the whale and the common domestic barn yard cow or bull.

If you doubt the foregoing statements or wish to learn more about whales, drop in at Maritime Industries and quiz Capt. Pantelides or Mr. Yates.

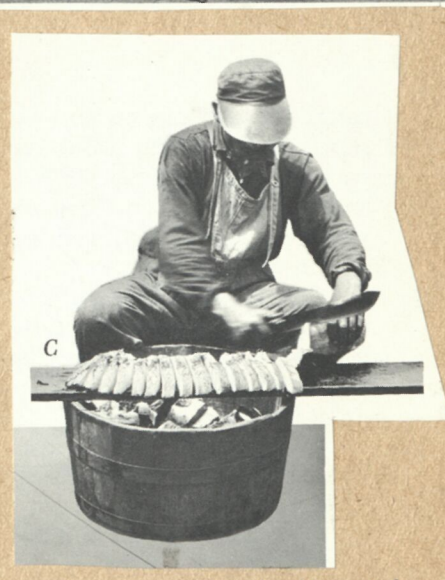


Whale oil was pumped from huge casks to fuel lamps...



Kerosine takes over





Blubber was sliced into Bible leaves and boiled in Shipboard tryworks.



LAST OF THE BIG WHALES

As the creature rose to the surface a fountain of air and water spouted from its blowhole, spraying 20 feet into the air. Then the old blue whale became aware of the helicopter clattering overhead. Alarmed, he slid back into the depths, trying to hide in the gray shadows of his saltwater world. Unfortunately, he had surfaced at the wrong time in the wrong place.

Above him the helicopter pilot radioed back to the factory ship, a few miles away. Seconds later a small fast catch boat roared into action and, guided by the helicopter, closed in on the whale.

Whales, like all mammals, must breathe air. And to do so they must come to the surface. Knowing this, the men in the boat and helicopter waited.

Slowly the blue whale's body used up its supply of oxygen. When he could stand the pressure in his lungs no longer the hunted animal surfaced. A rising fountain again sprayed from the top of his head and, as it did, the gunner on the bow of the catch boat fired a harpoon. The whale was hit just behind the head and, in the next instant, a grenade in the tip of the harpoon exploded. Before long the old whale was dead and the catch boat crew took him in tow.

The largest of all the whales, the blue whale is now so rare that the species hovers on the edge of extinction. Nobody knows how many of them still swim the ocean waters, but scientists everywhere agree that there can be no more than 3,000. Their numbers may be much smaller, perhaps no more than 500. Some marine mammalogists believe this number may be too small for the blue whales ever to rebuild their populations. However, the blue whale has been protected against hunters since 1965. The one shown above is in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C.

How big are these remarkable animals? Blue whales are the largest creatures ever to live on earth, far bigger than the greatest of dinosaurs. They have reached lengths of 100 feet and estimated weights of 150 tons.

Through the ages, whales have developed into two kinds, those with teeth and those without. In place of teeth, the blue whale, the humpback, and the sei have curtains of fibers that hang in jungle-like thickets from their upper jawbones. These screens of baleen are their sieves.

At certain seasons, the oceans come alive with microscopic plants. These are consumed by masses of small shrimp-like creatures called krill. As the krill grow, they cover the surface of the ocean and the giant baleen whales come to fatten on them.

Among them is the blue whale, who moves through the masses of krill, his huge trapdoor jaws opening and closing. The whale's tongue, which may weigh four tons, pushes the excess water out through the sides of his cavelike mouth. But the delicacies he has scooped up can't escape those baleen strainers. Next, that huge tongue forces the food down the whale's throat.

At the same time, the toothed whales hunt big game. They dine on fish, seals, and even other whales. There is nothing dainty about their eating habits. Perhaps the most feared of the world's toothed whales, at least among the ancient whalers, was the sperm whale. These giants never could go along with the idea of having harpoons stuck into their sides. Sperm whales sometimes rammed small boats pursuing them, and were known to bite such craft in two, occupants and all.

There was a time when millions of whales of many species traveled the oceans. Early hunters in their flimsy canoes were not much of a threat to these gigantic mammals. But as boats became bigger and faster, the attack on whales was stepped up.

Then, in 1868, a Norwegian inventor created a harpoon that carried an explosive bomb in its head. It was patented on Christmas Eve, 1870—a grim Christmas gift for the world's whales.

As the whaling industry grew, its ships were equipped to stay longer and longer at sea. Eventually there were factory ships with crews living aboard permanently. Then came catch boats, electronic scanners, and helicopters for spotting. The whales could no longer hide anywhere and the hunting flourished until today only three species—the sei, sperm, and finback—are left in numbers large enough to attract the whalers.

What do they do with a whale? A large percentage of the body is blubber and its oil is used for making lipsticks, shoe polish, margarine, and other "essential" products. The whale's bones are ground up for fertilizer. The meat goes for making cat food.

Late in 1970, Walter J. Hickel, then Secretary of the Interior, moved to protect the whales of the world. He placed eight species—the right whale, finback, bowhead, blue, gray, humpbacked, sei, and sperm whales—on the nation's list of rare and endangered species.

But that action will not help unless other nations take similar action. Most of the whales killed today are taken by the boats of two countries, the Soviet Union and Japan. Authorities believe that whaling may be finished completely within 10 years, because ships will no longer find enough whales to pay their owners to keep them on the seas.

We will then turn elsewhere and find substitutes for oil to use in lipstick, bones to use in fertilizer, and meat to feed our pet cats. But why wait till it's too late? For, no matter how hard we search, we won't find any substitutes for living whales.

—GEORGE LAYCOCK

Stranded Tanker a 'Catastrophe,' Threatens Whales, Seals

From News Services

NANTUCKET, Mass. — Almost extinct seals and whales are endangered and a resort area coastline is threatened by the Argo Merchant, an oil-stuffed tanker rocking helpless and abandoned in stormy shoal waters off this summertime playground, authorities said yesterday.

"I say it is a catastrophe. Certainly it has the potential of being a grave threat to our coastline, said Rear Adm. J.P. Steward, commander of the First Coast Guard Division.

Although there are 7.6 million gallons of oil in the vessel, there has been no major leak of the toothpaste-thick oil into the sea.

Dr. Howard Winn of the University of Rhode Island School of Oceanography said the Argo Merchant is locked in the heart of the breeding grounds of the rare humpbacked whales and gray seals. He said a major oil spill could "wipe out" the seals.

The tanker is stuck in the middle of the migratory path of the humpback whale and right atop the major breeding ground of the gray seal.

THE 640-FOOT Liberian tanker was slapped aground on the sandy Nantucket Shoals by a storm early Wednesday 27 miles southeast of this island. The Coast Guard, after fighting seas for a day and a half, Thursday night temporarily gave up efforts to empty or refloat the 23-year-old ship.

"It's quite clear that sooner or later it's going to break up if they don't get it off," said Dr. Jack Devanney, an oceanic engineer at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Every tank aboard the crippled tanker has ruptured and oil and water slosh about.

"There's oil everywhere," said Lt. Cmdr. Barry Chambers, head of the Coast Guard National Strike Force. "The tanks have opened up. It's like sliding your hand down a tube of toothpaste and having the oil . . . squirt out furiously."

In addition, tests found seawater in several tanks which "could indicate a crack in the hull," Steward said.

STEWARD SAID the options were to refloat the Argo Merchant or to pump out the oil cargo. He said it would require two to five days to empty the ship.

The Argo Merchant, with its stern settled at least 18 feet into the sandy shoal, was buffeted and rocked by waves six to seven feet high and winds approaching 30 miles an hour.

Gale warnings were posted in the area for last night and today. Winds were expected to reach nearly 35 m.p.h. and waves of 8 to 12 feet were forecast.

The Coast Guard said an oil slick 150 yards wide extended from the tanker for at least eight miles.

They said the slick may be just a sheen over part of the distance. It was flowing southeasterly away from land. If caught by the Gulf Stream, its direction could be reversed, officials said, and some oil could pass over the northern section of Georges Bank, one of the world's richest commercial fishing grounds.

A COAST GUARD plane flew over the area yesterday to estimate the size of the spill and to track currents to see which way it might move.

The weather was a crucial factor in trying to float the tanker free and unload its cargo into barges.

Until late Thursday, the weather held, and a high-speed pump was reducing the water and oil that flooded the engine room to a depth of 40 feet.

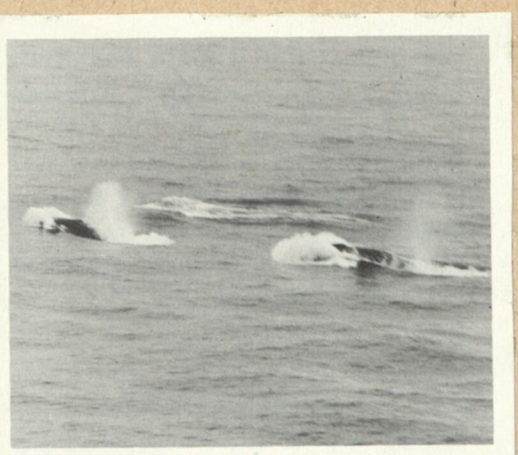
When 11 Coast Guard oil spill specialists, the master and three officers of the tanker were evacuated Thursday night, they shut off the pump.

A spokesman said all progress made in pumping to lighten the tanker was lost, and there were no immediate plans to return crews to the vessel.

COAST GUARD Capt. Lynn Hein, who was commanding the rescue operation, said he would meet with members of Coast Guard Strike Teams — the specialists in oil spills and grounded ships — to plan the next moves.

Two cutters, two tugs and a barge were standing by in the area of the tanker, and a buoy tender was taking flotation collars, used to contain spilled oil, to the scene.

The tanker, owned by Thebes Shipping, Inc., and registered in Liberia, was bound from Veneuzuela to Salem, Mass., when it went aground. The cargo was valued at $2 million, the vessel at $5 million.



Whales blowing near Bermuda.



Chronicle of an Arctic Whale Hunt

By BILL O'HALLAREN

SATURDAY, Aug. 25—There is only one customs officer on duty in Winnipeg and he is not amused. Before him, the customs officer in Vancouver took one look at our gear and passed it, presuming that the Winnipeg man would have more time to cope with such craziness. But now the Winnipeg man is perturbed by our two portable swimming pools. "I would think," he announces icily, "that as long as there are only six of you, one pool would be enough." We explain that the pools will hold the whales we plan to capture in Hudson Bay—two whales to a pool. It turns out, however, that our whale-catching permits from the Canadian Government don't carry any weight with customs. We may proceed, the man says, but our scientific equipment for testing and treating whales must stay behind until the appropriate ministries can scrutinize it. Bill Flynn, a veteran aquarium curator and leader of our expedition, tells us not to panic. He has been on two previous white whale hunts and nothing went right on those expeditions either.

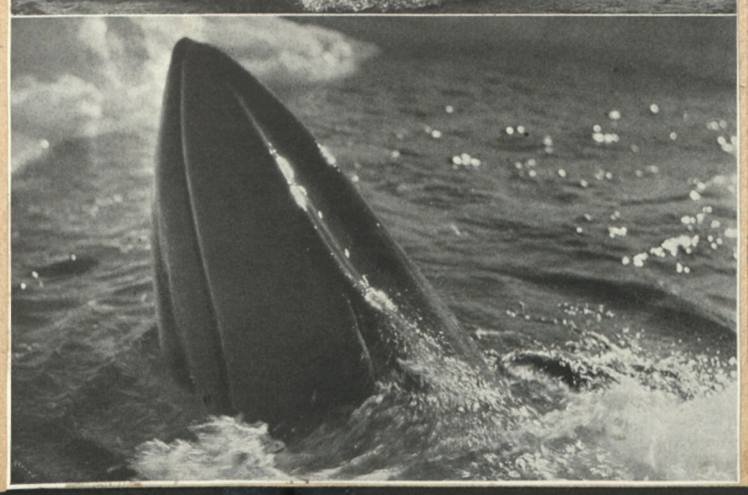
Besides Flynn, our group includes Roger Stevenson, a marine biologist; John Seeker, a TV cameraman; Dick Gilmore, a TV soundman (all of whom are employes of the Sea World Oceanarium in San Diego); Phil Thornton, a CBS-TV director, and myself, a freelance television writer. Our main purpose is to capture four yearling white whales and return them safely to San Diego. Secondarily, we hope the capture will make a good television show.

In the preceding year, each of us has been involved in one way or another with Gigi, the only gray whale ever to survive in captivity. A Sea World expedition captured the baby gray off Baja California and it thrived in its Sea World home for a year, growing to 26 feet and a weight of 14 tons, at which point it was released in the ocean. Marine scientists had never had a chance to study a living gray before and troops of them swarmed to Gigi's side during her year in captivity. Her televised story, "Gigi Goes Home," won a series of awards and we are all hopeful that the whites we capture on this expedition will live as happily in Sea World and will provide as good a TV show.

We are a confident and even jaunty crew, certain we will bring off another scientific and dramatic success. In fact, however, we are heading for a few rounds of low comedy (an adventure which will include getting lost at sea with a bunch of drunken Indians), then some exciting encounters with whales and, finally, a horrifying tragedy.

Now officials of Trans Air, a small Canadian airline, review plans for the whale lift. Our party is to fly to Churchill on Hudson Bay this afternoon. We will be met by Indian guides who will take us to the whaling grounds. By next Saturday we should have safely in captivity the four whales authorized by our permit. A Trans Air 737 will arrive in Churchill on Saturday night, pick up our whales in their swimming pools and deliver them to the Sea World Aquarium in San Diego seven hours later.





The white, or beluga, whale is a snub-nosed, saucy eyed animal with marvelous intelligence and a merry disposition. There are only four such whales in captivity in the United States (all in the New York Aquarium). The whites live in Arctic waters and have only rarely been able to endure being transported to aquariums located in temperate zones. Now jet planes shorten the trip and make it more bearable for the whales. In addition, once the whales are safely in the aquarium, marine biologists will only very gradually raise the temperature of the water in which the whales have been kept so as to minimize the shock.

A few hours after our encounter with the customs man in Winnipeg we are flying over Churchill. The old DC-4 has been sputtering over Canada all afternoon at what seems like little more than treetop height. Northern Canada appears to be half forest and half lake and there have been a series of stops at clearings to drop off loggers, hunters and trappers returning from their annual visits to the dazzling urbanity of Winnipeg. A few minutes ago the last of the trees beneath us disappeared and now there is only tundra.

Whales Sighted

We gain some altitude and now we approach the wide-mouthed Churchill River, which empties into Hudson Bay at Churchill. The pilot swings low over the river and points down. Those flashing slivers down there in the water are white whales, having a last frolic before heading north. The Arctic fish they live on travel south in summer and north in winter and the whales follow in close pursuit. There must be hundreds of whites in a two- or three-mile stretch of river. Bill Flynn grins and begins to relax. This shouldn't be so hard after all.

Flynn has been worried that the weather may defeat us. Hudson Bay does not thaw until mid-July and it begins to freeze over again in early September. Flynn applied for the whaling permit early in the year, but the Canadian Government stalled for months, and now there are only a few good hunting days left. The Government, sensitive to the wrath of conservations over the slaughter of fur seals, probably would not have issued the permit at all except for pressure from the Indian community at Churchill. The Indians will help us capture the whales and they will receive $1,500 for each capture.

The temperature is 75 degrees when we step off the plane. Our heavy coats and boots suddenly seem ridiculous. Churchill's buildings are stark—wooden, unpainted or peeling. The roads are muddy and the mosquitoes are out in force. The natives fan their hands steadily across their faces like windshield wipers.

Our cab driver proudly displays his super heater. It cost $143 and, on the coldest winter night, it can raise the temperature inside his cab to an even zero, Fahrenheit. The best a standard car heater can do is raise it to 20 below. The driver explains that a man loses efficiency when he sits all night in 20-below temperature; zero, however, is bearable. He adds that the nighttime winter temperatures in Churchill often drop to 40 or 50 below zero and, of course, the effect of the wind may drive the actual temperature even lower. We decide not to gripe about the mosquitoes.

We are billeted in the Whaling Center Motel, operated by Indians. The Canadian Government built the motel and turned it over to the Indians, hoping it would become a profitable business for them. Whaling supported many of the Indians for generations, but when the whaling industry collapsed because of the declining market for whale oil, the Government attempted to create other means of livelihood for its wards and the motel was a start. The hope is that the motel will attract hunters, bird watchers, sightseers and other visitors to Churchill.

The rusted, bloodied machinery of the whaling days still surrounds the motel, and we can look out our windows and see the causeway where whales were hauled from the water to the processing plant.

We are met by a young bronzed Chipewya chief who is the head of the Indian Council, the local ruling body. This man looks as though he were meant to pose for the Indian chief on the nickle. He is also confident—a real take-charge type. The chief shows us to our rooms, and when one of the doors refuses to yield to a key, he kicks it open. Each of the six rooms has a bed, refrigerator, stove and heater, and three rooms have sleeping Indians in them. Empty beer bottles suggest why these Indians are asleep. The chief drags all three to the registration office, where they continue their naps on the floor.

Later that evening we meet the chief in the bar of the Churchill Hotel to hear his plan of operations. The six of us Americans together with seven Indians, he says, will leave at dawn in six motor-powered open boats. We will travel 35 miles across the bay to a fishing and hunting lodge near the mouth of the Caribou River. The Indians will then use the boats to herd the whales into shallow coastal waters. Flynn will pick the animals he wants and the Indians will jump overboard in the shallow water, and wrestle the whales into the boats. These whales are ordinarily hunted with rifle or harpoon, he tells us, and some American and Canadian hunters travel all the way to Churchill to kill the animals in that manner. The Indians used to harpoon or shoot them, too, he says, once regarding whale meat as a staple. Today, however, they don't care for whale meat, now that they have been introduced to beef and pork.

Dress Rehearsal

The chief reports that his men have been rehearsing live whale captures and there won't be any problem in getting the four specimens we want. To us, however, it doesn't sound easy. White whales are six feet long at birth and grow to 15 feet and more. The yearlings Bill Flynn hopes to bring back alive will be nine or ten feet long and will weigh at least a ton. A whale of that size can do a tremendous amount of thrashing, especially when it feels threatened.

Flynn asks the chief why we have to venture all the way across the bay when there are plenty of whales in the river only a few hundred feet from where we are sitting. The chief replies that the river does not have the wide, shallow inlets his men require and, besides, everyone will enjoy the trip across the bay. It is difficult to pursue this discussion with the chief because we are sitting in the bar of the Churchill Hotel on a Saturday night in the summer and it is like a Klondike Gold Rush saloon only with 10 times the cast and 50 times the volume of noise. There are bearded construction workers down for a holiday from their posts on the DEW line (the U.S.-Canadian defensive radar system), crewmen from the Russian wheat ships anchored in the bay, mackinawed trappers, Indians, Mounties, town girls, young Canadians who have been backpacking in the wilderness and young Americans who appear to be on the lam from the draft. The country-style music produced by a trio is amplifed until the walls tremble. There is not a tie or a dress in the house and the drink is beer, out of the bottle, with Canadian whiskey on the side. A burly man with a red beard explains it's much better to get drunk in the summer, because there's no danger of freezing to death afterwards.

Sunday, Aug. 26—Dawn. It is a clear warm morning and the bay stretching to the horizon is blue and peaceful. The mosquitoes and gnats are as thick as ever but we are already getting used to them. We are eager to depart, but there seems to be one hitch. No Indians. About 9 o'clock a small boy comes to report that the chief will be along at 11.

At noon, the chief appears and says there have been delays in getting supplies and that he has no idea when we can leave. We have a leisurely lunch and do some shopping in the famous old Hudson's Bay Company Trading Post which dates back to 1717 and where the merchandise ranges from the white pelts of huge Arctic wolves to tiny baskets of shriveled peaches. There are displays of sandstone sculpture and delicate white moccasins fashioned by Eskimos. This must be the only grocery store in the world that always has an art buyer on duty. A newly finished piece of sculpture or a pair of moccasins is good for immediate cash and the artist can spend it in the grocery line or at the Government liquor store around the corner.

Now it is two o'clock in the afternoon. We are told we are leaving immediately. We meet the boats at the Port of Churchill dock a half mile from the Whaler's Motel. Our first sight of this armada is a bit unnerving. The motorboats so confidently mentioned in our briefing turn out to be little more than canoes equipped with outboard motors. The Indians are in a party mood. Their summers are short and every chance for outdoor fun is savored. Besides, the expedition should bring $6,000 into the Indian Council's treasury. A tall, blond Port Authority policeman watches and finally asks Phil Thornton, the television director, what's going on. Thornton explains. The policeman meditates a bit and then asks, "Will the Indians be a help or a hindrance?" He isn't being nasty; it's just that tall, blond whites in Churchill tend to look

over →

upon the Indians as bumbling children.

The supplies being loaded into each boat include several cases of beer and a bottle of Canadian whiskey. The chief hasn't squandered much money on food, but there is some bacon, hot dogs and bread. The chief predicts we will catch our whales in the morning and be back in Churchill tomorrow night.

We depart. The name Hudson Bay conjures up thoughts of adventurers, ice floes and starkness, but nothing prepares a newcomer for the richness of the bay's life. Harbor seals bob just beyond our boats, their faces jovial, round and whiskered. A half dozen varieties of ducks are visible overhead, singly and in formation, and now and then we see a lordly arrow of snow geese. TuTu, the ancient, leathery Eskimo in the bow of my canoe, says there are plenty of fish beneath us and before long we see a fisherman. He is an adult polar bear, with only his head and part of his massive shoulders above water. He is visibly annoyed at us humans who dare to gape at him and he fixes us with a beady gaze until we go away. TuTu explains to us that the bears stay in the water for two or three days at a time, catching an occasional fish but mainly hoping for a white whale or seal. It's no problem for a polar bear to drag a whale or seal through 10 or 15 miles of water to the family on shore.

After a couple of hours, all of the Indians in all of the boats are quite drunk. TuTu and Paul, the Cree who is at the helm of my canoe, have downed a fifth of Canadian whiskey since we started and they are now working on the beer. Sometimes Paul steers a straight course and sometimes he wheels in wonderful, dizzying circles, while TuTu applauds. The five other boats on the horizon are doing pinwheels of their own. Suddenly it strikes me that it will soon be dark and I will be in a canoe in the middle of Hudson Bay with a couple of jolly fellows who are feeling no pain. The canoe has no lights or radio, not even a horn, but I need not worry about our going in the wrong direction because the motor has just died. TuTu pulls a rusty single-barreled shotgun from beneath his seat to show we have nothing to fear. Besides, there is still plenty of beer. I observe that there are no life jackets aboard and then reflect that they would not be much use anyway because the water temperature is not much above freezing.

Which Way Now?

At dusk the chief's canoe pulls up and throws us a line. By the time we are hooked up the four other boats heave to and an argument begins among the Indians over where we are and which way we should go. There is no land in sight and having done so many pinwheels in the water has affected our sense of direction. The chief cups a hand to his forehead, surveys the horizon and finally points to his right. We will go that way. TuTu argues vehemently for going to the left, but the majority side with the chief and we go his way. "Lost, lost, lost," TuTu tells me, in a quite matter-of-fact voice. But the chief is right. Just before sunset a smudge of land appears and then we see a stark, lonely building. It is the hunting and fishing lodge. Soon we pull the canoes ashore and unload. The lodge has a butane stove, sink, some cabinets and three cubicles filled with triple-tiered bunks. There is no electricity and it is a three-mile walk to the nearest river which has potable water. Someone will go for water in the morning and meantime there is plenty of beer.

There is no timber anywhere along this coast, and so the wooden steps of the lodge are appropriated for firewood. The steps were loose anyway. There are indications that still other steps and a porch have been consumed by the fires of previous cookouts. The Canadian Government built the lodge for the Indians, in the hope that the latter could make money here by boarding and guiding American and Canadian hunters. Actually, any hunters who got this far need little guiding because they can bag their limit of ducks, geese, ptarmigans or even caribou practically with closed eyes.

As the fire burns into the night and the beer cans pop, the Indians become animated story tellers. Their yarns often deal with their mortal enemy, the polar bear. The fact is, the Indians would completely dominate this harsh land if it were not for the bears, who steal from them and sometimes maim or kill them. The Canadian Government protects the bears as a priceless natural resource, but the Indians would like to wipe them out. Francis, a rugged middle-aged Cree, tells what seems to be a favorite story. It seems he was hunting in mid-winter and entered an abandoned cabin. A bear, rummaging inside tore his shoulder out of its socket and slashed his side. Francis killed the bear with a blast from his shotgun and then whipped his dog team into making the 75-mile trip to Churchill in 48 hours, an almost unbelievably rapid journey. The doctors saved his arm. He displays scars and the Indians join in a general cursing of polar bears and Government officials. As we turn in, we hear the honking of tens of thousands of snow geese. They have finished their summer nesting on the tundra and are about to begin their long flight south. There are a million stars and the aurora borealis plays along the horizon. Tomorrow morning, the whales.

Sullen Guides

Monday, Aug. 27—It is raining and cold and there will be no whale hunting today. It is just as well because our guides are shaky, sullen and withdrawn and sit along the walls, heads nestled in their arms, waiting for their hangovers to pass.

Thornton and I go for a long walk on the tundra. The landscape, which seems so bleak from a distance, is a veritable botanical garden close up, with tiny, defiant flowers in dozens of colors reaching out from spongy masses of moss and lichen. Ptarmigans scurry across our path, cackling madly, and there are new flights of geese every few minutes. We see a pair of trumpeter swans. We see black dots moving on a distant slope—caribou.

On our return, the chief scolds us. No one should go more than a hundred yards from the lodge without a gun, he says. Polar bears. We decide the Indians are paranoid about bears.

Tuesday, Aug. 28—Rain. No hunting, no food, no beer. Everyone is sullen. By midafternoon the chief and Francis appear, having shot a brace of geese. The geese are quickly plucked, tossed in a pot and boiled for three quarters of an hour. We are offered shares but we only nibble. The taste for briefly boiled snow goose has to be acquired. It isn't goose season yet but Indians are allowed to kill anything, except polar bears, any time of year.

Canoes Begin Sweep

Wednesday, Aug. 29—The skies are leaden and there's a definite threat of rain, but the chief decides we'll go this morning, come what may. The wind stiffens and the temperature drops into the low forties as we head to sea. By 9 we are in the boats cruising off the shallow inlets the chief had in mind. Now our six canoes begin a sweep toward shore. Every engine is at full throttle. Suddenly, there is a cry and an Indian points from the bow of one canoe. We are herding a pod of whales to shore. Some of the animals dash past the boats and out to sea, but there must be at least 50 between us and the shore. If these animals only knew their own strength, they might smash or capsize one of our boats and make their escape, but they are fleeing in terror. Everyone seems to be screaming, yet the outboards are drowning out all voices. Flynn points to a white sliver just ahead of his canoe and the chief steers alongside like a cowboy guiding his mustang after a rampaging steer. The water is just four to five feet deep and, at a signal, Francis and the chief plunge overboard on the whale's back and begin wrestling the animal. The chief has an arm firmly around the whale's head but Francis' grip on its tail is less sure. The wrestling match goes on savagely for a full minute and then the whale, with one climactic flash of its tail, knocks Francis under the water and breaks free.

Paul and TuTu, however, have a better grip on another whale. Other Indians join them and after a brief struggle there are cries of triumph as the exhausted whale is lifted onto the canoe. Our captive, so strong in the water, is nearly helpless in the boat, the great mass of its weight, no longer supported by water, almost crushing its lungs. The whale is a female about nine feet long, and she is quivering with fear. Flynn assigns himself the job of sitting at the whale's side, dousing her with water. Her skin is creamy white and incredibly smooth to the touch. Every inch of skin must be kept wet because if it dries it will blister and the whale will quickly die. The whale has a large, rounded forehead and a wide mouth that seems almost as expressive as a human's. She is a member of the dolphin family and, to a layman, seems quite similar to the dolphins we see in aquariums and aquatic shows. Her breath comes in what seem to be agonized gasps but in time she becomes a bit calmer, perhaps in response to the motherly gentle clucking sounds Flynn is making. The discharge from her blowhole is clear, and free of mucus—an indication of good health. Flynn is elated. But he wants three more.

There are two more wrestling matches, but each animal finally bursts free and two of the Indians are knocked breathless and almost drowned. A hard sleety rain is now falling and all of the Indians who have been in the water are almost numb with cold. The chief orders his party ashore, except for one man left behind to keep pouring water on our captive. Someone scrapes up some brush and pours gasoline on it. The fire is quick, hot and life saving, but also brief, and now the chief must decide whether to make the five-mile trip back to the lodge, where there is shelter and warmth but no food, or risk the 30-mile trip across the bay back to Churchill. The water is rough and we have no dry clothing, but the chief elects for Churchill.

The crossing is punctuated by a series of engine failures. As one outboard conks out, other canoes circle about helplessly, and then one takes the stricken boat in tow. By now two motors are dead and the four others seem to take turns in giving out death rattles. The rain gets colder and meaner and the bay, which had seemed so vibrant and alive on Sunday, is now an ominous monster waiting to swallow us. At least the whale's breathing is steady and the rain will keep her skin wet even if the human bucket brigade fails her.

Composing an Ode

By about 8 o'clock the lights of Churchill slowly emerge and it seems to us like the flowering of civilization. The Whaling Center Motel is grander than the palace of the Sun King. Thornton, with shaking fingers, heats a can of tomato soup and later, wrapped in a blanket, writes an ode to tomato soup. Flynn decides to name the whale TuTu, in honor of the senior Eskimo hunter. It takes eight men to carry TuTu from the canoe to the first of the portable swimming pools. The pool is about 14 feet in diameter and is quickly filled with water pumped from the river. TuTu swims around uneasily in her tiny new home, carefully testing the plastic walls with her nose. Flynn says the biggest problem will be teaching her to eat dead fish. Some captured whales never learn.

Thursday, Aug. 30—TuTu is the star of Churchill. There has been a shuffle of townspeople, tourists and Indians to her side since dawn. The local radio station broadcast an in-depth report from poolside, including the views of several citizens on what the export of live whales could mean to Churchill's economy. The local stringer for the CBC has filmed a report, and TuTu's debut into show business seems auspicious. An elderly woman asks anxiously if we really believe the whale will recover from its harpoon wounds. When assured TuTu was taken without a scratch, she scolds, "That's just for the press, dearie, but you mustn't lie to me."

There are about 20 spectators, mostly children, watching as Flynn tries unsuccessfully to tempt TuTu with a chunk of fish. Suddenly there are hisses from the audience and they begin to fade back toward the buildings, their eyes fixed on the river. A mother polar bear and her half-grown cub have emerged from the water some 50 yards away and the two are now ambling cautiously toward the whale. The bears pause every few steps and the mother raises her snout high to sniff the wind. Flynn backs carefully toward the lodge. We've been told that polar bears aren't interested in humans as food and only attack when cornered or angered. But running, according to the locals, angers them, and, besides, no human could outrun a polar bear. Someone in the lodge calls the chief and he emerges with his rifle and begins firing against nearby rocks. The combined sound of the shots and richocheting bullets are all the warning the mother bear needs and, after standing her ground only long enough to emit a couple of growls, turns with her cub and returns to the water. She stops at water's edge for a final growl and then she and the cub wade in and swim upriver, two large, bobbing white heads slowly melting into the waves.

An Annual Migration

Back in the lodge the chief explains that bears migrate through Churchill at this time each year. A Mountie saw one scrounging for garbage outside the Churchill Hotel just before dawn this morning and at breakfast a man heard a banging on his porch door and peeked out to see a bear that obviously wanted to come in for bacon. Fortunately, the porch door was sturdy. We are more sure than ever that the Indians exaggerate the bear menace. Unless the animals are trapped or cornered, a few shouts seem to be able to scare them away.

Con. →

Friday, Aug. 31—There has been growing dissension all week between the younger Indians, led by the chief, and the older men. Now it breaks into the open. Francis, who hasn't made any secret of his doubts about the chief's leadership, tells us he can go out today within a couple of miles of Churchill and catch the three additional whales we want. Besides, the weather is too bad and the time too short for another trip across the bay to the lodge. Flynn, knowing he had little to lose, agrees to let Francis lead an expedition. Two of us stay behind to tend TuTu. The chief, after some hesitation, decides to join the whale hunters.

At about 4 in the afternoon, Francis' party returns, whooping lustily with joy. They have two male whales, one nearly 10 feet long; the other almost 11 feet. It is decided to put these two whales in the pool with TuTu. Flynn is more than happy to be able to ship home three healthy whales, and he notifies the airline and aquarium of his success.

A Triumphal Dinner

Saturday, Sept. 1—The six of us are sitting in Flynn's room, looking contentedly out the window at the spotlighted pool some 30 yards away. There has been a triumphal dinner earlier in the evening and now all that remains for us to do is to load the whales onto the plane that will arrive tomorrow. Flynn has hired round-the-clock guards to keep a watchful eye on our prizes, but everyone is too excited to sleep, so Flynn has released the guards for a few hours to join a party in progress at the chief's. One or another of us is constantly going out for still another look at the whales. All three animals seem to be healthy and respiring normally.

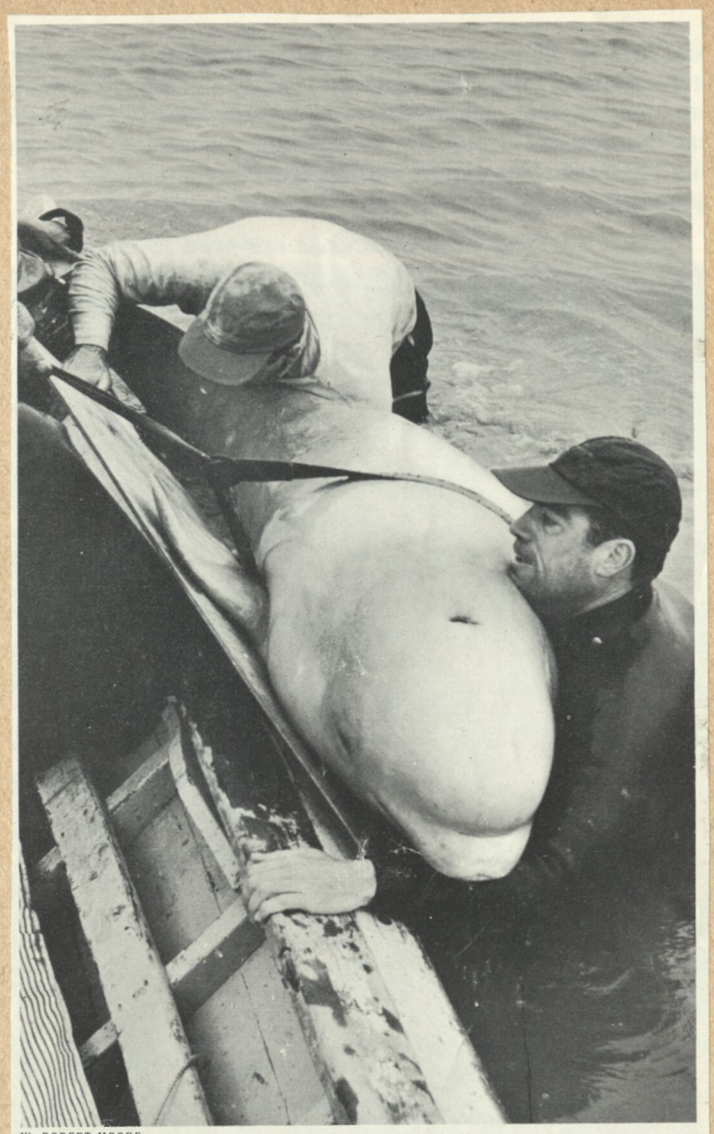
We all catch sight at almost the same moment of a white shape at the water's edge. It is a massive polar bear moving like a tank up the beach toward the pool. We know exactly what to do, and, fortified with confidence and beer, we race outside. Flynn has the rifle and begins slamming shots at the rocks closest to the bear. The rest of us shout and bang folding aluminum chairs. At sight of us the bear rears up and suddenly it is as if we are in the presence of the monster from some science fiction movie. The bear is not more than 30 yards away and seems completely contemptuous of our shots, shouts and rattling chairs. It gets down on all fours again, lumbers to the edge of the pool, stands up, and, with one swipe of its paw, rips a top-to-bottom slash. The water gushes through the break and now the bear strides into the empty pool and contemplates the flopping, helpless whales. With a sudden stroke of its paws, the bear slashes the smaller of the two whales across the head and then administers the same killing blow to the larger male. The bear's claws are like huge steel hooks and one fierce swipe with them is enough to crush the skull of a 10- or 11-foot whale. The bear decides it prefers the larger of the two males and sinks a paw into the flesh behind the head and half lifts, half drags, the dying animal through the break in the pool and down the beach. The whale weighs more than a thousand pounds, but the bear drags it as easily as a man might pull a short branch of a tree. TuTu threshes fearfully in the bloody bottom of the pool. Suddenly one of the Indians, whose sleep in the motel office had been broken by the shots, emerges with a rifle and begins firing, but he is shooting to kill. The bear, bellowing angrily as it is struck by several shots, drops the whale at water's edge and lopes off into the night.

The Mounties Arrive

Two whales are dead and TuTu is in a state of shock. The pool is quickly patched and half filled to keep TuTu alive. The reserve pool will be ready in an hour. Four Mounties now have arrived and they are furious about the wounding of the bear. The crippled animal will take cover somewhere near and might kill anyone who stumbles on it. By 1 A.M. it seems as though everyone in Churchill is on hand, and no one is telling who fired at the bear. Flynn, broken-hearted, cancels the chartered flight and plans to stay up all night with TuTu.

Sunday, Sept. 2—After sweeping the tundra with field glasses, a party of game wardens in a Land Rover spots the wounded bear almost a mile from the Whalers Motel. A skirmish line of Mounties and wardens, 20 in all, with rifles and shotguns, moves slowly forward and, when the animal rises, quickly executes it. The bear is sheer magnificence, over eight feet tall and weighing better than 800 pounds. Its hide will be tanned and auctioned off by the Government. TuTu still lives, but she is an intelligent and emotional animal and it is hard to know how deeply she has been damaged by shock. Flynn is with her constantly and with each hour his hopes rise that she will survive. It is now too cold and wet for any more whale hunting and Thornton and I are told to return home. There will be no TV show. When we leave, TuTu is circling slowly in her pool and Flynn is trying to tempt her with a chunk of fish. A half dozen Indians watch impassively.

Postscript—Later in the week TuTu was flown by cargo plane to the Sea World aquarium in Ohio because this seemed a shorter and safer flight. TuTu spent four days in the Ohio aquarium and seemed to be thriving. At the end of the week, she was placed on a direct flight to San Diego, with Flynn and his three assistants at her side. TuTu seemed to make the flight in good spirits. At San Diego, she and her pool of icy water were hoisted aboard a truck, but when the truck arrived at Sea World, TuTu was dead.

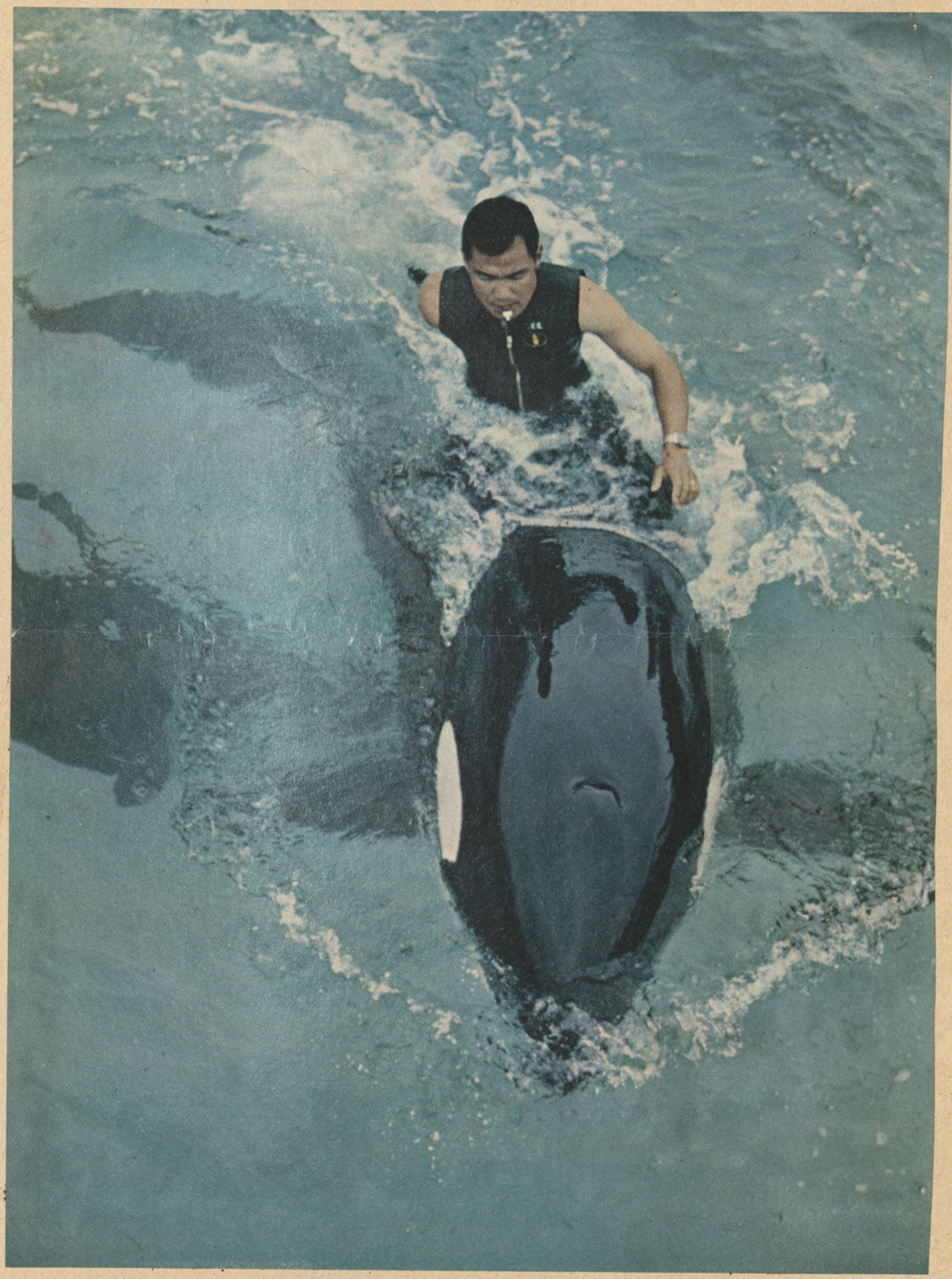


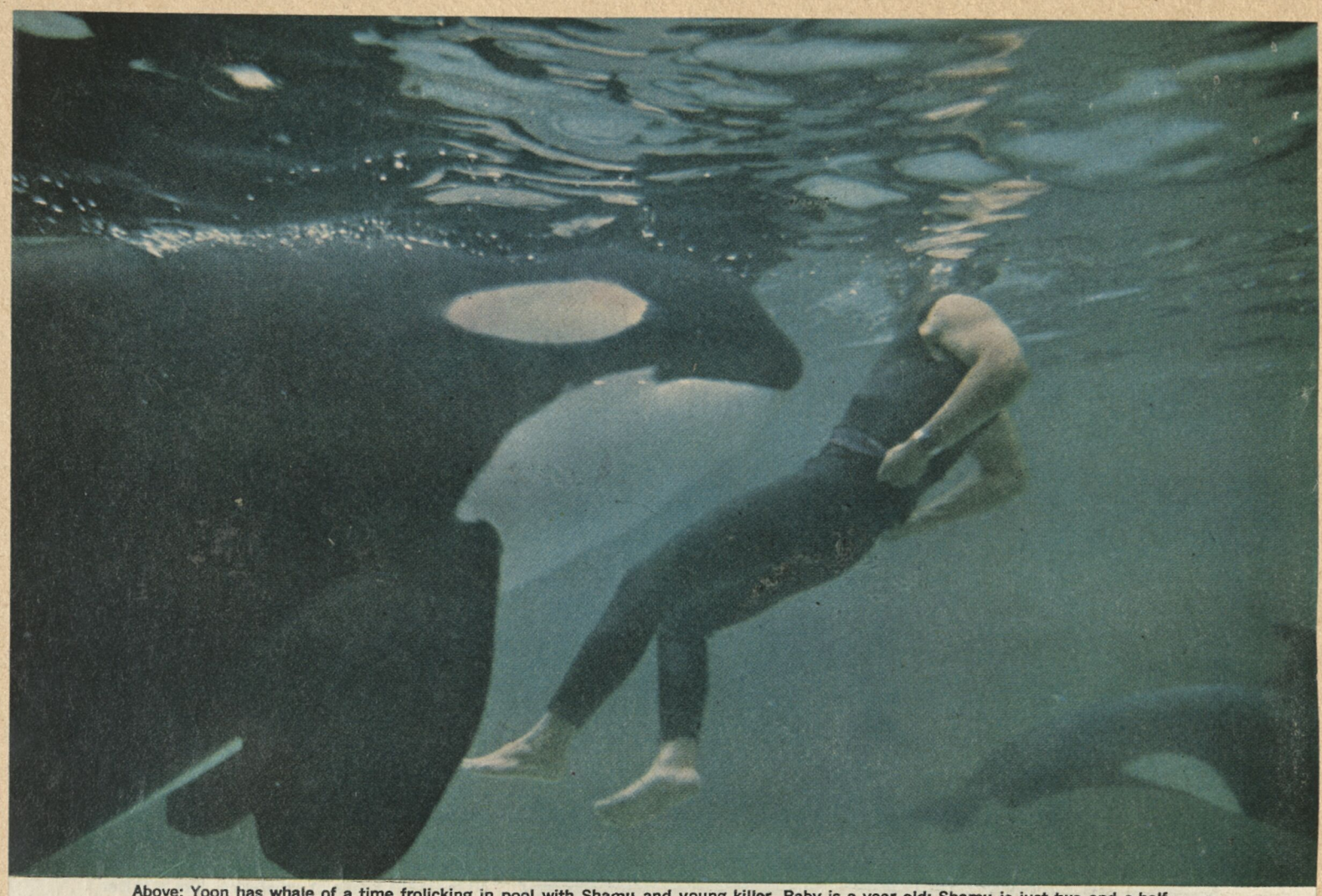
W. ROBERT MOORE

Dr. Ray and companion hoist an 800-pound whale into mattress-floored skiff



"If they only knew their strength, they might smash our boats."

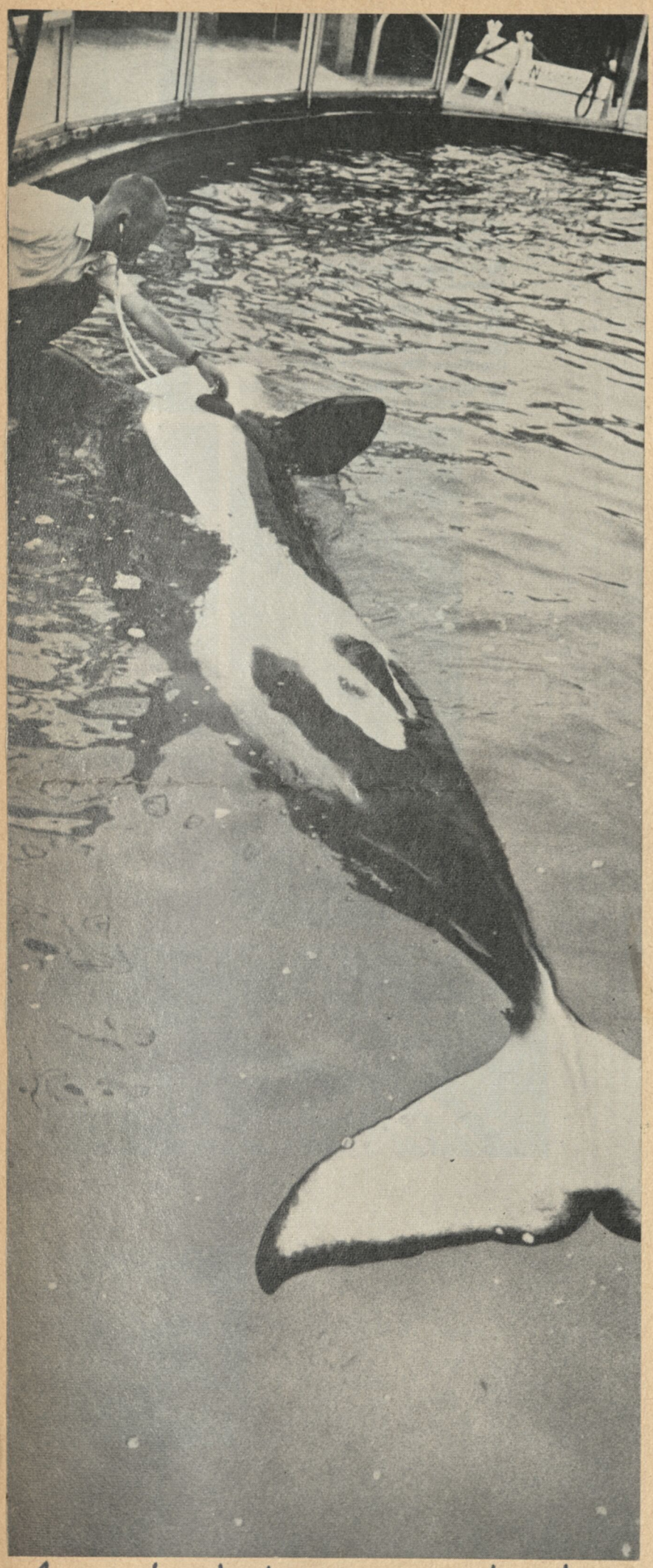




Above: Yoon has whale of a time frolicking in pool with Shamu and young killer. Baby is a year old; Shamu is just two and a-half.

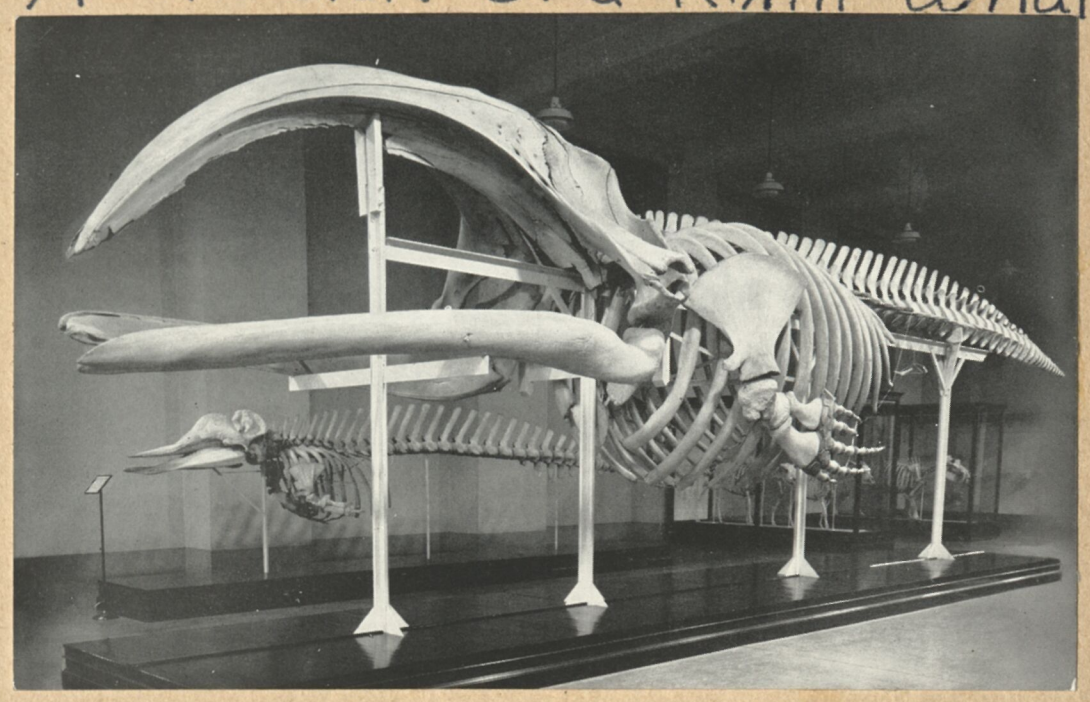


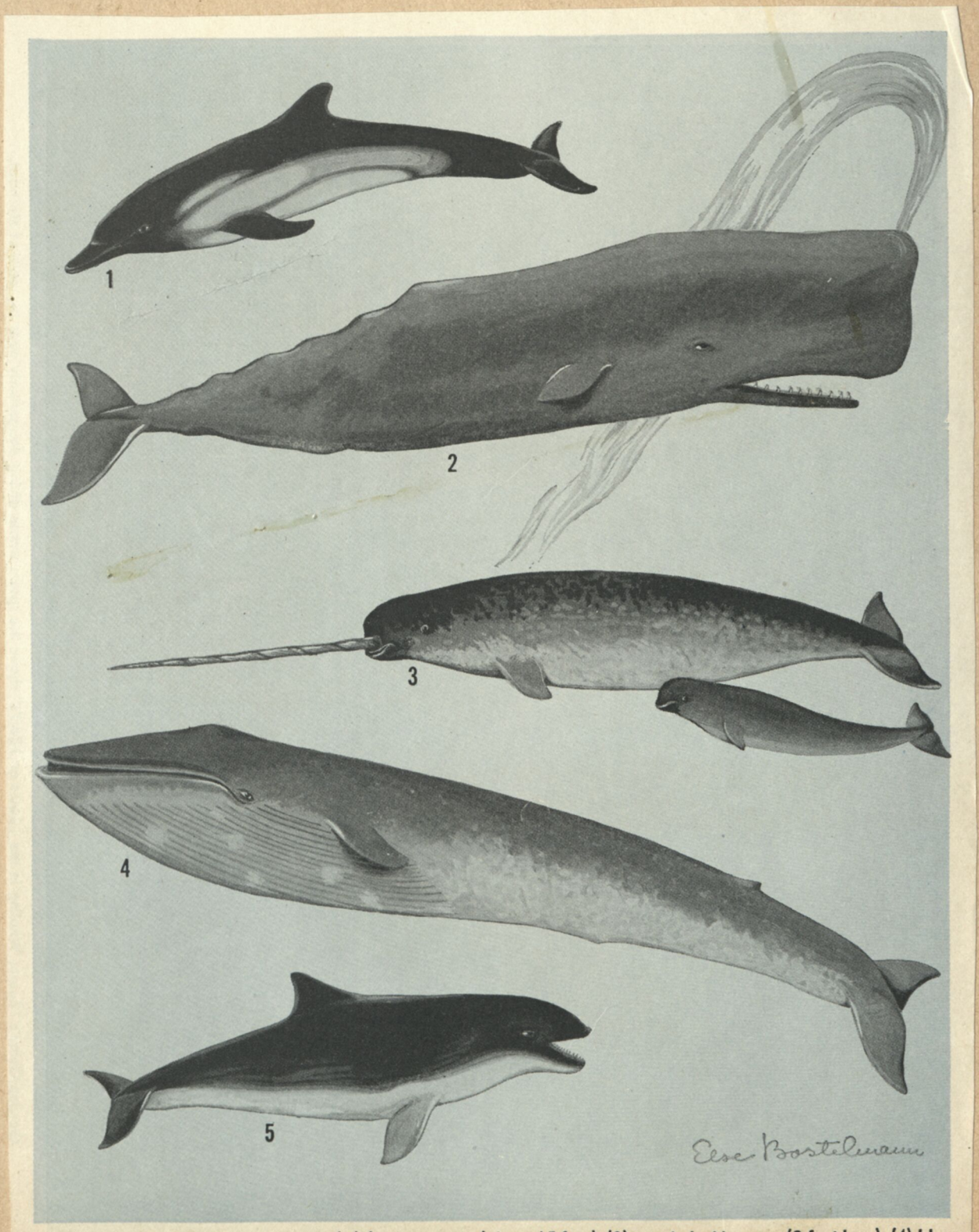
Tek almost lost his his head over this antic...



Assistant trainer checks Shamu's ticker...

A skeleton of a Right Whale





(1) Common dolphin (about 8 feet long); (2) sperm whale (about 65 feet); (3) narwhal with young (9 feet long); (4) blue whale (80 to 100 feet or more); (5) harbor porpoise (about 6 feet long).

THERE SHE BLOWS!
Whaling in the Outer Hebrides

THE ASSOCIATION between whales and Hebridean man goes back a very long way. The presence of whale bones in an Iron Age midden on the west coast of Lewis suggests that whale meat formed part of the diet of primitive man in the Outer Hebrides.

It is unlikely that these ancient islanders actually hunted for whales, but probably supplemented their diet from time to time with the meat of freshly stranded animals.

The great whales still pass to the west of the Outer Hebrides on their seasonal migrations, though they are much less plentiful than they were before their numbers were decimated by intensive commercial whaling on a world-wide scale.

Today, these migrating whales are allowed to travel unmolested through our waters. Should any of their number be unfortunate enough to become stranded, the chances are that it will be removed by the local authorities as a potential health hazard, a far cry from the attitude to such events which prevailed only one or two centuries ago.

Whales have figured strongly in the traditions of the Outer Hebrides throughout the ages, and the meat of young animals was eaten like bacon, using the ashes of burnt sea-weed as salt. This is probably the origin of the gaelic name for the whale, *muc-mhara*, meaning 'sea-pig'.

By the 17th century, the inhabitants of the Hebrides had started hunting whales from boats, a practice which Martin Martin believed formed a welcome break from fishing for the islanders.

The main species hunted at this time was the Pilot or Ca'ing Whale, which tends to swim in large schools which are still seen from time to time in Hebridean seas.

When the school swam into a bay or sea loch, the fishermen formed a line with their boats at the seaward end of the inlet, and drove the animals into the shallows, where a bloody slaughter took place. Originally, primitive weapons such as swords and bows and arrows were used to kill whales 20 feet long.

In one of the most successful hunts, in 1805, more than 300 whales were taken. The best documented whale hunt in the Outer Hebrides is one described in a contemporary poem commemorating a hurt which took place in 1869.

The poem, written by Jimmy Disher, a sort of Stornowegian McGonagall, gives a colourful account of the whole hunt from the time the alarm was raised to the sale of the carcases.

Two salmon fishermen discovered the huge school of Pilot Whales while checking their nets at midnight near the mouth of the River Creed, and rowed back to Stornoway at high speed to raise the alarm. It seems that most of the town, including some women, took to the boats, equipped with an incredible armoury of hastily gathered weapons, including sticks, stones, frying pans and pokers.

Over 60 boats formed two lines, and drove the whales into the Inner Harbour, where they proceeded to kill them with swords, picks, spades and pitchforks.

One-hundred and eighty-five whales were captured, so it is not surprising that the harbour water was red with their blood. At a public auction, the sale of the catch raised £550 and three weeks' work was necessary to dispose of the carcases. Towards the end of the 19th century, the presence of the larger whales in Hebridean waters came to the notice of the commercial whalers, and the Norwegians commenced operations there in 1895.

In 1904, the Norwegians, under Captain Carl F. Herlofsen, established a permanent base at Bunaveneader in North Harris. The Bunaveneader Company was one of five Scottish companies later granted a licence under the Whale Fisheries (Scotland) Act of 1907, whereby whale hunting in Scottish waters was prohibited without the permission of the Fishery Board of Scotland.

Like the other four stations, which were based in Shetland, the Bunaveneader Company used catcher vessels ninety feet long, equipped with hurricane decks and a crow's nest. These were capable of speeds of 10 - 12 knots, and were crewed by Norwegians.

The whaling season lasted from April to October, and the main migrating body of each species passed through the area at different times, so that there was nearly always some types of whale present at any time in the season.

Though the area fished extended from almost as far North as the Faroes, South to many miles off Barra Head, the main grounds were around Rockall, St. Kilda and the Flannan Isles. The whales were taken at sea by the catchers, and the carcases inflated with air to make them float. These were stored till a sufficient number had been collected to justify leaving the whaling grounds in order to return to Bunaveneader and land the catch.

Village Bay in St. Kilda was often used by the whalers to store their catches, and the skippers frequently helped the islanders to make up for polluting the air with the stench of dead whales.

The Pilot Whale, which had been so important in earlier years, formed no part of the Norwegian fishery, though it was, and still is, fairly common in Hebridean seas. Its value was very small when compared with that of the species which could be hunted with the specially designed catchers.

The main species involved in the new fishery was the Common Rorqual, which often attained a length of over seventy feet. This species formed about two thirds of the Scottish catch by number, but the Blue Whale, the largest animal in the world, was much more valuable. About 50 Blue Whales were taken in the best year, compared with about 100 Common Rorquals. Nearly all the Scottish Blue Whales were taken by the Bunaveneader Company, in the area around St. Kilda, but the catch fell in later years, probably because of world-wide over-fishing.

Blue Whales were also found on the Rockall grounds, but fishing had to be abandoned there in autumn each year because the seas became too rough for the catcher vessels to travel to such a distant area.

The Sei Whale was sometimes taken in substantial numbers, but the catch of the Bunaveneader station was low in most years, and this species was much commoner on the Shetland grounds.

The Biscayan Whale or Nordkaper was found only to the west and south-west of the Hebrides, so that the Bunaveneader Company had a virtual monoploy of this species. The largest number of these taken in any year was 24, but frequently there were none at all. Though they were scarce, they were very valuable indeed, the whalebone of one animal fetching about £700.

Four or five Sperm Whales were captured in most years — all bulls. Their stomachs often contained the remains of sharks and octopus, and one had swallowed a shark hook nine inches long! A few Humpback Whales and the odd Bottle-nosed Whale, a small species, were also taken, but they played no significant part in the fishery.

Whaling operations at Bunaveneader were interrupted by the First World War, but resumed in 1918. The whales were drawn up on a slipway at the shore station, where the blubber and baleen were removed. The carcase was then moved to the side of the slipway, where the flesh was stripped with huge flensing knives, and carried by a chain of buckets to the boiling house. A further chain of buckets carried the boiled meat to the top of the tall brick chimney, where it was dried slowly.

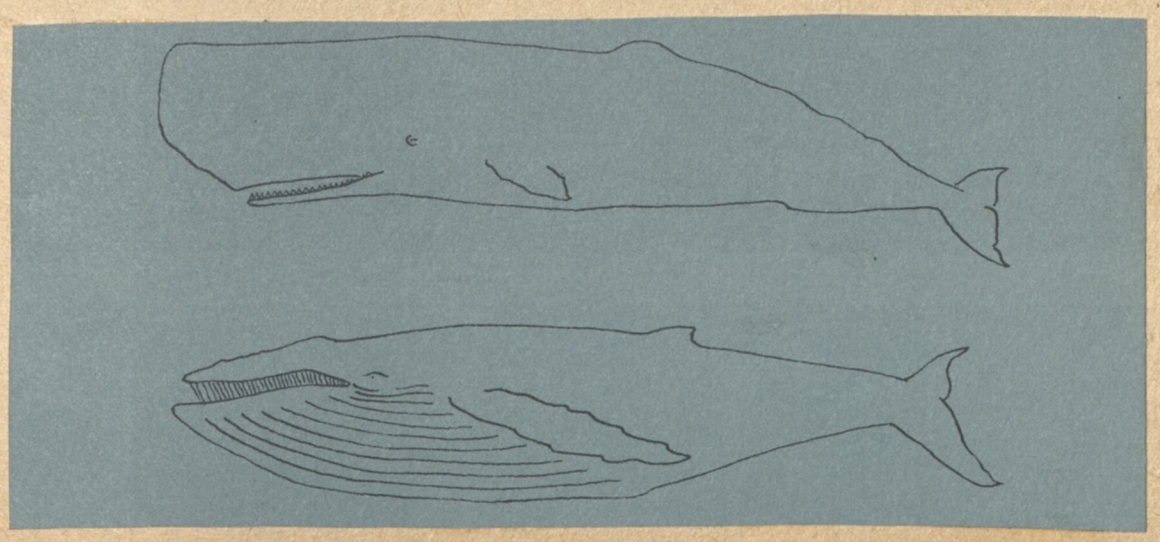
The dried meat was later ground in a mill, and the powder exported to Scandinavia, where it was fed to cattle, or used as manure. The average whale was worth about £30, and every part of the whale was used, from the blood to the baleen plates. In 1922, the Bunaveneader station was bought by Lord Leverhulme, partly to provide employment, and compensate the people of North Harris for the huge amounts of money then being invested in Leverburgh, in South Harris, and partly because he suspected that the offal from the station was being dumped on the Hebridean fishing grounds in an attempt to drive the herring to Norwegian waters.

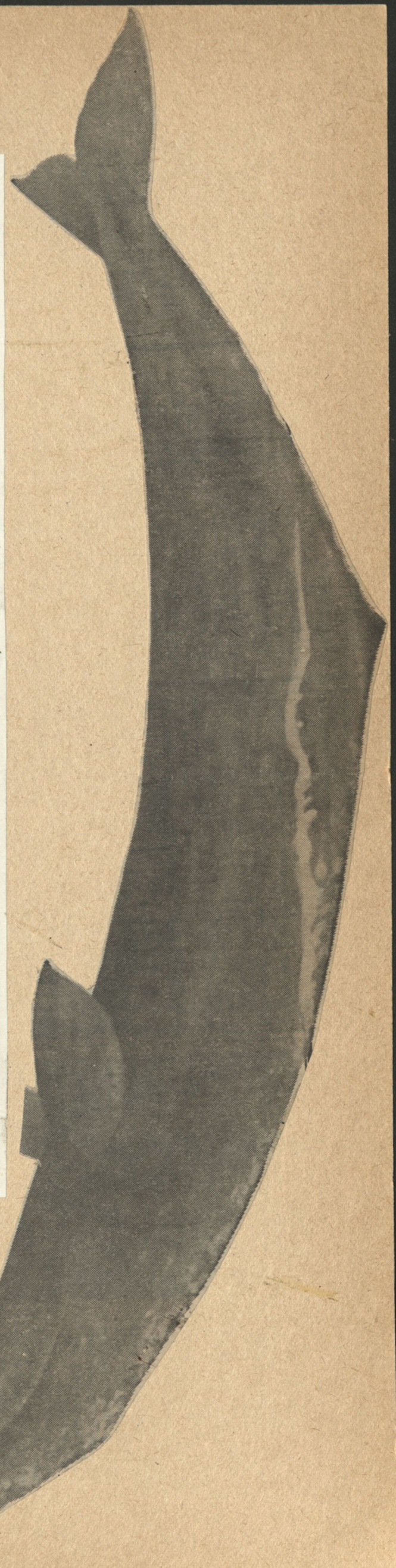
Leverhulme bought three catchers, and repaired the station, adding a laboratory. He believed that research carried out in Harris would be of benefit to Lever Brothers' other whaling interests in the Antarctic.

Though the venture was almost a complete financial failure, Leverhulme had obviously not admitted defeat, as a building for smoking whale meat was erected in Leverburgh just before he died. Apart from some brief activity at the station in 1950 by some Norwegians, whaling in the Outer Hebrides ended with the death of Lord Leverhulme. Under his ownership the station had processed about 6000 tons of whale meat.

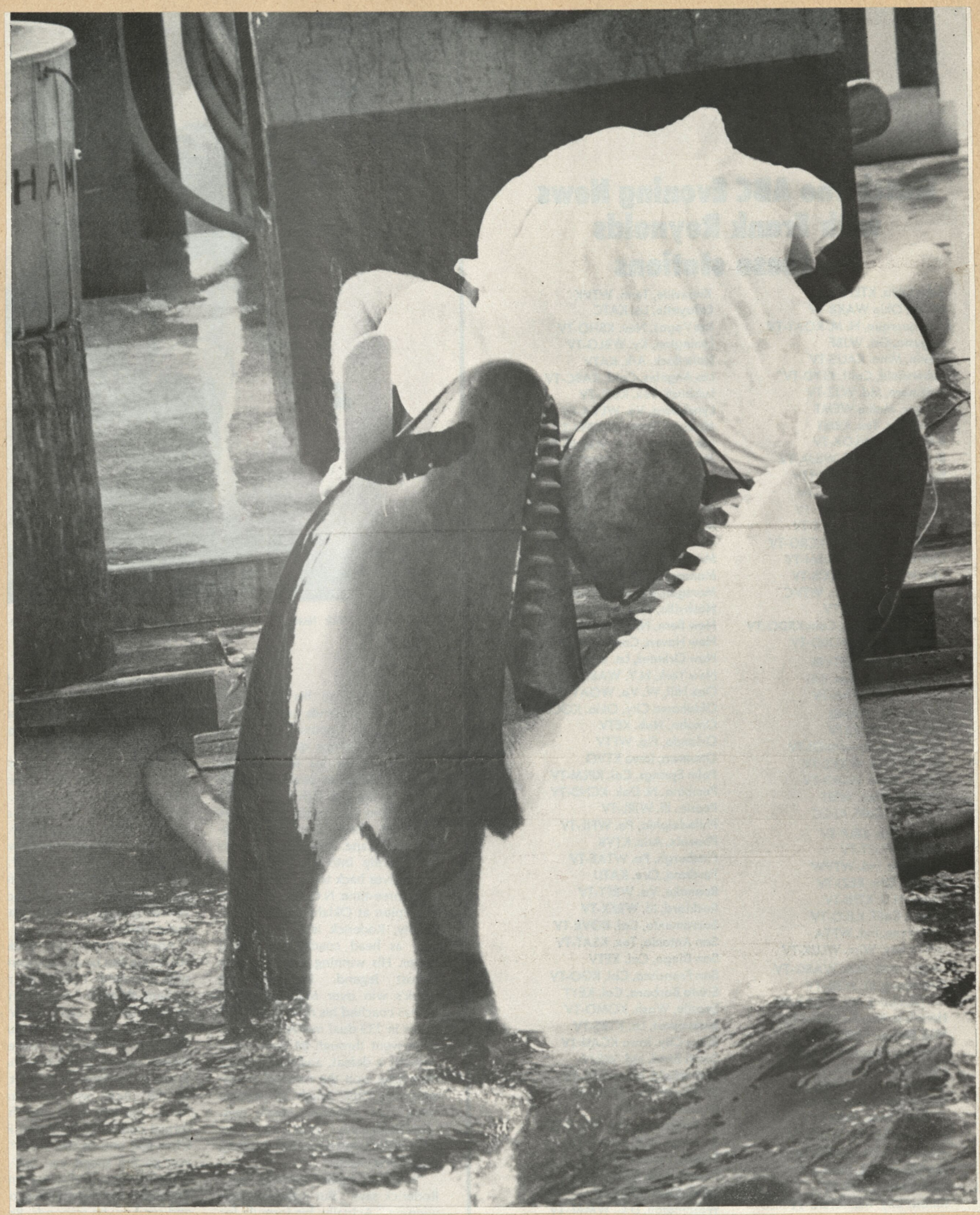
As with all of Lord Leverhulme's schemes, little remains of the Bunaveneader station today. The slipway and the concrete foundations are slowly crumbling, while fragments of whalebone and the rusted remains of giant iron chains are strewn about the area.

Only the tall dessicator chimney still stands, serving as a conspicuous reminder of an industry which once flourished there, but has now assumed its place in the history of the Hebrides, like so many more of the well-meaning schemes of the late Lord Leverhulme. □





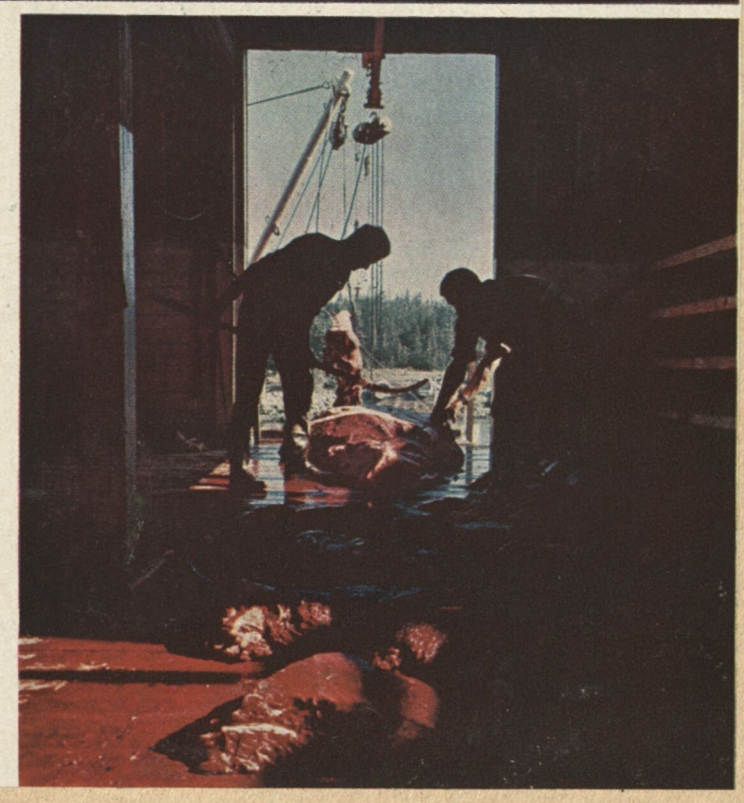
ANYBODY HERE SEEN JONAH?

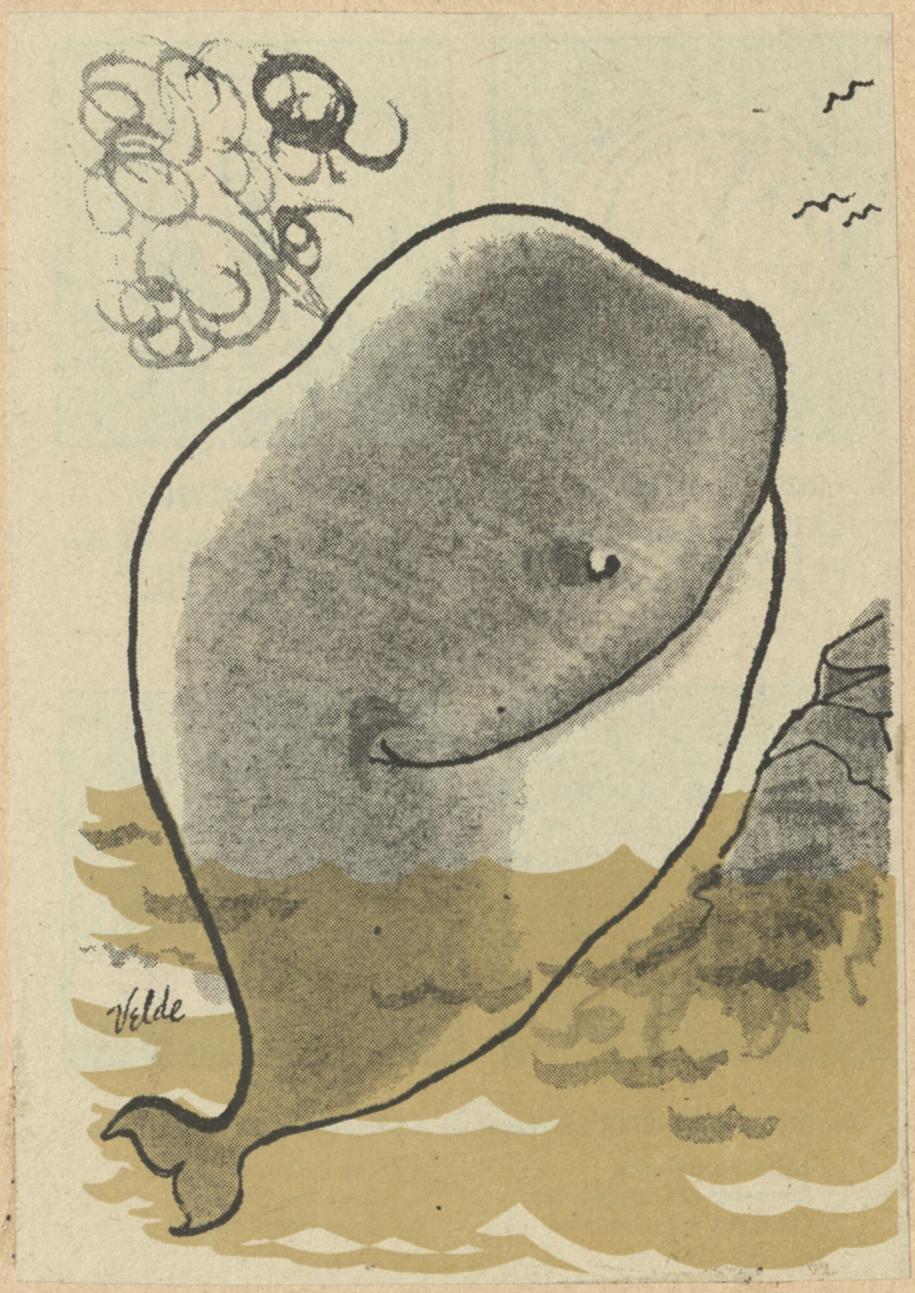


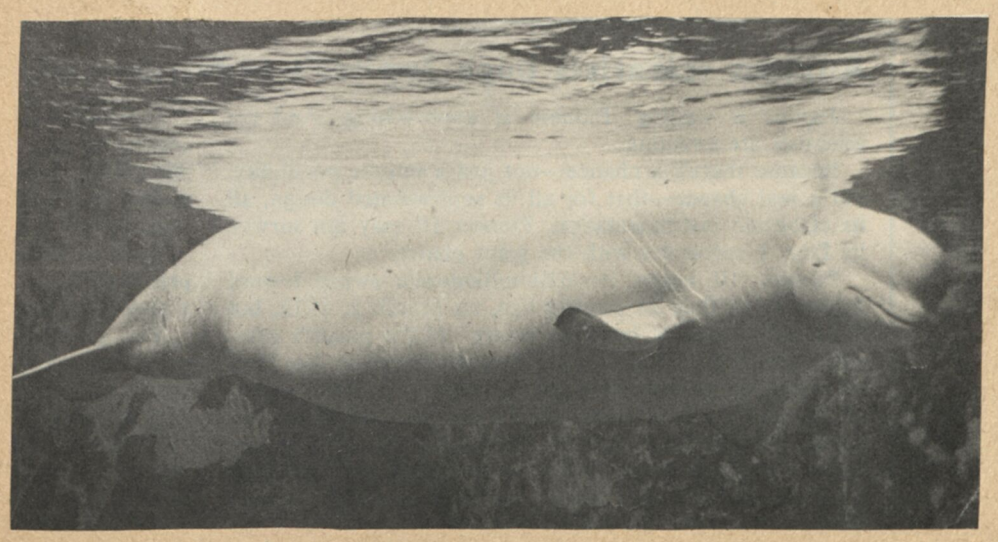
Shamu, a 3,500-pound killer whale, has been trained to submit to an in-depth checkup daily as part of the act at Sea World near San Diego—without endangering the "doctor," who is really his trainer. But when Shamu and the trainer both came down with flu last month, the head-in-jaws act was postponed, and the doctor—a legitimate one this time—prescribed 375 pills a day and advised the unwell whale to avoid all human contact.











Only she knows whether or not she is pregnant. Last year, Francis, the Beluga or White whale at the New York Aquarium in Brooklyn, kept her keepers guessing before she went down in history as the first whale to give birth in captivity. Her calf, however, died shortly after birth of a cerebral hemorrhage. Disoriented and frightened by crowds of humans, the young whale had continually butted its head against the walls of the tank.

This year, Francis's keepers think she may be pregnant again. She has gained considerable weight and has proved positive on some of the tests that indicate a human pregnancy. But she has proved negative on other tests, so no one is really sure. To be on the safe side, Francis's keepers have posted a 24-hour watch over her, and her mate has been removed from the tank. If and when Francis gives birth, she and her offspring will be given complete privacy. Mating behavior was noticed in October 1972. Here again there is uncertainty, but whale watchers think the gestation period for White whales is about 14 months. The blessed event is therefore expected right around Christmas time.

S. Dillon Ripley Wash CO Post Mon 29 March '77

Smithsonian Funds— Where They Go

What has the Smithsonian Institution been up to?

I believe that there are positive and encouraging answers to that question, which has been the subject of recent articles in The Post and a General Accounting Office review. A question of concern to all Americans is: How effectively has the Smithsonian been using its funds over the past 10 years? I should like to set forth a few points to assist your readers in making judgments since their support and respect are so important to the Smithsonian's future.

Nearly 80 per cent of our budget is for operations (salaries take the biggest bite). These have increased in the decade, 1965 to 1975, from $17 million annually to nearly $71 million. At first glance, this seems completely wild and out of whack. However, 44 per cent of the increase was for unavoidable costs, the vast majority of that for legislated pay increases and inflationary pres-

The writer is secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

sures, the rest for increases in utilitites, supply costs and the expense of conducting our daily business.

If this is so, what of the 56 per cent making the rest of the increase? Four million dollars of this was for the Bicentennial events, which made the Smithsonian's contribution perhaps the most significant of all the Bicentennial happenings during the last year. As we phased into the Bicentennial events (and I believe from every evidence the American public appreciated what we did), so we will phase out. It took us nearly nine years to prepare for the Bicentennial, and the Congress appreciated our prudent planning and gave us the go-ahead signal, and by next year we will have finished phasing out, for we are turning back to Congress the remaining $400,000 of that budget this year.

A little better than a quarter of the remaining increase has been for *new* activities (approved by the Congress), such as the Renwick Gallery, the Anacostia Neighborhood Museum, the Hirshhorn Museum, the National Museum Act, the Office of Computer Services and some 15 other activities. The remaining amount, approximately $20 million, has gone to strengthening existing activities and programs in order to keep up with appropriate standards for the museums and laboratories in our care and the support of the curators in charge. Part of this, of course, included the preparations for opening the National Air and Space Museum, chartered by Congress in 1946, but only finally opened in its present state last year.

Along with this growth in our operating budget has been new construction and repair of the old. I first worked at the Smithsonian as a young assistant curator in 1942 and was horrified at the neglect that surrounded the collections of the National Collection of Fine Arts, then housed in dust and without climate control in Hall 10 of the Natural History Building. When I returned in 1964, I bent every effort to see that the collections were properly conserved and managed, and that their installation in the Old U.S. Patent Office building be as appropriate and effective as possible.

Over the years we have managed to refurbish and air-condition the 1881 Arts and Industries Building, which opened last year as "1876: The re-creation of the Philadelphia Centennial" to the delight of millions of visitors. I need not describe the effect that the new National Air and Space Museum has had on the public with its visitation approximating a million every 40 days. Nor need I dwell on the success of the Festival of American Folklife which, preceding the publication of "Roots," helped to create a sense of awareness of folkways and ethnic roots all over the country, thereby setting the stage for a return to the study of history and the power of oral tradition.

None of this would have been possible if the Smithsonian had not been chartered by Congress to accept private gifts and husband its trust funds in the custody of the trustees, the regents. No seminal gifts of art or money have been given to the U.S. government *directly* throughout our history. The gifts have been given to the Smithsonian in custody of the regents *for* the people of the United States, and indeed of the world, as Congress originally ordained.

Aside from the stupendous original gifts of Freer and Mellon, the last decade has seen extraordinary acquisitions in art, the C. S. Johnson and Hirshhorn collections, the Lilly coin collection, and in decorative arts, the Cooper-Hewitt collection. The outstanding Dibner collection of books in the history of science and technology *exactly* fits into our departments of these specialities in the Museum of History and Technology.

In addition, we have received munificent gifts of money for our activities in science, history and art and, above all, in public service and public understanding. As a result, the Smithsonian tradition of research in the sciences (which extends from astrophysics to whales), humanities and arts has, we are convinced, been very effectively and properly served all these years. It is the uniqueness of our creation, with the ability to receive private gifts and grants and still to operate our buildings and our staffs with public support, that has made our performance one of which we are very proud.

Very Like a Whale

In the famous exchange, Hamlet asks Polonius if he sees "yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel." Polonius replies that 'tis like a camel indeed. Returns Hamlet: "Methinks it is like a weasel." Polonius: "It is backed like a weasel." Hamlett: "Or like a whale?" Polonius: "Very like a whale."

This inversion of perception befits Saturday night's announcement of the devaluation of the dollar in a new pattern of currency exchange rates. The Nixon administration, along with many economists, bankers and businessmen, professed to be highly pleased with the agreement. The President himself said: "It is my great privilege to announce . . . the conclusion of the most significant monetary agreement in the history of the world."

With all due respects to all concerned, we suggest that there is in reality scant occasion for pride and celebration. The devaluation is actually the not-so-glorious culmination of a long record, far antedating the present administration, of international financial irresponsibility—a performance in which the U.S. has played a starring role.

We do not contend that the devaluation should not have been agreed upon. Given the record, it was all but inevitable eventually. Indeed, the monetary moves proclaimed on Aug. 15, in light of the weak condition of the dollar, were tantamount to partial devaluation. Our foreign friends thereupon insisted that Washington make it official. Although that doesn't seem to signify a great American victory, perhaps it is just as well to have it formalized. And the concomitant removal of the 10% mport surcharge is a hopeful development for the future of world trade.

But it should be noted that this climax of devaluation results from years and years of domestic inflation, sometimes moderate, more recently severe. To some extent the inflation was exported, as our friends complained; they themselve were not bashful about inflating on their own, some more than others. The U.S.—and particularly the U.S. government—was spending abroad far in excess of what it was earning, and so we have had these chronic and enormous balance-of-payments deficits.

The government tried all kinds of gimmicks and dodges, to little or no avail. Finally, to coin a couple of cliches, the house of cards was about to collapse and something had to be done.

Still, one may be permitted a doubt that, even if devaluation was ineluctable, the new realignment is a lasting answer. It is more realistic, and it does provide for widening the band, from 1% before to 2.25% in the future, in which currencies can fluctuate in relation to each other. That flexibility should tend to diminish the monetary instability, characterized by wrenching devaluations, that the world has witnessed in recent decades.

Increasingly, however, we have come to the view that stability might best be promoted by even greater flexibility. The new wider band still smacks of rigidity and therefore of the specter of fresh monetary woes.

Well, we shall simply have to see. In the meantime, it would be a blessing if governments would refrain from rousing political rhetoric when making these serious economic pronouncements.

WASH (DC) Post SAT 15 Dec 73



United Press International

WHALE OF AN EXHIBIT — Scientists from San Diego's natural history museum exhume remains of a California gray whale buried at Silve Strand 10 years ago after apparent collision with a ship. The 30-foot skeleton will become an exhibit.

Spanish Treasure Sells for Fortune

By R. E. BERRY
World Journal Tribune Staff

For $50,000 a Pennsylvania antiques dealer picked up a captain's golden whistle that's the only one of its kind in the world, and 12-year-old Jeffery Green got 20 pieces of lead grape shot for $70.

The two represented opposite ends of the wide spectrum of bidders who turned out at the Parke-Bernet Galleries yesterday to bid on more than $500,000 in treasures recovered from Spanish ships that went down off the East Coast of Florida in a hurricane in 1715.

Among the items salvaged in underseas operations near Cape Kennedy since 1958 were an anchor, cannon balls, a silver crucifix encrusted with shells and the tiny gold whistle shaped like a dragon.

The dragon whistle sold for $50,000 to Horace Gordon, an antiques dealer of Villanova, Pa. Gordon was not present; the treasure was bid in on his behalf by an agent of the gallery.

11-FOOT CHAIN

The dragon, two and three-quarter inches long and suspended from a gold chain 11 feet long, was the emblem of office of the commander of the fleet that vanished beneath the sea 252 years ago.

Clusters of pieces of eight, the silver coins stuck together and encrusted by their emmersion in the sea for more than two and a half centuries, sold for prices ranging from $170 to $300.

Cannon balls, collections of grape shot and other ancient gunnery items, were the object of lively bidding by youthful collectors.

Young Green, who lives in Ridgewood, N. Y., was unsuccessful in several bids. Finally, a man sitting behind him said, "Here, kid, this may help," and thrust a $10 bill in his hands. Jeffery made his successful $70 bid for the grapeshot with the augmented funds.

At the other end of the bidding, a private collector bought a golden devotional pendant and chain for $4,000; a New Yorker paid $7,500 for a gold ingot from a Peruvian mine (more than double the intrinsic value of the metal); and a pewter plate made in London in 1701 by Robert Morse went for $525.

CHINA PORCELAIN

Ten specimens of Chinese porcelain of the K'ang Hsi period, salvaged in almost perfect condition, brought prices of $400 and up. A New York dealer paid $750 for a blue-and-white bowl.

The auction was open to the public and bidders were as diverse as the articles up for auction, with school boys, wealthy collectors and professional dealers standing shoulder to shoulder as priceless treasures and rusted ship fittings went on the block.

IN FOCUS

The Battle to Save Our Porpoises

WASH. STAR – Fri 29 Oct 76

Environmentalists, tunamen square off

By Goody L. Solomon
Special to The Washington Star

On a sunny October day in New York City, traffic and retail sales were light, since the city's large Jewish population was observing Yom Kippur. Yet, a young man standing on a Fifth Avenue corner was doing a brisk business getting signatures on a petition to "Save Porpoises."

Apparently everyone loves the playful, intelligent mammals. Tunamen say they do, too, although one of their fishing methods has caused the incidental demise of millions of porpoises over more than a decade.

The industry says it's doing its best to curtail the slaughter but must think of its livelihood first. Environmentalists staunchly disagree. They say that industry overstates the economic stakes and has done much less than it could have to reduce the slaughter.

The story of man vs. the porpoise is a slippery one. Complicated economic and technological arguments have surrounded delayed enforcement of a 1972 law that gave legal protection to marine mammals. And a string of recent regulatory and court actions have added to the confusion.



Last May, Judge Charles R. Richey of the U.S. District Court here ordered a moratorium on so-called fishing (or setting) on porpoises and ordered the National Marine Fisheries Service (NMFS) to devise regulations that would conform with the Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972. Immediately, NMFS won a stay of that ruling until Jan. 1. 1977. claim-

Mystic Restoring An 1841 Whaler

BY FRANK PRIAL
Special to The New York Times

MYSTIC, Conn.—They are getting ready to refloat the Charles W. Morgan.

The rugged, 113-foot whaling ship is the sole survivor of the great New England whaling fleet of the mid-19th century. She has been landlocked in a bed of sand since 1941, when she first came here to Mystic Seaport, the country's best-known maritime museum.

The Morgan's rebirth, tentatively scheduled for next fall, will be the culmination of an extraordinary program of research and pioneering restoration work that has been under way since 1965.

"What we have here," said Waldo C. M. Johnston, director of the seaport, "is a whole new science: ship geriatrics."

Movement Gains

The Morgan, along with the Wavertree at the South Street Seaport in New York City, is one of the most famous vessels undergoing extensive restoration in this country. But the movement to preserve old ships and maritime artifacts is gaining momentum in seafarming nations around the world. In fact, the first international congress of maritime museums was held in London last fall.

Mystic Seaport is concerned with the entire maritime history of New England, and the Morgan is only one of its projects. But the three-masted Morgan is the flagship of the Mystic fleet and there is no doubt that her restoration is the most important project now under way.

To date, the project has involved everything from painstaking studies of wood technology, including specific-gravity tests of 200 borings from the 132-year-old ship's hull, to searches for specific timbers, such as hackmatack, a variety of larch, to be used for special braces in the ship's sides.

"Hackmatack was used by the original builders in 1841," said J. Revell Carr, curator of the seaport, "and the whole idea of this restoration is to proceed exactly as the original builders did in the 19th century."

Hackmatack, or tamarack, is used for braces between the hull and crosspieces because its roots extend from the trunk of the tree at almost a 90-degree angle. Each tree provides a single brace or "knee," fashioned by nature into a section of immense strength.

to keep the old vessel intact as a working ship. "We decided to save the life of the old girl to keep her alive and visible for future generations," Mr. Johnston said.

Ultimately, Mr. Johnston said, the decision was made to do a complete restoration, in part because Mystic Seaport is uniquely equipped to tackle such a project.

Full Shipbuilding Facilities

Among the facilities at the seaport, which is formally known as the Marine Historical Association, is a complete shipyard where a new Charles W. Morgan can be built from the keel up. The seaport has its own rigging loft, capable of rigging any major sailing vessel; its own sail loft, which can sew a complete 13,000 square-foot set of sails for the Morgan, and its own forges to fashion iron fittings. There is even a saw mill to cut ship's timbers from the seaport's own store of seasoned logs.

"We want to preserve not only the vessels but also the tools, the skills, the expertise that originally were use to build them," Mr. Johnson said. Some of Mystic's craftsmen, now in their 70's learned their ship-building skills in the days of sail.

Others, younger men, left such careers as computer programing and teaching to become shipwrights.

"You work nights and weekends here," said Maynard Bray, the shipyard's youthful supervisor, "but there is a deep satisfaction to this kind of work. Not many people will ever again have a chance to experience it."

Convincing the Farmers

"To find the trees—they're all in Maine—is one thing," Mr. Carr said. "Convincing the farmers to let us have them is another."

The Charles W. Morgan was built, almost two decades before the Civil War, at the yard of Jethro and Zachariah Hillman in New Bedford, Mass., then the whaling capital of the world. Mystic had whaling ships of its own, but was known mostly as a shipbuilding community then.

In her working life, of almost 80 years, the Charles W. Morgan made 36 voyages to the South Seas. She brought back 54,483 barrels of oil and 152,934 pounds of whalebone. Over the years more than 1,000 men sailed for the Morgan as officers or crew.

The ship was exhibited at Round Hill in Rhode Island until the seaport here acquired her in 1941. Her present position is at a wharf at the seaport, where, from the distance, she appears to be afloat. At high tide, the waters of the Mystic River come up around the ship's sides and even flow into the hull to supplement the tons of the concrete block ballast that keep the Morgan settled solidly in the sand.

"Floating her is a far more delicate operation than it may seem," Waldo Johnston said. "After all, no one really has seen her bottom since 1941."

Safety and Integrity

Mr. Johnston said he had two main considerations in mind in the course of floating the Morgan: "the safety of the vessel and the integrity of restoration."

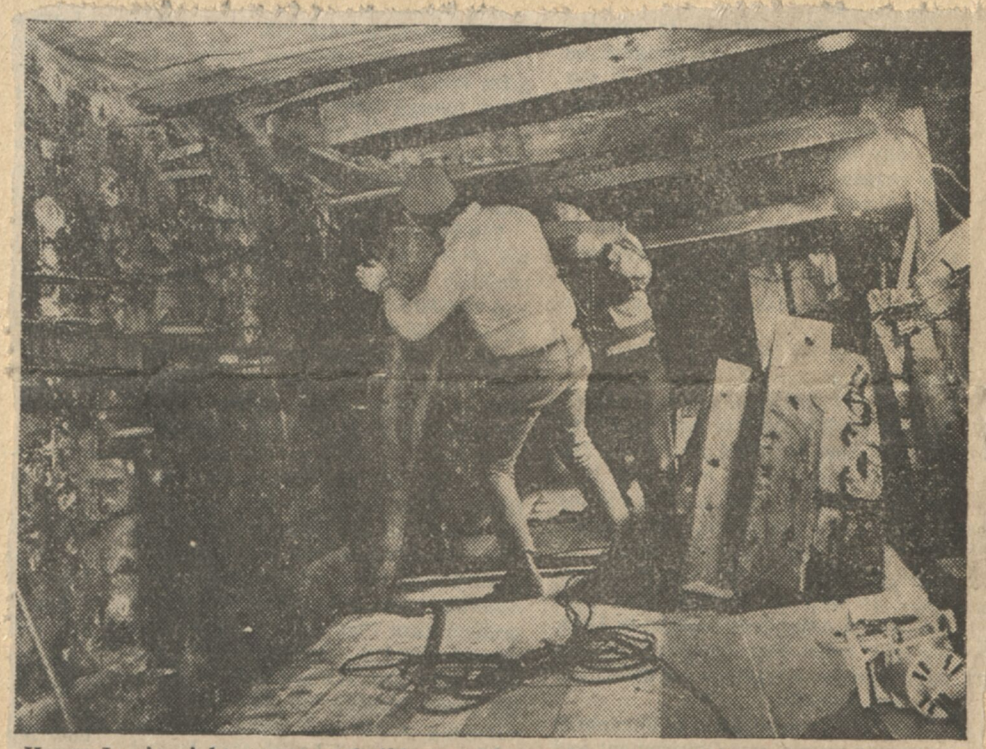
"The easiest thing to do would be to fill her hold with cement and make it just a stationary platform for the upper decks and the rigging," he said. "We thought hard about that possibility, believe me."

Instead, the seaport chose



The New York Times/John F. Urwiller

The Charles W. Morgan, a 19th-century whaling ship, is being restored at Mystic Seaport, Mystic, Conn.



Henry Jarvis, right, a master builder, and his assistant, Lee Palmer, removing an old brace, or "knee," from between the hull and a crosspiece. It will be replaced by a tamarack tree root, used originally as it formed a 90-degree angle of great strength.

A Whale for the Killing

(Continued from page 4)

scenes never before witnessed by a human being. For example, it has long been thought that fin whales, like sei and blue whales, eat only shrimp-like crustaceans called "krill." Mowat shows that fin whales are also herring-eaters, and he describes the technique with which a fin whale "rounds up" a school of the fish before swallowing them.

Many incidents described in detail shed new light on fin whale communications, migration and social structure. Few men who have seen a whale swimming are likely to forget its extraordinary grace and rhythm. For those who have not had the privilege, Mowat has produced what is probably the finest verbal description of swimming whales ever written.

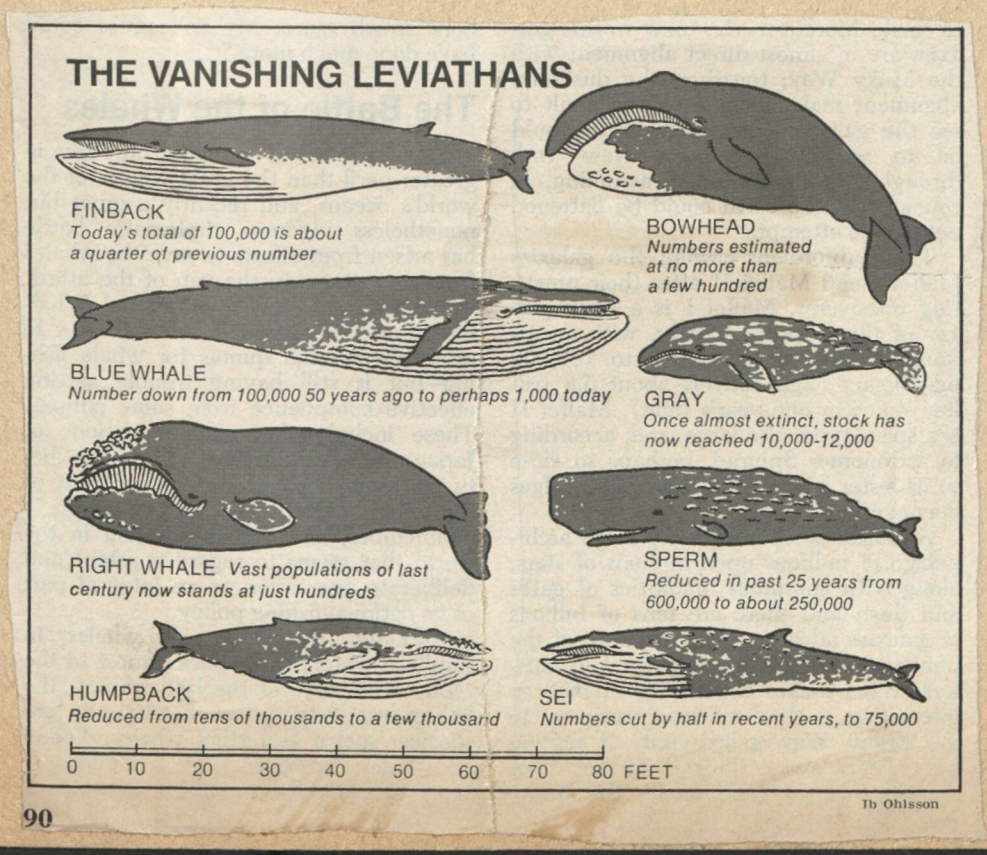
A Whale for the Killing has its message and its information, and it also has drama and suspense. For the first time in history, and probably the last, man had a unique opportunity to study a giant fin whale in "natural captivity." The author seems to have been the only person in the village who realized how priceless was the knowledge that could be obtained if the situation were properly handled.

He phones and cables scientists all over North America; with few exceptions they yawn in disbelief. The whale is hungry and needs food, by the ton. Mowat appeals to the government; promises he gets, but no aid comes. The citizen-sportsmen of Burgeo attack the whale but the Mounties are elsewhere. Mowat comes to the rescue, at no small risk to himself. He is surely the only man in history with a fin whale he must protect from neighbors' bullets, a whale he must feed, study and try to set free in the open ocean. How does he manage? The answers are yet another reason for reading this amazing book.

Despite all the praise that it deserves, *A Whale for the Killing* does have a few flaws. The absence of photographs of the whale is both regrettable and surprising, especially since television cameramen expended thousands of feet of film on the trapped animal. An occasional factual error is found in the discussion of subjects other than his whale, his fishing village and the economy of the south coast of Newfoundland. For example, the International Whaling Commission is based in London, England, not Oslo, Norway. There is no evidence that rorquals have good vision underwater.

Mowat's most objectionable error is in giving the reader the impression that Norwegians are the whaling scoundrels of the seas. They are the most numerous at Newfoundland whaling stations, to be sure, but on a worldwide basis no whalers can approach the Japanese in contempt for conservation and relentless slaughter of endangered species. Norway has been a leader in unsuccessful efforts to save the whales of the world from the rapacious Japanese and Soviets.

But these few shortcomings are almost trivial when measured against the book's outstanding contributions to the conservation battle and our knowledge of fin whales. Besides, Mowat is a fascinating writer. The rips and eddies of his fast-flowing prose move like those of the irrepressible tides. *A Whale for the Killing* is a pertinent entry in the log on the voyage to a better understanding of whales and men.



THE WASH POST 2 MARCH 73

Stans' Order Bars Whale Hunting

By Elsie Carper
Washington Post Staff Writer

The Commerce Department ended yesterday one of the country's oldest and most romantic industries, the hunting of whales for the commercial market.

Secretary of Commerce Maurice H. Stans issued an order that will terminate licensing to hunt the remaining three species now sought by commercial whalers—the finback, the sei and the sperm whales.

The three were put on the endangered species list by the Interior Department last December along with the rarer bowhead, blue, humpback, right and gray whales, already protected by international agreement.

Once a major industry, whaling has declined until only one company, the Del Monte Fishing Co., operating out of San Francisco Bay, is affected by the order. The company sends out charter boats to bring in whales that are processed on shore for animal food and lubricating oils.

In the past the great whaling industry provided wax for candles, oil for lamps, bones for a lady's corset and musty amergris for perfumes.

Whaling as an industry began in early colonial days but reached its peak in the mid-19th Century. Great fleets of boats sailed out of the New England ports of New Bedford and Nantucket and roamed the world. Whaling became synonymous with courage as seamen pursued the whales in open boats with hand-held harpoons.

Herman Melville raised whaling to epic proportions in his narrative "Moby-Dick," and the ill-fated hunt of Captain Ahab for the white whale that cost him a leg.

Much of the romance and danger went out of whaling with the invention of the cannon-fired harpoon with the explosive tip. The harpoon is fired from a ship into a surfacing whale and explodes inside, guaranteeing a kill. The method has been so effective that voluntary restrictions were set up under an international convention to save various species from extinction.

During the current year the United States was given a quota of 40 finbacks, 51 sei and 75 sperm whales.

In issuing the order, Stans said that for the first time in almost 300 years no whaling ships will be operating from what is now the coast of the United States.

The order will be published in the Federal Register and after 30 days for comment, the Secretary will issue a final order. It is a follow up to the directive issued last December by then Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel designating the whales as endangered species.

This barred the importation of products made from the named species of whales but did not end the small U.S. whaling industry.

In his order, Stans said that the Commerce Department is vitally concerned with the economic health of all U.S. business, but is also firmly committed to sound conservation practices.

"In the past," he said, "thoughtlessness and irresponsibility have removed no fewer than 120 different species of wild life from our planet."

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1972



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Science Today

Edited by SAMUEL GORDON



The California gray whale, seen from the windows of a low-flying blimp, exhibits its characteristic barnacled hide.

Whales

(The following excerpts are from Enterprise Science Service.)

Among animal species once near extinction, there apparently is one happy ending coming up—the graceful California gray whale.

In most places whales have almost been hunted out of existence, but things are going along just swimmingly for the big gray whale.

So much so, according to John Prescott, curator of Marineland of the Pacific at San Pedro, Calif., that the growing whale herd now numbers somewhere around 10,000 increasing by a few per cent per year.

"I think we can pat ourselves on the back now for really saving this species of whale," Mr. Prescott said, "altho maybe in 10 to 20 years we will have to unpat ourselves, depending on how we treat the environment."

Much of the credit for saving the gray whale belongs to conservationists like those who make up the American Cetacean Society, a group that takes on the annual job of counting the whales as they migrate slowly southward to their calving and mating grounds in the bays of Baja California.

To these avid whale watchers the thrill is to crowd into the cramped gondola of a big blimp and crisscross the San Pedro Channel in search of their favorite camera subject.

The gray whales were almost hunted into extinction twice. Whalers late in the 19th century, decimated the population, then came back again in the 1920s and 1930s when the whales had re-established themselves. Now the species is protected on the coast by an international agreement.

What makes this whale so interesting?

- The whale herd's annual trip, from the Bering Sea near Alaska south to the warm waters of Baja California, is the longest known migration by a mammal, about 7,000 miles. They make a return trip north in the spring.
- Gray whales average from 30 to 60 feet in length and weigh in at 20 to 40 tons.
- Like humans and other mammals, these whales are air-breathers, warm-blooded, bear their young live and nurse them.
- They breed only every other year, during their stay in the south, bearing the calf the next year.

The gray whale is a baleen whale, that strains its food. Its mouth is lined with fine boney strainers for this task instead of teeth.

This whale's diet consists of frill, a small type of shrimp about three inches long. The whales swallow them by the bushel, often eating 1,200 to 1,500 pounds a day.

Phillips Hires New Crew to Fire Old

By Jack Anderson

Tough-talking Howard Phillips, brought in to dismantle the Office of Economic Opportunity, is actually hiring more than 300 new employees at a cost to the taxpayers of $1 million.

Many are right-wing cronies, with his same Young Americans for Freedom background, who are now pulling down fancy, $100-a-day wages. Others are refugees from the Committee for the Re-election of the President who had been looking for some way to tap the GOP money machine.

Even as Phillips was explaining to Congress how much he is doing to save money by closing off programs for the poor and firing veteran anti-poverty workers, he asked the Civil Service Commission to let him hire more employees. Estimates from administration budget officials are that Phillips' final hiring spree will cost the government $1 million by the time he shuts down the Office of Economic Opportunity on June 30.

What the splurge amounts to is hiring people to fire people, a clear violation of the spirit and perhaps the letter of Civil Service regulations.

The erratic Phillips has even given some of his favorites temporary promotions and managerial jobs so they can collect higher wages when OEO finally closes and they move on to claim other federal jobs available to deserving Republicans. Almost as incredibly, Phillips is actually providing some of his new hands with shiny new furniture from the General Services Administration, at still more cost to the taxpayers.

Asked about Phillips' odd way of closing down the OEO, a spokesman said OEO was short of clerical help and needed experts to make sure employment rights were protected and to see that the closedown took place "in an orderly manner."

Mammals Menaced

The Ocean Mammals Act is supposed to protect our disappearing seals, whales and other sea animals from extinction. Yet the loopholes in the law are allowing commercial groups to capture more of the mammals than was possible before the law was passed last year.

The largest loophole recognizes "economic hardship" as an excuse for raiding the deep. But "economic hardship," as defined by the Commerce Department, has become so broad that one oceanarium will haul off 82 ocean mammals, including four rare killer whales, from Puget Sound on the Washington coast this year.

Under state law, no ocean mammals were removed from the sound for commercial purposes last year. But the state statute has now been superseded by the new federal law, with its "economic hardship" clause.

The raid on Puget Sound's sea life has now been made possible by an "economic hardship" permit granted to Ocean World. This is a California-based oceanarium, which pleaded with the Commerce Department that it had just built a $17 million facility in Florida and had no ocean mammals to fill it.

Ocean World, of course, is a private operation and will charge admission to see these natural wonders. But the softhearted Commerce Department granted the hardship request.

Other companies have now rushed in with their hardship appeals, and conservationists fear West Coast waters will be picked clean of seals and whales. The removal of large numbers, it is known, can damage the reproductive habits of those left behind.

Because no one knows the precise effect of the commercial raids on mammal life or, for that matter, how many killer whales are left in the world, conservationists have asked the Commerce Department to conduct research into the ocean mammal question.

The department, however, has shown no interest in how the mammals affect the ocean eco-system. Rather, it is studying, as its only research, how to keep the sea animals alive after they are captured.

The Commerce Department, apparently, is more interested in helping oceanariums turn a profit than in protecting a natural resource.

Tax Dodge

The "Tax Avoider of the Week," chosen for us by ex-Sen. Fred Harris' Tax Action Campaign, is the giant, multinational meat combine, Swift & Co.

For the three-year period ending in 1971, Swift paid an effective tax rate of 20.5 per cent on profits in excess of $140,000,000 at a time when the statutory corporate tax rate was 48 per cent. Harris' accountant, who examined the tax records for us, explained Swift was able to reduce its tax liability through subsidiaries with oil and real estate write-offs.

A corporate spokesman complained to us that "the figures quoted included Swift's worldwide pre-tax income and related this to current U.S. taxes only." The company paid about $13 million in foreign taxes during the three-year period, he said.

Under U.S. tax laws, however, foreign profits are taxable income, with foreign taxes deductible.

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— THE ARTS —

Poetry Consultant

The Library of Congress' new consultant in poetry will be Daniel Hoffman, a professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania. He will take office for a year in September.

Perhaps best known as a critic, Hoffman's latest work was "Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe Poe," a somewhat facetious study of Edgar Allan Poe published last year. He has written five books of verse. The first, "An Armada of Thirty Whales," won the Yale Series of Younger Poets Award in 1954.

W. H. Auden, who selected the volume for the prize, wrote in his preface:

"A poet today, particularly perhaps if he is an American like Mr. Hoffman, who sets out to take his themes from Nature, is in a very different and much more difficult situation than a Romantic poet like, say, Wordsworth . . . . He knows that, for any member of our urban culture, such intimacy is not given but is a prize slowly and patiently to be won: we all start as outsiders."

The title poem is typical of Hoffman's careful observation of nature and often light-hearted vision:

". . . the ceremonial motion
of their ponderous race
is
given dandiacal graces
in the ballet of their
geysers.
Eyes deep-set in whalebone vizors
have found a Floridian
beach;
they leave their green
world to fish . . ."

Educated at Columbia University, Hoffman taught at Columbia, Dijon in France and at Swarthmore College before coming to Pennsylvania in 1966. He was twice a research fellow of the American Council of Learned Societies and has received grants in poetry from the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the Ingram Merrill Foundation. Last year he was elected chancellor of the Academy of American Poets.

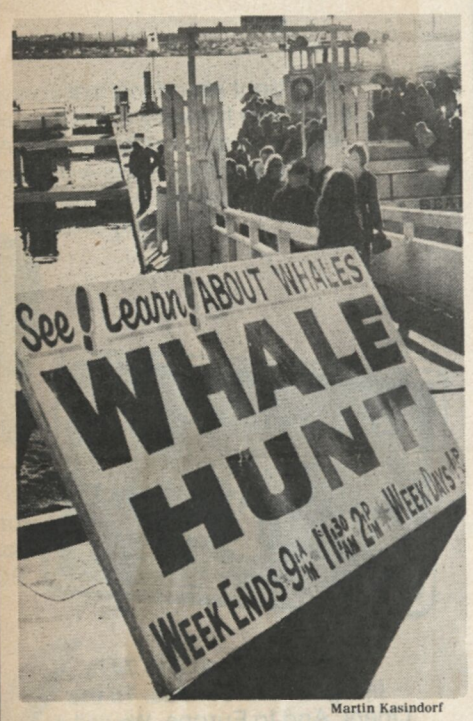
As consultant in poetry he succeeds Josephine Jacobsen. The post, established in 1936, has been held by Robert Frost, Allen Tate, Karl Shapiro, Robert Lowell, Stephen Spender, James Dickey, William Stafford and other noted poets.

On Scene

2/2/76

Spouts

Herman Melville's "Moby Dick" was the "Jaws" of the nineteenth century, an age when the whale was the mystical symbol of malevolent terror. Whales are trendy now. A record album, "Songs of the Humpback Whale," is a sentimental best seller. Demonstrations and bumper stickers bash away at Russian and Japanese whalers. And while 500,000 Californians and winter tourists aimed their binoculars and cameras seaward last week, the most popular leviathans of all—11,000 legally protected California gray whales making their annual 6,000-mile migration from the Bering Sea to



Martin Kasindorf

No one cried, 'Thar she blows!'

breed in Mexican lagoons—were in some peril of being loved to death.

"Whale Hunt," reads a huge sign at San Diego's Seaforth Sportfishing, promising the public close-up looks at the docile 35-ton mammals, which range up to 50 feet long. Two excursion boats, whose 234 passengers had paid $3 each, headed out of Mission Bay into the slot where the whale "highway" narrows just offshore from La Jolla. Happily for the children aboard the scores of yawing craft that choked the sea, the coastline was sparkling clear. "A spout will be visible for a mile on a day like this," Seaforth skipper Jay Sterling told the amateur cetologists.

"There's one!"

Less than ten minutes out, a 7-year-old girl sighted the first telltale steam jet of condensed whale breath, spouting midway between a picnicking sailboat and another sightseeing vessel bearing down fast on the unfortunate animal—which threw its 10-foot horizontal tail flukes upward to dive out of sight.

Then two undulating whales blew in tandem 100 yards to starboard. Mercifully, no one shouted, "Thar she blows!" Picking up the pattern of their spouting and sounding, Sterling swung into the green slick left by the diving creatures. Cutting his engines to accustom the whales to a steady noise, he matched the 4-knot speed they had been making during their three-month journey.

More skillful than the powerboat jockeys who regularly collide with the migrating whales, Sterling guessed right. The gentle, courting male and his female companion bobbed into view not 10 yards ahead. Gasping at the immensity of what they saw—"My God, they're big!"—the tourists pressed to the bow. Two long, leathery backs could be seen, a grayish brown mottled with white scars and barnacles—far from pretty, but all the more awesome. The muscular tails were blue-green shadows far to the rear. But the bulk of the whales couldn't be fully glimpsed. Only occasionally will a whale lift its strange head out of the water. These two whales stayed largely submerged. "It's a good show," the captain announced, but not everyone agreed. "I had something a bit larger in mind," sniffed Betsy Walke, 23, a recent Indiana University graduate.

Whale Fever: Although whales have been around since before there was a Capistrano for the swallows to come back to, serious whale fever is just getting under way. Last year the legislature declared the California gray the "state marine mammal." A new $4 paperback, "The World of the California Gray Whale," has sold a neat 5,000 copies in its first month. So many boaters were following the herd south of the border into Scammon's Lagoon that the Mexican Government has banned all sea traffic there.

"With all our encroachment on the ecology," said Helene Goodman, a lawyer's wife, as the excursion boat turned for home, "it's exciting to think that we haven't driven the whales away." Actually, according to Carl Hubbs, professor emeritus at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, the whale population is being forced a bit more to seaward of its familiar migratory path each year by all the commotion. Marine biologist Raymond Gilmore warns that the local frenzy of whale watching has reached "a dangerous peak."

Odds are, however, that this magnificent breed of whale is destined to remain one of nature's great survivors, and the sight of it seems to inspire a healthy sense of humility in most of the whale watchers. As surgeon Richard Richley said quietly as the boat neared the dock, "With all our science and technology, we're still awed by what we have yet to discover—the secrets of life."

ACETONIC WHALES

To the Editor:

Regarding the letter from Roy Bongartz replying to the letter from Donald H. Puretz as to why whales stink, I say both explanations stink. First Mr. Puretz knocked out the carbon dioxide theory; then the author came up with another theory, that the stink comes from "acetone eliminated in the breath." As every college student who has taken elementary chemistry knows, acetone has a not unpleasant but somewhat fragrant odor.

EDWIN C. BUXBAUM
Department of Anthropology
University of Delaware
Newark, Del.

[Mr. Bongartz replies: The fact is that in the opinion of many, including whale expert Theodore J. Walker of the National Park Service, acetone vapors rising from a whale do indeed stink. "The pungent material makes the breath very strong and noticeable at these times," he writes. This is not to say that other whales mind: "Certainly among whales there is no stigma attached to having halitosis," he concludes.

Acetone elsewhere goes into chloroform and iodoform, two certain stinkers. It is true that one encyclopedist terms acetone "mint-smelling" but he was obviously sniffing it on dry land unmixed with all the other auras whales give off.]

Lahaina Restorations Reflect Missionary And Whaler History

The first two major projects of the Lahaina Restoration Foundation in Maui, Hawaii, reflect the historic association of missionary and whalers which lasted more than three decades. The Foundation has restored and refurnished the Baldwin House in Lahaina and has berthed a square-rigged three-masted sailing vessel in Lahaina Harbor.

Baldwin House

Medical missionary Dwight Baldwin sailed to Hawaii in 1831. During the 161-day voyage he developed a lifelong admiration for the seafaring men. Because of this, he made his Lahaina mission station a haven of comfort and assistance to lonely sailors and masters in addition to preaching the gospel and ministering to the physical and spiritual needs of his Hawaiian parishioners and fellow missionaries.

The Baldwin house after several years of intensive research and more than a year of re-building has been restored to the way it looked in the mid-1800's. Since the structure was used in post-mission years for a kindergarten, settlement house, and library, a great deal of restoration was needed. Working from plans prepared by E. Blaine Cliver, architectural restorationist, Foundation director of the restoration project Larry Windley said, "Everything that wasn't original was taken out of the house and was reframed."

Walk-on Whaleship Museum

Within walking distance of the house is the 130-foot *Carthaginian*—Hawaii's first walk-on whaleship museum. Built as a schooner in Denmark in 1921, it was later a cargo ship before it was brought to the islands for the filming of *Hawaii*. Prior to the filming, the ship was re-rigged by maritime experts at a cost of $150,000. It is one of less than 20 square-rigged sailing vessels in the world today. Its former owner, Tucker Thompson, has remained with the museum ship as captain and curator.

Lahainaluna and Olowalu

In addition to its work on the Baldwin house and the whaleship museum, the Lahaina Restoration Foundation has set up an early printing exhibit including a replica of the Ramage Press used in the Mission Seminary printing house at Lahainaluna. Another Foundation project is at Olowalu where against the rocky hillside on which are found ancient Hawaiian petroglyphs, a stairway and viewing platform have been built. At the entrance, the area has been landscaped with plants used in Hawaiian culture. The Lahaina Seamen's Cemetery has also been rehabilitated and future plans include the restoration of the Seamen's Hospital.

Finback whales' deep-bass tone

I always enjoy reading your entire magazine as it is extremely interesting. I found an article of special interest "Booms of the finback whale" (SN: 10/13/73, p. 231). You report that the finback whales may be the producers of a deep-bass tone that might be used for long-distance undersea communication. Are you aware that Farley Mowat in his book *A Whale for the Killing*, 1972, mentions this same phenomenon. He states that he has actually heard, through the air, a mysterious deep-bass tone while viewing a fin whale. He also mentions the possibility of the long-distance communication use of these tones through special corridors in the sea.

Keep up your excellent coverage of news in the universe of science.

Kenneth L. Hanse
University of Illin
Urbana,

Ethel, Beluga Whale, Dies at City Aquarium

Ethel, a female white whale who starred for several years in the New York Aquarium's whale and dolphin shows, died yesterday following several weeks of illness.

The 1,200-pound Beluga whale had been at the Coney Island institution for eight years. She was the aquarium's only remaining female of her species, following the death last May of Francis, which occurred toward the end of a rare pragnancy in captivity.

Dr. James A. Oliver, director of the aquarium, said that Ethel's illness had apparently been a respiratory disease, but that the official cause of death would be determined by autopsy.

The whale and dolphin shows will be continued with two male Belugas, Blanchon and Alex, both of whom have been at the aquarium for more than 12 years.

THE WALL St JOURNAL 28 Dec/66

Scientists Will Observe Herd of Grey Whales To Improve Surgery

* * *

Mexican Expedition Is Aimed Partially at Safer, Simpler Human Heart Operations

Special to THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

MEXICO CITY—Scientists hope for several breakthroughs, including a safer, simplified way for man to undergo heart surgery, when they observe a herd of giant grey whales in a Mexican lagoon during their mating season starting next month.

The expedition is a pet project of Dr. Paul Dudley White, Boston cardiologist, who treated former President Eisenhower's heart ailments. Nearly 10 years ago, Dr. White was unsuccessful in two attempts to get an electrocardiogram of the grey whale despite use of a helicopter, a special gun that fired electrode harpoons and the aid of the U.S. Navy.

The new project in Mexico is being sponsored by the Virginia Mason Research Center, Seattle, Wash., and the National Geographic Society, Washington, D.C.

The studies will be conducted in Scammon's lagoon, or Laguana Ojo de Liebre (Eye of the Hare Lagoon), as it's called in Spanish, some 400 miles south of San Diego off the peninsula of Lower California. Almost a third of the world's estimated 9,000 grey whales, largest of the mammals, migrate there each winter from the Arctic Ocean to mate.

For two months, the scientists will probe, photograph and dissect the 40-ton whales in an effort to discover principles applicable to everything from submarine design to reducing infant mortality. A key goal is to discover how whales can survive immersion in water for up to two hours: If man could store up oxygen and withstand pressure the way a whale does, heart surgery would become a vastly simpler process, for instance.

The scientists point out that some heart surgery is performed in high pressure oxygen chambers in which the patient breathes pure oxygen under two to three times the standard atmospheric pressure. This saturates the patient's blood with oxygen, permitting surgeons to operate for longer periods, while the heart is stopped. In these conditions, surgeons encounter what scientists call the same "vagaries of high pressure environment met by deep-diving whales."

According to Dr. Merrill P. Spencer, leader of the expedition, the whales can provide many valuable clues for humans because they possess the same basic physiology as man. The whales, however, have evolved so as to be able to withstand lack of oxygen, cold and pressure in ocean depths.

The expedition, he hopes, could lead to knowledge "related to our Government's new aquanaut program that is seeking ways of allowing man to live and perform useful work in the ocean's depths."

During the January and February mating season, the grey whales swim around the six-mile wide lagoon in pairs, alone or in groups of three. This will give the scientists, working from an amphibious boat, a chance to immobilize the whales by use of transquilizer guns, attach medical instruments or perform experiments, and then release the whales.

The grey whale, with a normal 25-year life span, travels about 13,000 miles annually from the Bering Straits to Scammon's Lagoon and other mating grounds.

Antiques: Artifacts of Whaling Era

Scrimshaw and Other Items Auctioned

Sale in Boston Draws Turnout of 150

By RITA REIF

Special to The New York Times

BOSTON—It was far from a whale of a whaling auction.

For one thing, the half-century-old whaleboat and the embryo of a sperm whale, advertised as highlights of the sale, never arrived.

For another, a pair of porpoise jaws, purported to be rare scrimshaw engraved by Frederick Myrick on the Nantucket whaleship Susan, was considered doubtful both in origin and carved decoration, nothing like the quality of the Myrick tooth that commanded $11,000 in a Hyannis sale last year.

Even so, some of the 150 or so collectors and dealers who gathered here last weekend at the Louis Joseph Galleries, Inc., to bid on a wide variety of scrimshaw and the curious crafts and artifacts related to this form of seafare did make some significant, if modest, purchases.

●

Take the documents, for instance. Henry Coger, the Ashley Falls, Mass., dealer, repley Falls, Mass., dealer, representing Barbar Johnson, one of the nation's top collectors who is board president of the Museum of American Folk Art in New York, purchased several at extremely low prices.

One of the more important of these was an order, dated June 10, 1765, and signed Gabe Ludlow of New York, for "20 boxes of spermacity candles." Knocked down at $60, the purchase statement for the candles, which were made of the white, waxy substance from the oil of the sperm whale, is a rare proof that there was very early trade in whaling products here.

American whaling, by then a half century old, would later—throughout the 19th century, in fact—dominate the world. In that adventure-packed era when Yankee mariners chased sperm whales across the seven seas, voyages were grueling, lasting as long as three years.

It was during these extended ocean trips that scrimshaw, a folk art indigenous to America, was born. The origin of the term is lost—but it is also referred to (in "Moby-Dick") as skrimshander, and scrimshonter, scrimshorn or scrimshonting. It flourished between 1800 and 1880, when sailors with spare time and a jackknife indulged their considerable imaginations, often with great virtuosity, in carving—from whalebone (baleen) or whale teeth—pie crimpers, letter openers, chessmen, corset stays, umbrella frames, boxes, yarn-winders or canes, and in engraving or etching the surfaces of whalebone or teeth.

●

Scrimshaw refers to this process of carving out of and decorating the bone or tooth surface with nautical, patriotic or geometric motifs, as well as to the finished product.

Since scrimshaw was as prized then as now, a flourishing commerce in crafting it developed far from the sea, a business that continues to this day. Today's collectors seeking period sailor-made scrimshaw soon discover that finds are few. And, in such sales as this one (heavily laced with modern work, some outright fakes and undocumented older work), an expert's eye is necessary to separate those pieces whittled on land from those carved on the briny deep.

Douglas Creighton, a packaging designer and whaling collector who flew up from New York for the sale, bought a few teeth but concentrated mostly on other specimens such as a chess set that once belonged to the Howland family, prominent New Bedford whalers ($90), a game box with dominoes ($250), a letter opener ($175) and a ring ($35), all of which he considered old and good buys.

●

But scrimshaw was not the only attraction that day. Whaling scenes in paintings, drawings and graphics, extremely popular with the proliferating number of today's collectors, brought prices high and low, depending on the quality of the material.

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WASH Post Fri 23 MARCH 73

Calif. Census Of Gray Whales At 6-Year High

Associated Press

The National Marine Fisheries Service said yesterday it counted more gray whales along the California coast during the most recent counting period than at any time since it began the census six years ago.

The gray whale is on the government's list of endangered species.

The fisheries service said 3,304 whales were tabulated during the special counting period from Dec. 18, 1972, through Feb. 4, 1973, compared with 2,588 in 1971-72 and the previous six-year high of 3,120 in 1967-68.

Dale Rice, wildlife biologist for the service at La Jolla, Calif., said weather conditions, visibility and ocean currents may have made conditions more favorable for counting this year, which could partly explain the increase.

N.Y. TIMES TUES 26 MAY 70

Whales Sing Siren Song for Scientist



Part of Alan Hovahness's accompaniment of a whale song


Ronald M. Johnson

Dr. Roger S. Payne recording whale songs off Bermuda

By BAYARD WEBSTER

The cavernous sound, strangely melodious, began on a low pitch, rose slowly to a higher frequency at which it sounded for a moment like a combined oboe and muted cornet, trailed off into an eerie high-pitched undulating wail like melancholy bagpipes and then faded into silence.

Dr. Roger S. Payne, a 35-year-old research scientist at Rockefeller University, switched off the tape-recorder on his office windowsill and leaned back in his chair. "That was the song of a whale," he said with a grin.

"Nobody knows how they make the sounds—they have no vocal chords — but we think it's with their larynx and the air in their lungs," he said.

Dr. Payne had just returned from the waters off Bermuda where he and his wife, Katharine, had spent several weeks in a 35-foot sloop using underwater microphones to record the musical sound patterns of the humpback whale, a nearly extinct species that they both have studied for the last several years.

The peculiar beauty of the sounds, which last from five to 30 minutes, has aroused the attention of musicians, singers and nonmusicians who have

Continued on Page 29, Column 1

guilty. WASH (DC) POST

Addenda Fri - 26 NOV '76

• The skeleton of a whale thought to have lived 14 million years ago was discovered Wednesday by members of the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History in the Santa Monica Mountains, about five miles from the ocean and 1,600 feet above sea level.

• Lavern Fishel of Coalgate, Okla., an official of the International Order

UPSTATE MAN MAKES 'HOBBY' OF WHALES

BUFFALO (AP) — Richard Wehle (pronounced whale-e) has a whale of a hobby.

Because of his unusual last name, Mr. Wehle, who heads an electrical supply and electronics equipment company, collects all kinds of whale-related items.

On display at his company are whaling guns, whale vertebrates, sculptured whales and carvings made from whale teeth.

Mr. Wehle has a special key on the typewriter handling his correspondence with a symbol of a whale followed by an "e."

N.Y. TIMES 12 DEC '74 THUS

Whales Sing Siren Song for Scientist

Continued From Page 1, Col. 7

listened to Dr. Payne's tapes.

They have so intrigued Alan Hovahness, the symphonic composer who heard them several months ago, that he eagerly agreed to compose an orchestral work that incorporates some of the actual taped melodies. The symphonic piece, "And God Created Great Whales," a quotation from Genesis, will have its premiere on June 11 as part of the New York Philharmonic's summer season of Promenades.

Pete Seeger Gives Royalties

The whale's appeal is not confined to classical musicians. After hearing the melodies, Judy Collins, the folk singer, played some of them recently for a television production and then discussed the plight of whales.

After Pete Seeger, the folk singer, heard the recording, he composed "The Song of the World's Last Whale" and has turned over the rights to the Whale Fund, an offshoot of the New York Zoological Society devoted to the problems of whale conservation.

The recordings that Dr. Payne and other scientists have made of whales have led him and his wife to the onclusion that whales, like birds, sing songs that have a definite melodious pattern and a repeated theme.

Although he is not unaware of the more pleasant musical facets of his research, Dr. Payne believes the songs will lead to a better scientific understaning of how sea animals communicate. In the dark world under the sea much of the animal life depends on sound for communication and knowledge.

Underwater Cacaphony

"Shrimps click, porpoises squeal, beluga whales squeak, some seals whistle and harp seals sound like a barnyard," he explained. "One of the few ways we have to learn about these creatures since they're not readily available on land, is to study their sound patterns and what they mean."

He has come to no firm conclusions about the significance of the whale's lengthy songs, which are often repeated for hours. But during his latest Bermuda expedition this month, he has made what he feels are some interesting discoveries and has arrived at some very tentative conclusions about communications among whales.

"We already know there's a deep sound channel in the ocean," he explained. "This is a layer of water that, for various reasons—temperature, density, and so forth—has acoustical qualities which permit the transmission of sound over very long distances, in some cases more than a thousand miles.

"I'm not saying that whales sit on two sides of the ocean and chat with each other," said Dr. Payne, "but it's possible they produce these sounds, either in or out of the sound channel, which may allow them to flock together. This could take the simple form of 'Humpback whale here?' or maybe even a more sophisticated 'George here?'"

Dr. Payne and his wife think that each whale may sing a specific song. And they think they have identified by sound a whale that sang the same song in Bermuda this year that it sang at the same time and place last year.

The researcher says he was impelled to begin his acoustical inquiry after hearing an underwater recording of whale sounds made several years ago by William Schevill of the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution.

Dr. Payne first studied the humpback whale in 1967 off Bermuda, a stopping-off point for the 40-foot-long mammals on their annual spring migration from the Caribbean to the waters off Nova Scotia.

"The thing I really want to do is to go and live close to a herd of whales for several weeks," he said earnestly. "That's the only way we can learn their habits and determine how they use their songs. We would be in a small boat, with some sort of homing devices attached to the whales so we wouldn't lose them."

He hopes to go on such an expedition within the next year or two.

"I think the thing that first got me interested in whales," he said, "was the time many years ago when I saw a dead porpoise—they're the smallest whales — on the beach. Its flukes were cut off, initials had been carved in its hide and someone had stuck a cigar in its blowhole. I thought there ought to be a better way for man to learn about whales."

Notation System Developed

Mrs. Payne and Scott McVay, administrative assistant to Robert F. Goheen, president of Princeton, and a student of whales, have developed a notation form for the whale songs. The score for a typical song closely resembles the score for a piece of contemporary electronic music.

It gives examples of whale-song notation and explains the need for conserving the world's whale population, which faces extinction from overfishing. Part of the proceeds from the album's sale will go to the Whale Fund.

"What most people don't realize is that more and more whales are being killed these days to get less and less oil," he said. He pointed out that in 1933 there were 28,907 whales killed and they produced 2,606,000 barrels of oil. In 1966, the latest year for which figures are available, 57,891 whales were slaughtered but they produced only 1,546,000 barrels of oil.

"This means they've killed off the large whales—the blues, the fin whale and the right whale —and now have to kill more of the small ones to make their quota," Dr. Payne explained.


God Created Great Whales" with André Kostelanetz.

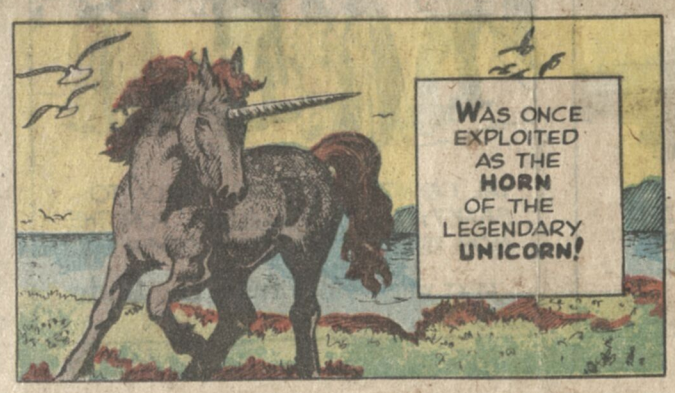


WHALE of a SALE

WASH (DC) Post SUN. 21 DEC 75

MARK TRAIL











ENTERTAINMENT



'Moby Dick' in ninety minutes

WASH DC Daily News Wed 2 Feb 72

By TOM DONNELLY

At Ford's Theatre Jack Aranson succeeds surprisingly well in an attempt that is certainly reckless and might well be called f o o l h a r d y, and maybe even a little crazy. He is giving a "solo performance" of "Moby Dick." In her palmiest days Cornelia Otis Skinner was content to limit herself to, say, the wives of Henry VIII, and in recent years most solo performers (of the non-musical sort) have been satisfied to present themselves in an evening of Edna St. Vincent Millay, Will Rogers, Mark Twain, etc. But to appear alone and unaided (except for a few sound effects) in "M o b y Dick" must be something very few actors have yearned to do.

I feel fairly confident that s e e i n g one-man "Moby Dick" is something very few theatergoers have been yearning to do. To be patronizing but truthful about it, as far as

portfolio

I am concerned Mr. Aranson really didn't need to go to all that trouble. However, since he has spent three years devising for himself a 16-scene adaptation of Herman Melville's novel, and has gotten it on a stage, I am forced to applaud Mr. Aranson's talent and, to a degree his achievement, tho I may question his ambition.

I know Mr. Aranson is a good actor (he appeared here a couple of years ago in "Dylan," you may recall) but still I a p p r o a c h e d his "Moby Dick" with extreme reluctance. The very idea of trying to c o m p r e s s that majestic work into a recitation seemed ludicrous, and gave promise of being dull, besides. How would Mr. Aranson be as the whale? Was the sort of irreverent speculation the mere announcement of this show inspired.

Mr. Aranson's performance is neither ludicrous nor dull. At the start of the evening he invites us to use our imaginations and suppose we are seeing a wharf in Nantucket. That sort of admonition has charm and makes sense in the theater. In some ways Mr. Aranson's modest production of "Moby Dick" is more satisfying than John Huston's movie version was; it is better not to have a visible whale at all than to have the sort of studio-made rubber monster that was so singularly unconvincing in the film, and when he gets around to playing Captain Ahab, Mr. Aranson is infinitely superior to poor Gregory Peck, who did try so very very hard.

doomed ship Pequod) and tho sometimes he could remind you of a spectator at a tennis match he manages to keep this effect to a minimum.

The characterizations tend to blur a bit, this fellow seems rather like this other fellow; but the similarities are only to be expected, given the herculean nature of the assignment, and it's the differences that are impressive. Besides, it has been said that all the characters in the book are "partially Ahab". In an essay on "Moby Dick" Clifton Fadiman has remarked that the work is not a true narrative, as a novel like "Tom Jones" is. "Moby Dick" is a myth disguised as a story, a myth of Evil and Tragedy: "The Pequod is a heaving hell of lonely and grief-touched s o u l s, whose solitudes are gathered up and made manifest in the figure of Ahab."

Mr. Aranson wears a single sea-faring costume thruout the evening, he gets no aid to impersonation from beards and props. For Ahab he has a limp (no barbaric peg leg "fashioned from the polished bone of a sperm whale's jaw"), and a moody stricken look, and the air of a man tormented by fires from within. He uses his voice superbly for Ahab's first speeches; deep, melancholy, commanding. He does not always maintain this grand level, sometimes Ahab's voice flattens out, looses that deep dark color. But Mr. Aranson, in approximately 90 minutes, gives us a sound likeness of Ahab (a sketch, not a portrait) and what amounts to a dramatized (precis that effectively mirrors a sizable area of a monumental novel. That's something, now isn't it?

The setting by Stuart Wurtzel, an abstract affair involving a huge wooden disc fashioned of wooden slats, plus a weathered-looking platform and some ropes, is superb.

Mr. Aranson plays 13 characters, including Ahab Ishmael the narrator, in the course of the evening, and it is tremendously to his credit that he seldom seems to be talking to himself. When he plays two people deep in conversation he is sometimes obliged to swerve his head from side to side (facing stage right he's Ishmael, facing stage left he's P e l e g, owner of the

LARGE DILEMMA

WASH. Daily News Fri - 26 Nov. 71

Need million lbs of whale meat?

(UPI) — A pet-food company and the Food and Drug Administration are stuck with a million pounds of frozen whale meat.

Spurred by anxious pet lovers and conservationists, the FDA has rejected Kal Kan Company's plans to feed the whale meat to dogs and cats.

The problem now is how to get rid of the meat, now on ice at a Vernon, Calif., warehouse.

The FDA seized the whale meat last week on grounds that it contained excess mercury.

The sperm whale was declared an endangered species in December by the Interior Department, and Kal Kan's catch is believed to be one of the last commercial shipments of sperm whale meat allowed into the United States. Effective Dec. 2, all such imports are barred except for scientific purposes.

Kal Kan officials said they bought the meat a year and half ago from Japanese fishermen. "It's a particular type of whale meat, real black, and we didn't have any use for it," a Kal Kan spokesman siad. "But we thought we might have use for it eventually."

Meanwhile, excess mercury in tuna and swordfish was declared hazardous by the FDA. Herbert Friedlander, of the FDA bureau of veterinary medicine, said letters poured in from pet lovers who fear that fish barred from human food because of mercury contamination would be quietly mixed into pet foods.

Conservationists also wrote in, Mr. Friedlander said, urging the FDA to discourage whale imports prior to the ban lest the creatures become extinct.

LAST SHIPMENT

"Pet lovers are a pretty powerful group in this country," Mr. Friedlander said. "We decided we would look into it. We found this shipment, perhaps the last permitted into this country under the vanishing species act."

The FDA tested the meat, found mercury content above the limit of 0.5 parts per million, and seized it.

Kal Kan said it was trying to sell the meat, but would not say to whom or for what. Earl Baysinger, acting chief of the Interior Department office of endangered species, said sperm whale meat might be used in fertilizer.

If not, he said, "they're going to have to dig one heck of a big hole out there."

California Gray Whales Make A Rare Visit to Puget Sound

WASH (DC) Post SAT 10 JAN/76

By Shelby Scates
Special to The Washington Post

TACOMA, Wash.—Whale watchers on southern Puget Sound say four California gray whales have moved in to feed and frolic.

Scientists aren't sure just why, however.

After the initial sighting just south of here early this week, experts said a gray whale probably made a wrong turn at the entrance to the Straits of Juan de Fuca while en route from Alaska to traditional mating waters off Baja A California, 2,000 miles to the south.

Since then, fishermen and whale enthusiasts have reported seeing three adults, each about 40 feet long, and one 25-foot juvenile.

"They may be here because they want to be here," said Helen Engle of the Tacoma Audubon Society, who is monitoring all reports of sightings.

"At one time about 50 years ago these whales were virtually extinct. But since then they've made a strong comeback. And they may think that it's time to find a winter home somewhere besides Baja California."

Engle said the whales normally fast during their long voyage south from Alaska, but the four in Puget Sound are feeding.

Most of the sightings have been in shallow waters where fish abound. The gray whales feed on small animals such as krill.

Smaller "killer" whales were once common sights in Puget Sound. The presence of gray whales is extraordinary.

"They don't cavort as much as the killer whales," said Engle. "They don't show as much of themselves. But they do come up to blow. It is a very forceful noise. You can hear it halfway across the sound."

Engle said there is some uncertainty about the whales' future in the sound. Since 1971, federal law has protected the gray whales from being hunted, but whether they will feed sufficiently and breed in the colder waters of Puget Sound is in question. The sound, 90 miles long, is surrounded by mountains, and its water temperature averages about 55 degrees.

The whales "are quite elusive," said Engle, "and we are happy that people have pretty much left them alone so far. Whether they can survive indefinitely in Puget Sound is something we just don't know for sure."

NAfC-
Observer

17 NOV 73

Researchers Focus on Jojoba Bean

A Desert Shrub May Help Save the Sperm Whale

By Elizabeth Maggio
FROM SAN CARLOS, ARIZ.

A desert shrub with leaves like mistletoe and seeds like big peanuts soon may be yielding the stuff of c[illegible]ear wax, cosmetics, and a host [illegible]eryday things from mach[illegible] medicine. The plant [illegible] pronounced ho-HO-ba. [illegible]outhwest and in northern [illegible] oil from its seeds is described by some as "liquid gold" because of its potential uses.

Here on this Apache reservation of some 5,000 residents in central Arizona, the jojoba plant is indeed beginning to look like a kind of gold strike: Jojoba oil is being examined as a possible substitute for sperm-whale oil, a widely used industrial lubricant now banned from import because the sperm whale is an endangered species. If jojoba oil does replace sperm-whale oil, it could mean new industry and economic stability here in San Carlos, where most of the Indians are poor and up to half are unemployed.

Prying at Jojoba Secrets

Some 55 million pounds of sperm-whale oil have been used annually in the United States for lubricating machinery. The oil from the sperm whale, which now may not be killed, is resistant to high pressures and temperatures. Jojoba oil's lubricating properties are almost identical to those of sperm-whale oil.

A Federally supported program of research and economic study of jojoba oil as a lubricant is being co-ordinated by the Office of Arid Lands Studies at the University of Arizona in Tucson. And here in San Carlos, residents are harvesting jojoba beans by hand and sending gallons of oil to dozens of companies and laboratories across the land, hoping that scientists and researchers will unlock more secrets of the unusual liquid.

Jojoba-seed oil, unlike the oil from most plants, is a wax, not a fat. Between 40 and 60 per cent of the seed is oil, and some researchers suggest that it may offer several uses other than as a lubricant. Mexicans have long used it in shampoos and cosmetics. It may also prove usable as a vegetable-oil substitute in foods, in detergents, as a wax coating for paper products, and as waxes for floors and for cars.

Preliminary research into the jojoba's possible medical uses indicates it may inhibit the growth of tuberculosis bacteria, may be useful in stabilizing antibiotics, and might be used in treating acne. The San Carlos Apaches have long attributed medicinal properties to the jojoba plant, and some older Indians say that ground jojoba seed was used to treat sores.

Hardened jojoba oil is being studied by a California candle company as a possible substitute for beeswax. Knorr Beeswax Products in Del Mar may work with the Apaches to establish their own candle company, according to Dr. Edward F. Haase, project scientist from the University of Arizona.

Specialty Items

Recently the tribe turned down an offer from the Koei Perfumery Co. in Tokyo to buy 10,000 pounds of seed this year for use in cosmetics. The price was too low.

Haase says that only specialty items with high prices, like the candles, are commercially feasible if the oil is to come only from the wild plants growing over parts of the two-million-acre reservation. Queries about growing the jojoba or importing its oil have come from Japan, Germany, Israel, and Australia.

Work is being done at the University of Arizona, at the University of California at Riverside, and at a university in Israel to develop techniques for large-scale cultivation of jojoba plants, which could make jojoba oil competitive as a sperm-whale-oil substitute.

Although a future jojoba industry has been given tribal-council approval, there are still some mixed feelings among the Apaches here.

"The seeds belong to us. They are our god medicine and we shouldn't sell them. I is nature's way for us Indians to have them on our reservation," comments an older woman wearing a traditional long, billowy cotton dress.

A younger member in jeans and T-shirt counters: "This is the best thing to happen to us. What's the use of the plants standing there doing nothing?"

THE STAR and NEWS A-3
Washington, D. C. X
Monday, Feb. 26, 1973

Panel Is Near Endangered Species Pact

New York Times News Serivce

Delegates attending the International Conference on Endangered Species here expect to complete by Friday a convention on the protection of animals and plants threatened with extinction.

Already the delegates from 77 countries attending, including all the major nations of East and West, have arrived at a tentative list of the species that need protecting. They expect to arrive at a stringent system that will virtually eliminate commercial trade in the species named.

They have also decided to go ahead with a plan for an international secretariat, under the auspices of the United Nations, to handle problems of information and conflicts on trade in the endangered wildlife.

The Whale Question

One of the most sensitive questions still at issue is that of measures to protect five species of whales on the list. Those are the powhead, right, blue, humpback and gray whales, which already are covered by an international moratorium on hunting.

As negotiations stand now, according to delegates, the convention would require both an export permit from the country of origin and an import permit from the authorities in the receiving country for any movement in a category including the most endangered species.

For a second group, an export permit but not an import permit would be required.

The problem of the endangered whales is especially delicate, delegates said, because they are generally hunted in international waters. One proposal would prohibit crossing any international border with an endangered-whale catch.

The problem is particularly difficult because that would include, for whale hunters, international controls on crossing their own shorelines.

Marked by Amity

The question is so delicate that delegates refuse to discuss positions being taken by the various nations for fear of upsetting progress already made. But they say they are hopeful of arriving at some sort of agreement.

An unusual degree of amity has marked the work of the convention, which has often extended long into the night since it got under way Feb. 12.

Among the species on the tentative list are five species of whales, most of the big cats such as the leopard, jaguar, cheetah and tiger cat, sea turtles, otters, the spider monkeys of Central America and the gorilla.

S2 0 8

NEW YORK TIMES, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1

FOSTER R. DULLES, HISTORIAN, DIES

Educator and Expert on Far East Relations Was 70

Special to The New York Times

JAMAICA, Vt., Sept. 11 — Dr. Foster Rhea Dulles, historian and educator, who specialized in American relations with the Far East, died today at his summer home here. He was 70 years old and lived in Dorset.

Surviving are his widow, the former Marion Richardson; four daughters, Mrs. John E. Waller, Mrs. Benjamin F. Weems 3d, Mrs. Howard C. Taylor and Lynn; a sister, Mrs. Edith D. Snare, and eight grandchildren.

A memorial service will be held Tuesday at 2 P.M. at the United Church of Dorset.

Began as Correspondent

In many books and lectures, Dr. Dulles strove to improve United States relations with the Orient. At his death, he was working on a history of Chinese-American relations. He had visited Asia many times, after beginning his career in 1922 as a correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor in Peking.

In 1951, he told the Middlebury (Vt.) College Conference that the United States should have recognized Communist China in 1946.

"That was our only opportunity to drive a wedge between Peking and Moscow," he declared. "Instead, the Chinese now associate America with the corrup Chiang Government."

His books included "Yankees and Samurai: America's Role in the Emergence of Modern Japan," "Prelude to World Power," American diplomatic history from 1860 to 1900; and "The Imperial Years," a look at America between 1890 and 1900.

In a review of his "America's Rise to World Power, 1898-1954," in The New York Times Book Review in 1955, Samuel Flagg Bemis, professor of diplomatic history and inter-American relations at Yale University, wrote:

"The structure of Foster Rhea Dulles's work, which ought to be one of the most important themes in the Harper New American Nation Series, revolves about the 'great debate' between isolation and alliance throughout the history of American foreign policy, climaxed by the diplomatic revolution of our day."

Wrote on Varied Subjects

A writer of wide range, Dr. Dulles also was the author of "Lower Boats," a history of American whaling; "America Learns to Play," a history of American sports, and "Labor in America," a history of trade unionism.

In 1968, in his "The Civil Rights Commission," he told the story of the reluctance of white America to look at the realities of black America and how belatedly the Government accepted its responsibility in this respect.

Dr. Dulles had served as professor of history from 1941 to 1965 at Ohio State University and as chairman of the department. A slender man with sparkling eyes under shaggy eyebrows, a mobile mouth and energetic movements, full of humor and wit, he was a popular teacher.

He was born in Englewood, N.J., Jan. 24, 1900, and was a cousin of the late John Foster Dulles, former Secretary of State. He attended the Hill School in Pottstown, Pa., graduated from Princeton in 1921 and received a Ph.D. degree from Columbia in 1940.

On Foreign Affairs Staff

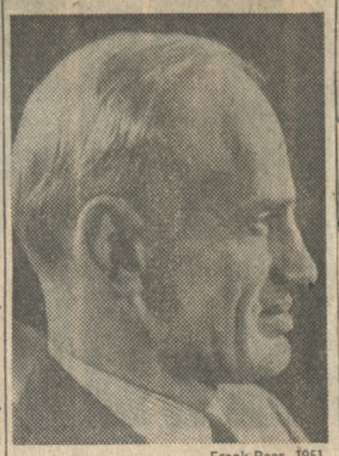
After his work on The Monitor, he joined the staff of The New York Herald in 1923 and of Foreign Affairs, a periodical, in 1924.

He was with the Paris bureau of The New York Herald Tribune in 1925-26 and wrote editorials for The New York Evening Post from 1927 to 1933.

After teaching at Bennington College, Dr. Dulles served as assistant professor of American history at Smith College in 1939-1940 and at Swarthmore College in 1940-41.

He went on State Department Cultural-Exchange trips to India in 1957 and to the Soviet Union in 1958, and was a Fulbright lecturer in Japan in 1961-62.

He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Alpha Theta and the American History Association. His recreations were fishing and walking.



Frank Roos, 1951

Dr. Foster Rhea Dulles

Killer Whales

Those I vainly wish to meet are like the whales.
I can hear their every breath loud as if near
Across the iris straits. First they exhale
With the bass rasp of a shovel digging a grave.
Then take in before the dorsal fin splits the sea
To cordwood above their head. It is a gasp.
They lift the cover. It has all been headfirst
For them, past my hillsides that are mum and footsore.
Rocks breathe motionlessly through their topmost fraction
Like volumes of frozen reports of whales' rolling
In and out of blue rings, Saturns upon whose home
The closest astronomer will never walk.

SANDRA MCPHERSON

THE NEW REPUBLIC 17 FEB 1973



The Charles W. Morgan
WHALER

Built in the Hillman shipyard at New Bedford in 1841. She is 105.6 feet long and 27.7 feet beam. In 80 years of sailing with crews varying from 32 to 42 men on trips that lasted as long as five years, she averaged over 1400 barrels of oil per trip and made over $1,400,000 for her owners. This reminder of by-gone whaling days is being preserved at Mystic Seaport in Connecticut.

WASH (DC) Post SUN

*"The Search for the Bowhead Whale," film focusing on the plight of the whale as endangered species, Friday, 7:30 p.m., Stoneybrooke Mansion, Alexandria. Details: 759-3211. 11 JAN 76

*Macrame workshop for

Metropolitan Briefs

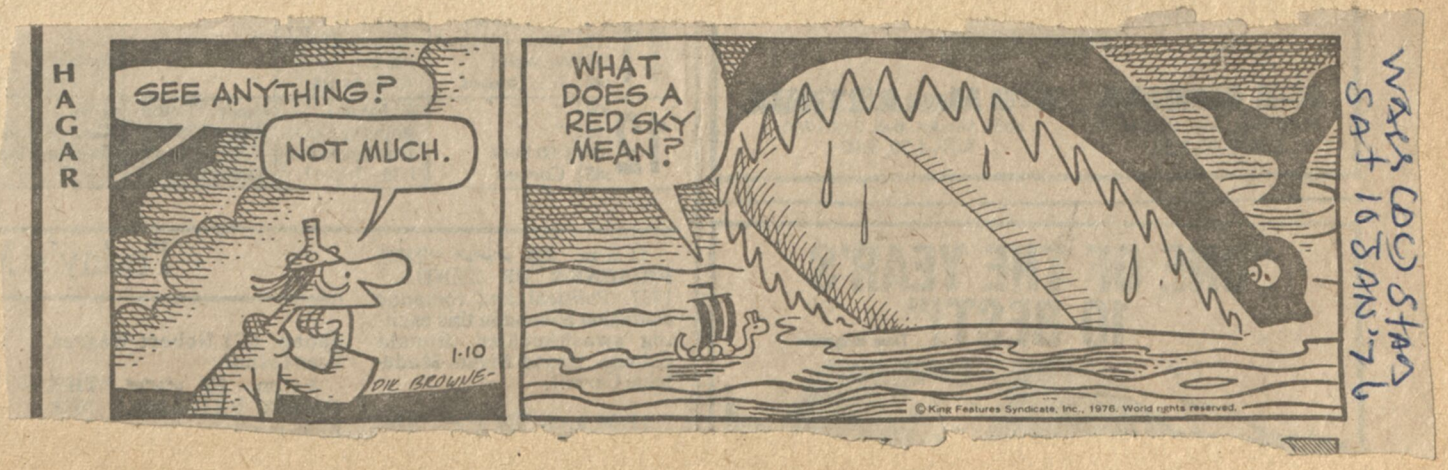
N.Y. TIMES SAT. 6 JAN '73

Aquarium Getting Injured Whale

An injured 11-foot, 900-pound rare beaked whale found on a beach at Beach Haven, N. J., Tuesday was being taken yesterday in a sling on a truck to the New York Aquarium at Coney Island.

The whale appeared to be recovering somewhat from a state of shock induced when it inexplicably collided with a jetty and drifted ashore. Dr. James Mead, a mammals expert from the Smithsonian Institution, said the whale's breathing had "steadied out" and it had passed its most critical period at noon.

The whale, given the name "Hope" and injected with antibiotics because of some cuts in the collision, will be given a day of rest at the New York Aquarium, according to the director, Dr. James A. Oliver, and will be fed chopped fish, distilled water and dextrose tomorrow.



WASH (DC) STAR SAT 10 JAN 76

Moby Dick: Fighting Tremendous Odds



Jack Aranson

By Tom Shales

If it were absolutely essential that "Moby Dick" be staged as a one-man show, then actor Jack Aranson might indeed be the one man to do it.

But a lone actor attacking this epic is like Ahab leaping onto the whale. The odds are fairly hopeless against the challenger. "Moby Dick," which opened last night at Ford's Theatre, is a failure, though Aranson proves earnest and resourceful as he tries to bring it off.

As an actor's display piece, Aranson's adaptation of the book is occasionally admirable. As theater, it is questionable. As Melville, it is negligible. Aranson fails to capture either the deeper Freudian vibrations or the larger sense of spectacle. It is the interplay of these two elements that makes the work what it is. And what it is not, decidedly, is a stage piece.

It didn't quite work as a play. John Huston's film version (1956) was underrated but hardly perfect. Now comes Aranson, who has extracted several characters and incidents from the book and tried to impart its basic sensibility. But any distillation of this sort is inherently demeaning, and the greater the magnitude of the original, the more likely such an endeavor is bound to falter.

The concept may be initially ambitious, with one actor playing 13 characters from the book. That should be a demonstration of versatility at least. And to some extent, it is.

Even on this surface level, though, "Moby Dick" is no rousing success. The characters melt into one another and many become indistinguishable. When two are ostensibly conversing, Aranson darts back and forth in a manner that suggests a comic monologue. Director Philip Pruneau keeps him leaping or pouncing from stage left to stage right and back again in an attempt to fill up all that space, but the eventual impression we get is that Mr. Aranson belongs to a stock company all of whose members have failed to show up—except him.

He is making do, he is trying hard, he is displaying a certain self-conscious virtuosity. But he is still very much alone up there, and the dramatization suffers severely from underpopulation. The performance becomes as much a test of an audience as a test of an actor. And neither is very profitable.

Melville, meanwhile, gets the worst of it, with all the awesomeness drained from his epic along with most of the sexual and/or religious symbolism. Whether Ahab is chasing his own id all about the ocean, or pursuing God with a harpoon and a vengeance, Aranson fails to impart much that is metaphysical or psychological. He does seem to have perfected a credible seagoing swagger, but in other ways his performance crosses the boundary between studied and mannered.

Stuart Wurtzel's semi-nautical setting, Jim Dickson's lighting, and Dan Dugan's barely audible sound effects help very little. And though the actor does appear to be expending formidable effort and some ingenuity, we can't help asking ourselves, "Is this transmogrification really necessary?" and answering ourselves, "No."

MARION BREWINGTON MARITIME HISTORIAN

Marion V. Brewington, a maritime historian who headed the Kendall Whaling Museum in Sharon, Mass., from 1966 until this year, died Sunday in a New London, Conn., hospital. He was 72 years old and lived in Mystic, Conn., where he was an associate in maritime art at Mystic Seaport.

Mr. Brewington was a trustee of the Naval Historical Foundation, where he had been acting curator from 1945 to 1947, and a governor of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum.

A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, he engaged in banking and investment until Navy service in World War II, rising to lieutenant commander.

Mr. Brewington was curator of the marine collection of the Maryland Historical Society from 1954 to 1956 and curator of maritime history at the Peabody Museum in Salem, Mass., from 1956 to 1966. He held a Guggenheim fellowship in 1958.

With his wife, Elizabeth Brewington, his only immediate survivor, he wrote "Chesapeake Bay: A Pictorial Maritime History," "Ship Carvers of North America," and other books.

Bells of Love

OTTAWA, Canada (AP) — The apparently sexy-sounding signal from a marker buoy over the sunken oil tanker Irving Whale near Prince Edward Island attracted more than 25 amorous whales.

COMICS Page 17

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC

JAN. 8-14

Red cheeks, white beaks.

Cattle need salt now . . . Buffalo Bill died Jan. 10, 1917 . . . First quarter of the Moon Jan. 12 . . . First shot fired in Civil War Jan. 9, 1861 . . . Average length of days for week, 9 hours, 17 minutes . . . Sperm whales migrating off Nantucket and California . . . If sunny now, expect much wind . . . Detar chimneys . . . Best throw of dice is to throw them away.

Old Farmer's Riddle: What runs without feet? (Answer below.)



Ask the Old Farmer: What do you know about milk taking the taste of things that a cow eats or smells? It seems fantastic to me. S.W., Jackson, Miss.

Taint, though. Lish Anderson moored his cow next to Eph Higgins onion patch one time. Lish's wife was making butter and it looked fine but it was so cussed strong that one morning it got right out of the dish and walked off the table.

Home Hints: Straight vinegar soaking on mineral stains or crusty pans will remove the deposits . . . Clean mirrors with a mixture of alcohol and water . . . *Riddle answer:* Water.

OLD FARMER'S WEATHER FORECASTS

New England: Snow, 6-8" coastal, 15-20" inland, for most of week; then cold by week's end.

Greater New York & New Jersey: Rain to start, mixed with snow and colder latter part; cloudy and cold for weekend.

Middle Atlantic Coastal: Light rain and mild at first, then heavy and mixed with snow by midweek; end of week partly cloudy and colder.

Southeast Coastal-Piedmont: Unseasonably warm to start, then scattered showers; colder and rain latter part.

Florida: Clear and warm for most of week, then cold snap latter part; frost in north, rain coastal for weekend.

Upstate and Western New York-Toronto & Montreal: Cold at first, then light rain changing to snow, 2-4", at midweek; light snow and much colder latter part.

Greater Ohio Valley: Cool with heavy rain, then light snow at midweek; end of week seasonably cold with light snow.

Deep South: Rain, heavy by midweek in north and central, then colder; clearing and very cold for weekend.

Chicago and Southern Great Lakes: Cold, then flurries in west, light snow in east by midweek; 3-5" snow in latter part, light snow and mild for weekend.

Northern Great Plains-Great Lakes: Week begins cloudy and very cold, then warmer by midweek, but light snow in east; seasonably cold and cloudy latter part.

Rocky Mountain Region: Clear and very cold to start, then light snow; snow for weekend, 3-5" and 15-20" in mountains.

Southwest Desert: Clear with lows in upper 20s to 30s for most of week; rain and warmer for weekend.

Pacific Northwest: Cloudy and cold at first, then 3-5" snow by midweek; snow, 1-3", latter part, then gradual warming.

California: Clear and unseasonably cold throughout week; heavy rain and warming for weekend.

Ejnar Mikkelsen Dies at 90; Danish Explorer and Writer

COPENHAGEN, May 5 (AP)—Capt. Ejnar Mikkelsen, Danish Arctic explorer and author who joined his first expedition at 19, died Tuesday night at his home in Copenhagen. He was 90.

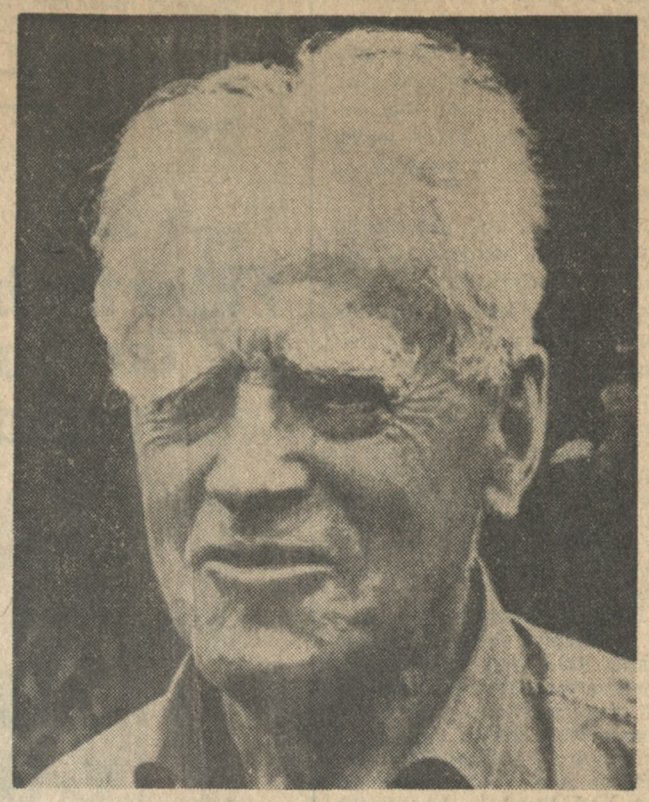
Capt. Mikkelsen went to sea at 14 and joined the international expedition to East Greenland in 1900. He was a member of the Baldwin-Ziegler polar expedition of 1901-3 and chief officer of the international hydrographic expedition to the North Atlantic in 1903-4.

He rapidly gained a name in international explorer circles and was named to head the Anglo-American expedition to North Alaska in 1906-8. He led a three-year expedition to East Greenland that began the following year.

In 1909 he spent almost two years on Greenland's northeast coast after losing his boat and most of the gear. Capt. Mikkelsen and a Danish companion had attempted to find the bodies of another Danish-led expedition, Mylius-Erichsen, which perished in 1907.

In the 1920s, Capt. Mikkelsen took an expedition to the Arctic and led an experimental fishing cruise to West Greenland. He was manager of the Faroe Whaling Co. from 1927-30 and was appointed inspector general of East Greenland in 1934.

During World War II, Capt. Mikkelsen was adviser on Greenland to the Danish Embassy in Washington.



United Press International

CAPT. EJNAR MIKKELSEN

Capt. Mikkelsen was a Knight of Dannebrog, the highest Danish honorary title, and was awarded many international honors-including medals from Danish, British, French, Belgian, American and other geographical societies.

Among his books were "Conquering the Arctic Ice" (1908), "Lost in the Arctic" (1913), "Frozen Justice" (1920), and "The East Greenlanders, Possibilities of Existence" (1947).

He wrote a number of other works on Greenland and Eskimo life.

Capt. Mikkelsen settled permanently in Denmark in the 1960s.

Wash (DC) Post Book World Sun. 5 Dec 71

LEVIATHAN, by John Gordon Davis (Dutton, $9.95). This novel is different from most potboilers. First, it's a pretty good story about blowing up the Soviet whaling fleet, graced with a pleasing corn-ball romanticism that makes it read like an old-fashioned Saturday matinee feature. Second, it's only half potboiler, the other half being devoted to save-the-whales propaganda. Depending on your point of view, these interludes either provide the book's raison d'etre or get in the way of the action.

WHOOPING CRANES PROSPER, NOW IT'S SAVE THE WHALES

Wash DC Sun. Star 12 Dec 71

The Interior Department said yesterday the population of wild whooping cranes has increased to 59 and now it's time to save the whale.

The department's Fish and Wildlife Service said an aerial survey at the whooping cranes' wintering grounds at the Arkansas National Wildlife Refuge in Texas revealed 54 adults and 5 young ones.

In 1941 there were only 15 whooping cranes, but the number had grown to 57 by last year. There also are 21 other wild cranes in captivity, 17 at the Patuxent Wildlife Research Center near Laurel, Md.; three at Audubon Park Zoo in New Orleans, and one in the San Antonio, Tex., zoo.

The department's ban on the importation of whale products, including oil, meat, teeth and ambergris, went into effect last week, ending 200 years of U.S. commercial use of whales. It said the Commerce Department would issue no licenses after Dec. 31 to U.S. commercial fishermen to take whales, which now are on the Endangered Species List.

"We must accelerate the worldwide fight to preserve the great whales," Interior Secretary Rogers C. B. Morton said in a statemet yesterday. "The whales are an international resource belonging to the many and must not be exterminated for the few."

Aerial Survey Spots 59 Whoopers

Interior Says It Has Saved Cranes, Now Turns to Endangered Whales

Wash Post Sun 12 Dec 71

United Press International

The Interior Department said yesterday that the population of wild whooping cranes has increased to 59 and now it's time to save the whale.

The department's Fish and Wildlife Service said an aerial survey at the whoopers' wintering grounds at the Aransas National Wildlife Refuse in Texas revealed 54 adults and 5 young ones.

Back in 1941 there were only 15 whooping cranes, but the number had grown to 57 by last year. There also are 21 other wild cranes, North America's tallest bird, in captivity, 17 at the Patuxent Wildlife Research Center near Laurel, Md., 3 at Audubon Park Zoo in New Orleans. La., and 1 in the San Antonio, Tex, zoo.

The department's recent ban on the inportation of whale products, including oil, meat, teeth and ambergris ends 200 years of U.S. commercial exploitation of whales. It said the Commerce Department would issue no licenses after Dec. 31 to U.S. Commercial fishermen to take whales, which now are on the endangered species list.

"We must accelerate the worldwide fight to preserve the great whales," Interior Secretary Rogers C. B. Morton said in a statement. "The whales are an international resource belonging to the many and must not be exterminated for the few."

Victims of U.S. Crimes Bill Would Reimburse

Associated Press

Sen. John L. McClellan (D-Ark.) introduced broad legislation yesterday to provide for federal benefit payments of up to $50,000 for the innocent victims of violent crimes.

The bill's 14 cosponsors include Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana and Republican Leader Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania. It will be considered as soon as practicable after Congress returns in January, the Arkansas Democrat told the Senate.

The measure would offer life insurance and guarantee a $50,000 death benefit to public safety officers such as policemen, firemen and prison guards and would provide benefits up to that total for the victims of rapes and robberies which can be prosecuted in federal courts.

Under the legislation, convicted criminals would pay part of their fines into an indemnity fund to be used by a Federal Crimes Compensation Board to pay the benefits.

The bill also provides for federal grants of up to 75 per cent to states with similar programs. Seven states currently have programs — California, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Maryland, Nevada and Hawaii.

Antiques

N.Y. TIMES FRI 19 NOV '76

Rita Reif

TWO SUPERB EXHIBITIONS of American Indian art works are now on view at New York galleries. In both we are treated to bold conceptions and vigorous figural or abstract images.

Historians and anthropologists have made us aware that the false-face masks, sculptural spoons, elaborately carved bowls, color-splashed blankets and majestic totems of American Indian peoples are rooted in their religions, social mores and commerce. But ethnological descriptions are too rudimentary to explain the wonder invested in a whale headdress, the temperament expressed in the dazzling color palette of a zigzag-pattern blanket or the refinement captured in an exquisitely chiseled assemblage of gods topping a medicine man's staff.

This is true of the carvings, dolls, stitchery and tools on view at the Edward H. Merrin Gallery, 724 Fifth Avenue (near 57th Street), open Tuesday through Saturday, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. (closed noon to 1 P.M.). And it is also true in the collection of Navajo blankets at the André Emmerich Gallery, 420 West Broadway, open Tuesday through Saturday, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. Both shows remain on view through Dec. 7.

Most of the more than 60 objects on view at Merrin are sculptured works from the Pacific Northwest. In those ceremonial and magic-touched totems, masks, headdresses, spoons, boxes, staffs, drums, baskets and bowls we encounter a world dominated by the spirits of the raven, frog, whale and bear.

A century ago, the Haida, Tlingit and Kwakiutl Indians who occupied British Columbia and Alaska fashioned the sort of objects seen here—the potlatch bowls for feasting, the stone-studded frontals, the masks, headdresses and drums for their frenzied dances.

Whalelike Headgear

But why did the carver choose to incorporate the barrel of a Russian gun as the base of a shaman's meticulously carved staff? How intensely did the Kwakiutl Indians believe that the whales depicted in their outsize headdresses were imbued with human spirits? The answers may never be known. But the mystery seems minor while examining these and other pieces, including deftly carved, weighty examples of whalelike headgear on which tail and fins move and which are painted with abstract studies of eyes, beaks and mouths.

The boldest design in Merrin's exhibition—a Tlingit blanket of bright red felt covered with pearly buttons depicting a split-faced bird—is not unique or even extremely rare. But its mint condition and the broad strokes of the stitched-button design distinguish this blanket from most usually seen.

Scenes of celebration by these coastal tribes must have been glorious spectacles with participants wrapped in blankets, wearing wolf masks and beating drums that they had embellished with painted eagles. To dine at such festivities must have been equally impressive for they used inlaid and carved wooden bowls, horn spoons and copper ladles incised elaborately from the tip of the handle to the lip of the bowl with birds and sea beasts and all that was shared as fierce fantasy.

If we know little of what sparked these artists to the heights of craftsmanship and the visual imagery that attracted such Surrealist artists as Max Ernst to collect Indian material from the 1940's on, we are aware of what did not figure in their creations. There is a noticeable absence of both violence and the gentler values in the Pacific Northwest objects. There is nothing documenting man warring against man nor, on the other hand, any depiction of the flowers that filled their fields.

American Indian art has emerged in recent years as a major collecting phenomenon. This may explain the prices at Merrin, which range from $750 for a kachina doll or a beaded and quill-decorated pouch, to $72,000 for a collection of 13 Iroquois false-face masks. The masks were assembled by Mr. Merrin over several years, and they include some extraordinary studies of contorted countenances—mouths writhing, eyes blinded and noses twisted as if they had been smashed.

Prizes for Weavings

The top specimens of Navajo blankets are equally costly today, ranging at Emmerich from $2,000 to $18,000. (Less costly period and modern examples are found at the American Indian Arts Center, 1042 Madison Avenue, at 79th Street, where the selection of old weavings goes from $60 for a tiny saddle bag to $1,000 for a blanket.) Another source for moderate-price Indian art would be Sotheby Parke Bernet. In its sale last month of American Indian wares, the price range was $60 for a Pueblo jar to $10,000 for an anthropomorphic vessel-shape bowl, a Haida rarity.

The blankets hung now in the Emmerich gallery in SoHo are the equal in many cases to those that were seen in 1972 and 1973 in a Navajo blanket show that attracted 20,000 visitors in one month to the Brooklyn Museum. And no wonder. Anthony Berlant, who helped organize that exhibition, has made these selections, too.

The 50 blankets shown range in date from the 1840's to about 1900 and include several chief blankets of the kind weaving enthusiasts covet. As always, comparisons are inevitable between these 19th-century striped, geometric and zigzag-pattern blankets and the paintings of the 20th-century Abstract Expressionists. There are horizontal-stripe designs that reduce color to a minimum, but which contain a dozen hues to each color used. Also on view are color-splashed weaves—especially those called dazzlers—that also boast unusual warp and weft treatments. And there are such familiar motifs as Greek key, diamonds, crosses, stars and stripes and endless variations that seem totally fresh and unfamiliar. In fact, the entire show seems a fresh experience, and the robust renderings by the Navajo women who wove them pulse with stronger stuff than the aniline dyes used to color most of them.

N.Y. TIMES SUN. 11 NOV '73

Letters: A Torch Might Have Saved The Arctic Whales

To the Editor:

Regarding the story about the whale-capturing expedition ("Chronicle of an Arctic Whale Hunt" by Bill O'Hallaren, Travel Section, Oct. 28), I was amazed that not a single person on the scene—among the members of the project, among the townspeople or among the Indians on hand when the polar bear attacked—seemed to be aware of the one universal fear that exists among *all* land animals: the fear of fire.

No matter how big the attacking animal—no matter how wild, how dangerous, how fierce, how hungry, how angry—the sudden appearance of flame in its path will stop it dead in its tracks.

Knowing of the presence of polar bears in the area, why couldn't there have been a man stationed near the pools at all times with a torch lightable in an instant? HOWARD L. HERBERT
Brooklyn

To the Editor:

The whole venture described by Bill O'Hallaren is a horrible, inexcusable one, and does no credit to the TV crew and scientists involved, nor to the Sea World Oceanarium in San Diego.

Although Mr. O'Hallaren refers to the death of the four animals as a "horrifying tragedy," his writing does not convince the reader that his concerns were other than the production of a glamorous, money-making TV show.

I question the wisdom of your encouraging such crass commercial ventures by helping to make it profitable for the Bill O'Hallarens to pursue such ill-planned and inhumane activity.

J. BRESNAHAN
Bronxville, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Mr. O'Hallaren's article was intended to be an exciting travel story. Instead, it was just another depressing account of man's inability to respect and live in harmony with earth's nonhuman inhabitants. ALEXANDER GIGANTE JR.
New York

To the Editor:

Your story on the Arctic whale hunt was a most horrifying and tragic one. I blame the ones who sponsored the expedition for poor planning. I also blame the Canadian Government for not exercising more control every step of the way.

Because of this poor planning and lack of control, three magnificent beluga whales and one white polar bear had to die. I hope this is not a typical way in which the San Diego Sea World Oceanarium stocks its exhibits.

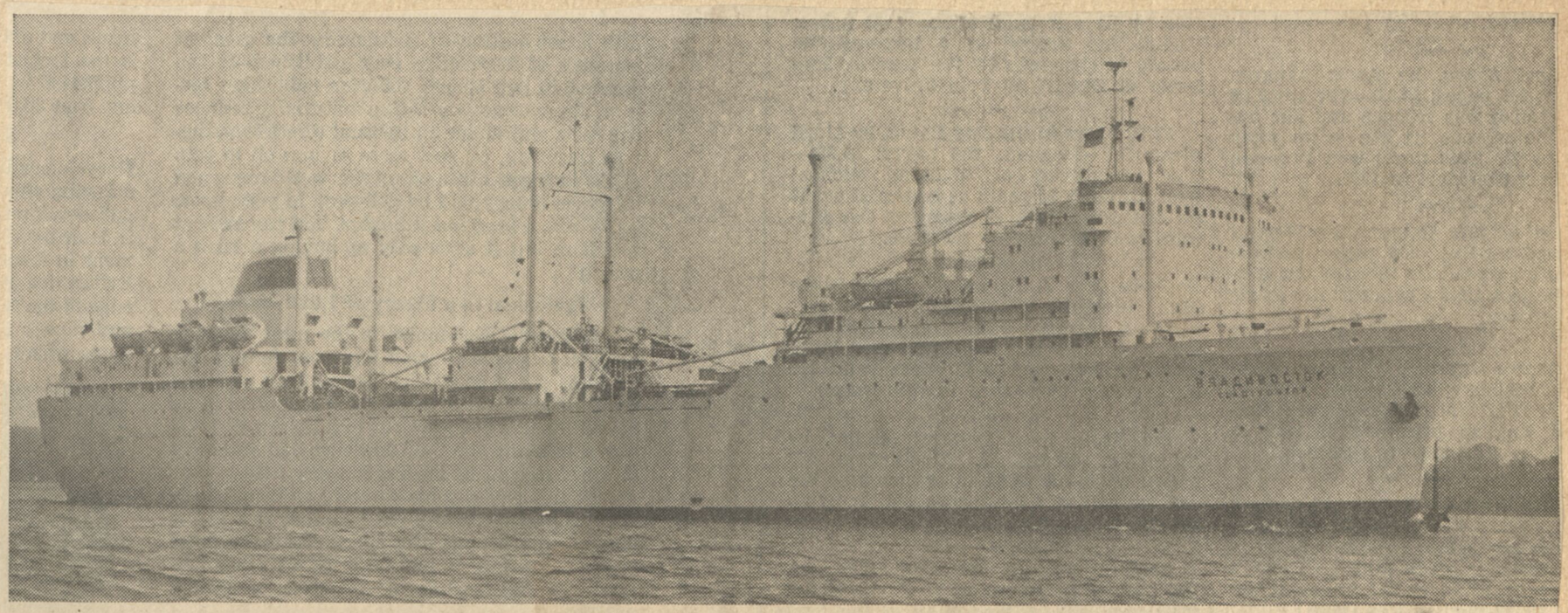
JEANNE N. KUNKIN (MRS.)
Bronx



Herman Melville's action-packed classic "Moby Dick" related a tale of a murderous white whale and interested even landlubbers in the whaling industry.



Harpoons fired from "whale guns" are really projectiles with war heads that explode when they hit the target. Harpoons and guns are Norwegian-made.

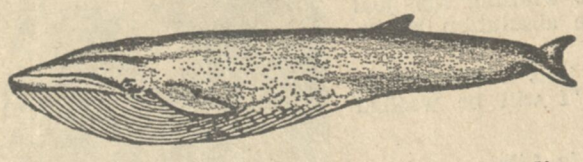


Russia's 17,000-ton "Vladivostok" lifts anchor, prepares to head out to sea. The ship's crew can process 1,700 tons of whale meat a day.

Photographs from Doug McConnell and U.S. Department of the Interior; illustration by Rockwell Kent from *Moby Dick*, Garden City Publishing Co.

We've Given Up On an Industry

Whales Are Out There; Japan, Russia Get Them



AMERICA'S NEWEST entry in the whaling industry, "Tom and Al," an old, converted trawler with a harpoon gun almost too big for the prow, captured five whales this season. Five other U.S. whalers bagged 250 and the United States logged a "big" season. It even tops last year's 248-whale catch. Yet this is paltry compared with the days Herman Melville wrote about when, in *Moby Dick*, he told how whaling made New Bedford, Mass., rich, or with the 1840s, when more than 700 Yankee whale boats scoured the world's seas. But this occurred before the U.S. demand for whale products dropped. Now Japan rules the industry. Using 10 sea-going processing plants and 125 "catchers" —the boats that pursue whales, slay them, and tug them to the floating factories—Japan last season took 21,353 whales. The floating factories haul in whales at one end and turn out processed foods at the other. Russia, with 6 factories and 110 catchers, finished second with a catch of 13,702. The three U.S. companies that engage in whaling own no factory ships. Consequently, they must tow their whales to port for butchering. Because of this, U.S. whalers keep within one day of the West Coast, where the American whaling industry has relocated. (Should the boats roam too far they would be unable to return with the catch before it spoiled.) But though Japan has taken over domination of whaling, and Russia boasts of owning the world's largest ship-factory, the one-year-old "Vladivostok," America is not completely without laurels. "Tom and Al," one of the tiniest commercial whalers in action, tracked and harpooned a 70-foot, 65-ton finback this season. That's the largest finback whale ever taken in the Pacific Northwest.



The converted trawler "Tom and Al," a harpoon gun on her prow, a whale lashed to her side, heads toward a whaling station where the whale will be processed.



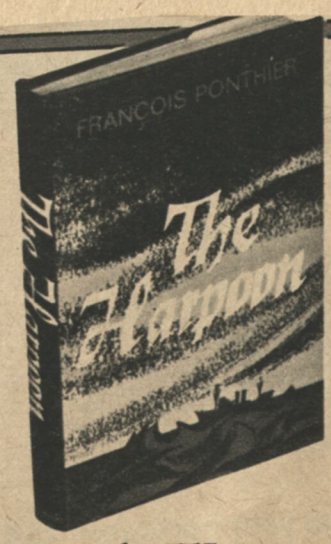
"Tom and Al's" crew stands by a mammoth finback it captured.

THE HARPOON

by François Ponthier

author of *The Fatal Voyage* and *Assignment Basra*

Revenge—subtle and raw, political and personal—is the underlying theme of this novel that begins and ends on the whaler SS *Walrus*, where accused criminal Bernard Hamelin confronts a crisis of murder. $4.95



DAVID McKAY COMPANY, INC., New York 10017

Blue Whale Nearly Extinct, 3 Biggest Producers Report

By Don Bevona
Herald Tribune News Service

NEW YORK, May 1—The great blue whales, largest animals in the world, are virtually extinct.

This was the opinion of the world's last three whale-catching nations, at the end of the latest Antarctic whale hunt which netted one of the lowest hauls in years.

The highly intelligent 90-to-100-foot-long blue whales at one time roamed the oceans in family-size herds. Their undoing was the world's greed for sperm oil and the sea-going mammals' slow breeding rate. It took a year for a baby blue whale to be born, and then it took two years before a female blue whale would be ready to give birth again.

The international quota for the recently-ended season, set up by the Soviet Union, Japan and Norway, has 8000 blue whale units, the lowest in years. Each unit equals two fin whales, two and a half humpback whales or six sei whales. Only 6984 units were caught and not one of these was a blue whale.

The fin back whales, which presently are the prime source of sperm oil, were reported to be dangerously thinning out. Before long, it was noted, the fin back whale would also disappear.

Norway was the heaviest loser this season, catching 1273 units—967 less than she was alloted. Because of this loss it was predicted that Norway may drop out of the annual hunt. The Soviets caught 14 less than their alloted 1600 units, while Japan, for the first time in history, failed to meet its quota. Japanese whalers hauled in only 4125 units—a drop of 35 under her allotment. This was a loss not only of oil but food. Whale meat is a favorite item in the Japanese diet.

Conservationists have been predicting the demise of the big whales for a number of years.

Last year world conservationists made a final plea before the International Whaling Commission and called for a 50-year ban on further whale slaughtering. They were ignored.

Most whale oil is put into margarine and soaps. It also goes into cold cream, vitamins, detergents, glycerine. Whale flesh is used for pet food and glue.

Whale oil is also used to coat machine parts that move at high speeds. Its ability not to break down under pressure has made it important for use in space ships.

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WASH. News Sat. 19-Oct-46

Passengers Stoke the Boilers

Striking Crewmen Hunt Sharks as Ship Drifts

By United Press

BRISTOL, England, Oct. 19—Passengers aboard the strike-stricken British freighter Princessa today told a modern mariner's saga of drifting helplessly in the South Atlantic for days while the ship's company fished for sharks.

The 8731-ton Princessa reached port yesterday 22 days overdue after a 52-day voyage from Montevideo, Uruguay, with a cargo of Argentine meat. Seven West Indian firemen were taken ashore last night to be arraigned for their part in the turbulent voyage.

Passengers said the firemen went on a "slowdown" strike one week out of Montevideo to protest working conditions. The ship's head of steam dwindled so much the vessel was unable to move. It was barely sufficient to keep the refrigeration working and save the meat.

HUNT WHALES, TOO

The crew fished for sharks over the rail. Some of the 14-passengers sniped at whales with the ship's rifles.

R. J. Allen, a passenger, said "most of the trouble came after some of the firemen managed to smuggle drink aboard at a South Amrican Port and again at Las Palmas. The ship ran into a storm off Brazil and volunteers went below to raise enough steam to keep her head into the heavy seas.

"Mr. Walker, first officer, kept a number of seamen at bay with his pistol while they demonstrated on deck."

All one night, he said, some of the seamen beat tin cans like tom-toms and shouted at the officers.

KNIVES DRAWN

Dr. E. J. Benson, ship's surgeon said there had been trouble among the crew on the outward voyage, too, but the real trouble came en route to England.

Allen said, "the strikers told me 'you won't reach port. We'll throw you overboard.'" Once knives were drawn, he added.

Volunteer firemen stoked the furnaces and got up enough steam for the Princessa to reach the approaches of the English Channel. There she was taken under tow and escorted by a British frigate. One volunteer fireman was badly burned.

WASH TIMES-HERALD

Whaler Tries In Vain to Bag Fleeing Sub

SAT. FEB 7-42

Unarmed Skipper Chases U-Boat Off Cape Hatteras

By HOWARD WHITMAN

NEW YORK, Feb. 6 (N. Y. News).—Somewhere out in the dark Atlantic a German commander probably would choke on his knackwurst if he could read this story. For it tells how a hard-boiled Norwegian whaling captain, on a ship without so much as a BB gun to defend it, chased a U-boat all over the ocean and—with just another knot or two of speed—would have rammed it to smithereens.

The U-boat commander, fleeing for dear life like a scared chicken, apparently was under the impression that he was being pursued by a dreadnought, or at least a heavily armed merchantman.

Sub Flees Whaler

From the sea chase comes the war's first recorded case of a U-boat zig-zagging frantically to escape from a defenseless whaling tub.

Capt. Einar Gleditsch, 36, a native of Sandefjord, Norway, and a whaling man since he was in short pants, is hero of the saga.

His ship is the whaling vessel Kosmas II, a huge 16,966-ton affair now being operated as a tanker by the Norwegian Shipping and Trade Mission, in co-operation with the British Admiralty. Captain Gleditsch arrived in New York today. The sub chase occurred on January 19.

It was 6 a.m. and the Kosmos II was lumbering along off Cape Hatteras. Suddenly the automatic wireless alarm clanged in Captain Gleditsch's cabin. It announced that an "'SSS" had been received—the dread call of a vessel under attack by a sub.

Submarine Sighted

"The ship that sent out the call was between me and the coast. We are under orders not to go to the assistance of any ship under submarine attack, so I turned my course away from the coast, and called upon the chief engineer for full speed," the captain said.

A few minutes later, an officer signalled from the bridge that the wake of a submarine had been sighted off the starboard bow. That was enough for Capt. Gleditsch. He had followed his orders and scrammed when he got the "SSS" but if these U-boats wanted to play, he'd play too!

"We weren't fooling," he said today. "I ordered the quartermaster to try to ram the U-boat. We could see him just vaguely with the periscope sticking above the water.

Unsuccessful Chase

"Finally we came within 200 feet of him. He must have thought we were armed. First he tried to dive, then he came up, with his conning tower about two

Something Fishy

Britons Snap Up Whale Meat As Truck Strike Limits Beef



Selling for 37 Cents a Pound in Britain

London, Jan. 8 (AP).—Whale meat went on sale to the public today for the first time in England and, with a truck drivers' strike endangering the supply of nonwhale meat, the people bought it as avidly as though it were T-bone steak.

Distributors put the chewy red stuff on sale in fish markets, at about 37 cents a pound, and no ration coupons.

One housewife submitted a report:

"It looks like steak until you smell it. There is a decidedly fishy smell, like bloaters cooking.

"Grilling will probably be the most popular cooking method. Small steaks, about 6 ounces and ½ inch, are best.

"The meat should be scored (criss-crossed with a knife) or beaten beforehand and should be well sprinkled with salt and pepper. Even then it gives out little juice and tends to cook dry unless you baste it with fat."

The whale meat went on sale as Britain began its eighth year of food rationing with Britons getting less of most commodities than in the bleak war days of 1940.

Sample weekly rations then and now:

Commodity	1940	1947
Bacon	4 ounces	2 ounces
Sugar	12 ounces	8 ounces
Preserves	2 ounces	4 ounces
Butter	4 ounces	3 ounces
Margarine	2 ounces	3 ounces

22 N.Y. TIMES SUN. JAN '66

Canadians Try to Save Whales Trapped by Early Arctic Freeze

By JAY WALZ

Special to The New York Times

OTTAWA, Dec. 31 — A nationwide campaign is taking shape to save 17 Beluga white whales trapped in Arctic waters near the Beaufort Sea.

Rescue suggestions and offers of cooperation have poured into Ottawa and on to the far north ever since the plight of the whales was portrayed on a national television news program this week.

The whales were trapped in the Eskimo Lakes, which extend 150 miles inland from the Beaufort Sea above the Northwest Territories. An early freeze closed the neck of water connecting the lakes with the open sea. As winter progressed, ice more than two feet thick closed in, leaving the trapped whales with only one small hole from which to breathe.

Whales Must Surface

Being mammals, whales must surface for air every 10 to 15 minutes. Unable to swim under water to the sea, they have crowded around the hole, measuring at one time no more than 22 square feet.

Observers in aircraft have photographed the animals milling frantically about the air space. It is feared that some whales already have died.

Power saws are being flown to the site. Heating equipment may be sent to melt the ice. An Ottawa woman has suggested pumping compressed air under the ice to provide oxygen.

Meanwhile, the Lions' Club of Inuvik, a community of Eskimos, Indians and Government workers 50 miles to the west, has organized a save-the-whales fund campaign for food and equipment to keep the animals alive until spring.

A base camp has been set up near the water hole, with tents contributed by a concern in Edmonton, Alberta, 1,500 miles to the south. A Calgary electronics concern is supplying equipment for two-way radio communications between the base camp and Inuvik and Edmonton.

P. J. Benson of the Lions' Club said additional equipment needed includes another lighting plant, two more pumps, a sizable building, two watchmen, two chain saws equipped to cut the thick ice, another tent, food and enough funds to pay the two watchmen.

Some chopped fish and meat have been dropped by plane. But tons will be required to keep the whales alive until the May thaw.

Meanwhile, rescue operations are hampered by the darkness and subzero cold that prevail in the Arctic in winter.

A federal mammalogist in Ottawa said this week that Beluga are common in northern salt water and that they have been stranded on previous occasions, either while hiding from killer whales or by ebbing tides.

Thus whales, which are hunted and slaughtered by the hundreds in the summer, have become the object of wide concern in Canada this winter.

THE WASH (D.C.) POST
SUN 16 FEB 75

TRENDS

Making Sense Of CHAOS...

By Robin Wright

Christian Science Monitor

An eminently law-abiding group in Seattle is working hard to promote CHAOS in America.

A New York organization totally unrelated to animals is pushing pride in the status of Moles.

A group of Virginia sophisticates has adopted MOO as its motto.

These are no mastermided secret schemes. CHAOS, Moles, and MOO are names of completely legitimate clubs—and among the best examples of the extraordinary range of interests for which Americans have formed organizations.

From Brussels sprouts to transatlantic brides, milk bottles to underground workers, no matter how eccentric the interest, there is probably an organization for it somewhere among the United States' 17,000 councils, societies, institutes and associations.

CHAOS, for example, stands for Cannon Hunter's Association of Seattle, a group of 800 interested in recovering old muzzle-loading cannons.

MOO is the acronym for Milk-bottles Only Organization, a Virginia-based group of milk-bottle collectors.

And Moles is a New York-based social club for tunnel, subway and sewer construction workers. Each year they give out Mole awards and publish a magazine called Holing Through.

There are hundreds of equally odd-sounding groups —so many in fact that if the books and encyclopedias listing the U.S. organizations and their memberships are accurate, it is a wonder Americans have time for anything besides the club circuit.

Yet the majority of Americans have never been members of anything—or so some sociologists claim.

So who exactly are the 13,000 members of the American Racing Pigeon Union? Or the 30,000 members of Midwest Old Settlers and Threshers Association? Or the 70,000 of Ducks Unlimited?

The same people—or at least the same types—according to Harvard social psychologist Tom Pettigrew.

"A highly isolated minority of activists makes up all those clubs and associations. There is a tremendous amount of overlapping," he says.

Surveys taken through the years at Harvard, the University of Michigan, and Stanford substantiate that the members of one group usually belong to many.

The studies also show that club members come mostly from upper-income groups with leisure time and from ethnic groups with built-in causes. This may explain why there are six U.S. organizations for Byelorussians and over 80 for antique car buffs.

Because group membership is often limited to these two sectors of the population, says sociologist Herbert Hyman, other sectors lose out.

"Although the variety of organizations represents the pluralism of America, it by and large does not represent the lower groups of that heterogenous society.," Hyman says. "The people who really need the clout of an organization don't have access to such outlets.

"The image that great numbers of voluntary groups exist, where people can consolidate power and needs in order to have more clout, just isn't always the case. It's by no means a fraudulent image. It just doesn't work in this ideal fashion."

Thus the First Society of Whale Watchers in Hawaii and New York's Society of Connoisseurs in Murder are flourishing, while there are not enough organizations for what Hyman calls "the rank-and-file downtrodden" with real social needs.

There are organizations that offer broad membership to other than upper-class or ethnic groups, such as Kiwanis, Elks, Moose or the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

But Hyman says large masses of poor, disadvantaged or disabled do not have adequate time and resources for representation even at this level.

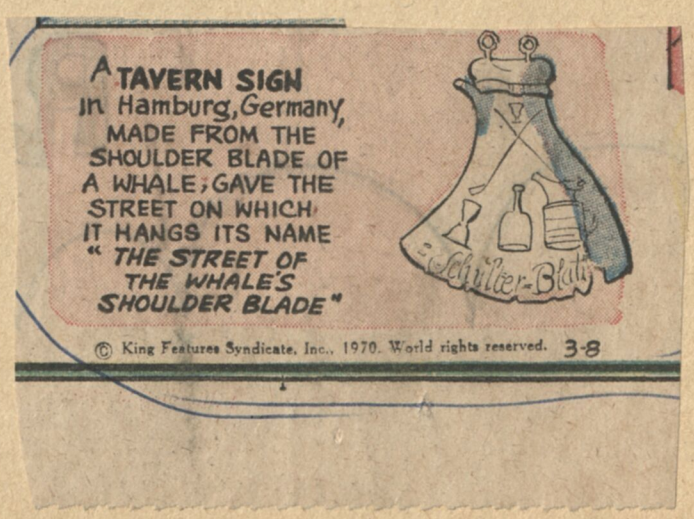
Yet he also contends the United States is "far better off" than most countries, even other Western societies.

What French journalist Alexis de Tocqueville wrote back in 1835 still applies: "The Americans of all ages, all conditions, and all dispositions constantly form associations. They have not only commercial and manufacturing companies in which all take part, but associations of a thousand other kinds—religious, moral, serious, futile, restricted, enormous or diminutive."

There's even an organization now for people who can't decide which organization to join. Dedicated to the notion that what is true today will probably be false tomorrow, the American Tentative Society does nothing except entertain options.



"How about this one . . . There once was a congressman from Nantucket . . ."



Marine Treasure Hunt Seeks Rare Photos

Mention maritime treasure hunting to a person on Nantucket and if he is interested in the subject he probably will think you are talking about efforts to salvage the "Andrea Doria," sunk off Nantucket in 1956 in a collision with another ship.

The story of a different kind of treasure hunt is reported by the "Boston Globe." This is a search for a "priceless legacy of America's final days of sturdy whaling ships and graceful fishing schooners."

The "Globe" notes that when Albert Cook Church died in New Bedford at the age of 85, his work as a marine photographer was compared with Matthew Brady's photographic history of the Civil War. A man of mystery during his life, Church left a final mystery on his death: his collection of famous photographs and negatives was missing.

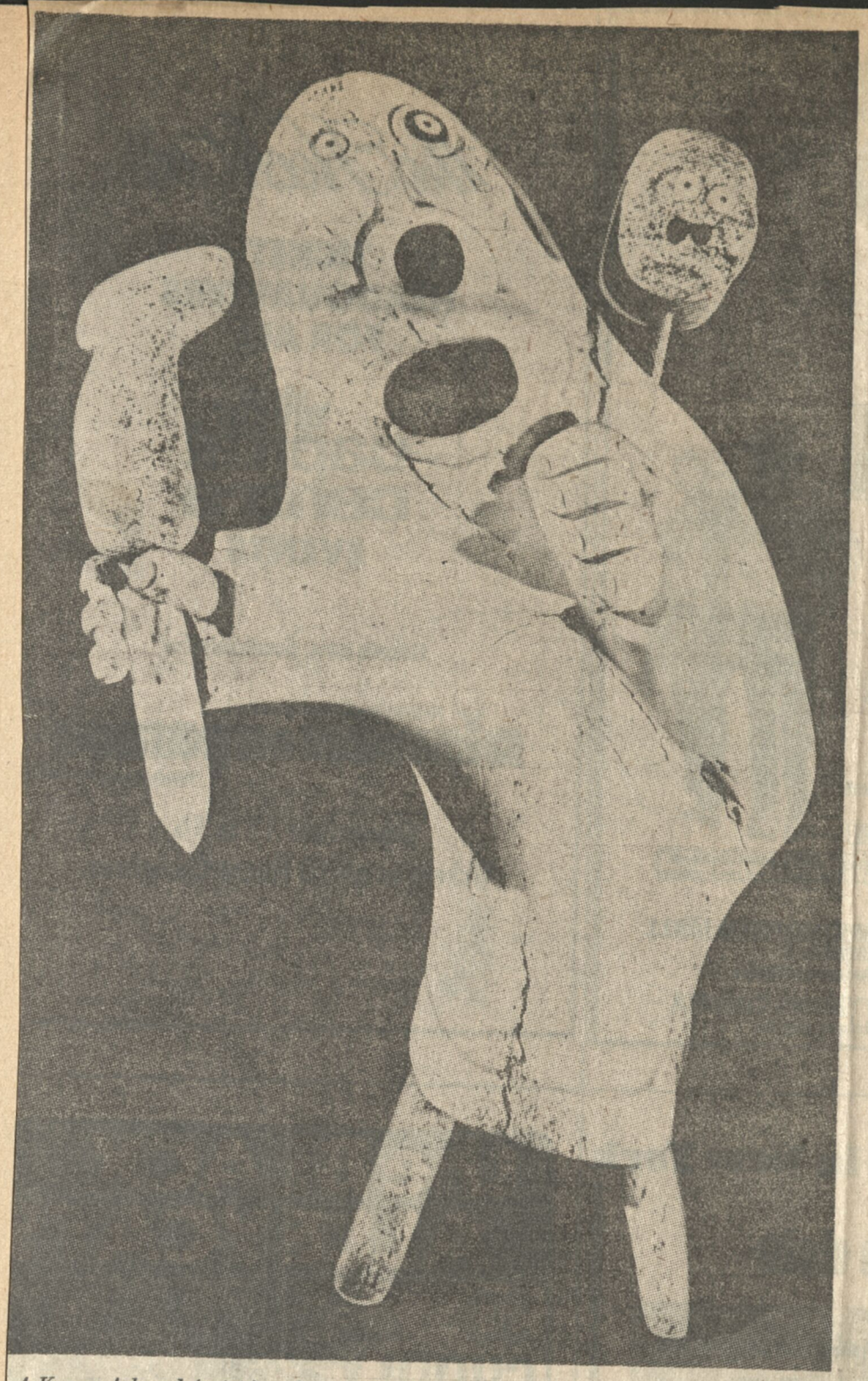
"So the quest has begun," the "Globe" reported. "Marine museum directors from Massachusetts to California are seeking information concerning an estimated 30,000 to 70,000 negatives that depict the vanished eras of American whaling and fishing under sails.

"Church used hundreds of his photographs to illustrate his two books, 'Whale Ships and Whaling,' in 1938 and 'American Fisherman' in 1940. But he consistently refused to negotiate with museums who repeatedly sought to acquire the collection.

"George Bowditch, director of the Old Dartmouth Historical Society and Whaling Museum in New Bedford, said the monetary value of Church's collection, assuming it still exists, is questionable. 'But the historical value is immeasurable,' he stated. 'If brought together, it would be a major contribution to the history of whaling.'

"Howard I. Chapelle, curator of Transportation at the Smithsonian Institution, said the photographs are of tremendous importance. 'They cover every phase of whaling and Gloucester fishing,' he added. 'Nothing approaching the collection exists, as far as I know.' "

THE INQUIRER & MIRROR - NANTUCKET, MASS. - THURS 2 JUNE '65



A Karoo Ashevak 'spirit' sculpture: "odd fantastic sculptures made of whalebone inset with ivory and antlers."

Strange, Splendid 'Spirit' Sculptures

By Paul Richard

Before the Spence Bay Cooperative gave him markets, Karoo Ashevak, an Eskimo of 32, was a nomad and a hunter. Now he has a different work.

Ashevak has settled in the new community of Spence Bay, a cluster of small houses in far Northwestern Canada above the Arctic Circle. And there, like many of his neighbors, he now earns a living making works of art.

A selection of his "Spirits," odd, fantastic carvings made of whalebone inset with ivory and antlers, are now on exhibition here at the Franz Bader Gallery, 2124 Pennsylvania Ave., NW.

Were they not so strange and splendid, the value of his "progress"—from wanderer to householder producing for the art world's markets—might seem dubious at best.

That sort of "progress" has degraded many men in many far off lands and many ancient cultures.

A stream of "native handicrafts," fabrics, print and carvings has been ground out for the market. The missionaries once believed that they were saving heathens, and the new missionaries of art, who have organized workshops and cooperatives in Africa and Haiti and lots of other places, seem in many ways as smugly optimistic.

Many of the works whose production they've encouraged have been shown in Washington. Many of them are awful.

Most gift-shop African statuettes, those beaded Indian wallets, those "modern" Persian rugs, look cheap and spurious, somehow drained of spirit. Produced by coolie labor, and at coolie wages, they are parodies of great traditions, not works of art.

But the carvings of Karoo Ashevak aren't like that at all.

Some are frightening, some funny, but all are striking and no two are alike. There is a man behind them. They do not merely mimic, they extend and they enhance the rich Eskimo traditions they so gleefully acknowledge.

Those who have seen him work say that Karoo Ashevak laughs often as he carves. Look upon his sculptures and you understand his joy. Otherwordly birds sit on eggs of sea-smoothed stone, tongues loll from open mouths, hands appear in mittens, strange faces of all sorts, some human and some otherwise, stare the viewer down.

Ashevak works with whale bone. Once a year, for 40 days, the artists of Spence Bay fly to Fort Ross and Somerset Island to gather their materals in the whale graveyards left by generations of Eskimo and European whalers. The most beautiful whale bone is fossilized. Using file, saw and drill, Karoo Ashevak conjures bizarre visions from those already wondrous shapes.

There are other works by other Eskimo artists from Spence Bay and Cape Dorset included in the show at Bader's, but beside the carvings of Ashevak, they all seem to somehow pale. The show closes Dec. 31.

ONE-MAN 'MOBY DICK'

Eve. Star (DC.) Wed 2 Feb 72

Medium Defeats the Message

By DAVID RICHARDS
Star Staff Writer

There may be a certain grandeur to the notion of turning "Moby Dick" into a one-man stage show, but like many grandiose projects that tickle the fancy of man, it is not without a certain folly, as well.

Personally, I have my doubts that such a feat can be accomplished, and Jack Aranson's tussle as both adapter and solo performer for the Herman Melville novel has not put me in a different frame of mind.

Billed simply as "Moby Dick," it opened last night at Ford's Theater, where it will run through Feb. 13.

Melville painted a vast fresco that plunged the full depths of the ocean and soared beyond the tallest masts. Yet, great as that landscape is, the whole uncharted territory of good and evil that haunted the novelist is even greater. "Moby Dick" is woven with a metaphysics that reconciles itself poorly to the humble planks of the stage.

FOR THE OCCASION, Aranson has broken the novel into 16 scenes and only slightly fewer characters, all of whom he interprets either by changing his voice or his stance or his position on Stuart Wurtzel's wooden platforms. The changes are not drastic—a subtle crook in the leg, a new rasp to the voice but neither are they especially clear. Aranson resorts to Ishmael's narration periodically to help things along. But here, too, Melville often defeats him with a dense, inverted prose that is difficult to grasp on the printed page, let alone on the spoken stage.

The results are muddled. Aranson is not adding a new dimension to the novel,which is really the only justification for this sort of undertaking. He is simply sowing more confusion. The evening does not even have the advantage of pulling the story line into a hard, identifiable shape. No doubt, purists would balk at that tactic, but it is mandatory if more than a band of Melville devotees is to be content.

There is another, graver problem. The mechanics of the evening take precedence over the material. The how displaces the what—the actor's devices get in the way of a story well told. The quick turns back and forth that serve to define a dialogue, the distant echo in the voice as it supposedly wafts from a passing ship, the unknotted handkerchief that becomes a priest's stole work their own kind of fascination, not Melville's.

AT THE CLIMAX of the chase—with the crew rowing furiously after the white whale, the maniacal Captain Ahab bellowing orders, the sea foaming and the harpoons flying—Aranson quite frankly has his hands full and watching "Moby Dick" is perilously close to watching a one-man badminton match.

Such a match is conceivable, but the spectators, I suspect, would be less caught up in the outcome than in the simple dexterity of the act.

Since Aranson is an accomplished actor, it is not beyond him to mold some of Melville's brooding lines into a vivid stage image, and now and then he seizes upon the fleeting essence of a character. But these moments never build up the collective force that might propel us into the deeper recesses of Melville's tale.

Aranson has my admiration for trying. Getting "Moby Dick" onto the stage is, however, just not a one-man job.

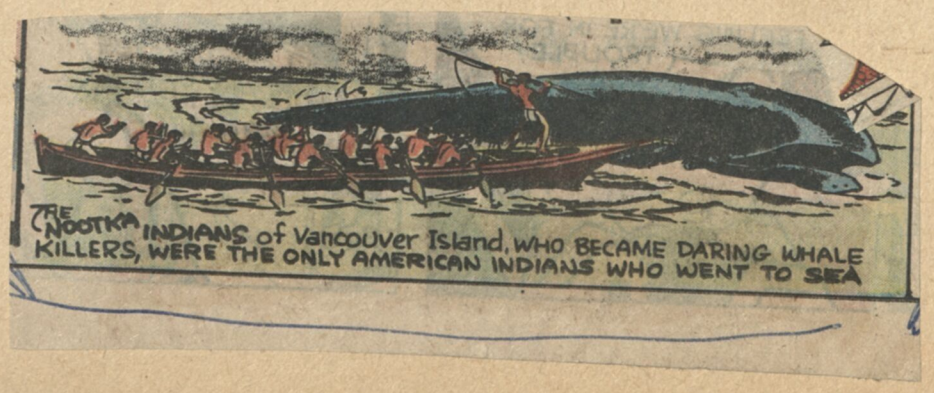
Driving around with a whale on your truck is bound to attract some attention, as Mr. Mead discovered when he stopped for coffee that night. A burly truck driver burst into the all-night diner, asked who belonged to the "big fish" out in the parking lot, and prevailed upon Mr. Mead to sit tight until he could "run home and bring my old lady." By the time Mr. Mead finished his coffee, the driver was back with his wife, clad in a bathrobe and slippers, and both were poking at the whale.

Street Full of Kids

The next morning he parked the truck and whale outside his Arlington, Va., home, where he was catching a few hours of sleep before driving on to the museum. He awoke to find the "street full of kids" from a nearby grade school. Some had spotted the whale on the way to school and persuaded their teachers to bring their classes out to see it. "I spent a half hour or so lecturing on whales," he recalls.

Jim Mead obviously enjoys talking about whales. And one thing that makes his job "lots of fun," he says, resting mud-encrusted boots on the edge of his desk, is that truck drivers, schoolkids and just about

Please Turn to Page 37, Column 5



Seeking Earth's History in Maryland

By Gail Werner and Penelope Lemor

CALVERT CLIFFS, Md. —As we slid down the thick twisted rope to the bottom of Calvert Cliffs, we were glad to be wearing dungarees and sneakers. The drop wasn't too steep and perhaps the geologists and palentologists that worked the area simply jumped. But we were sure other visitors to the fossil beds also chose this dirty but sure way down the red clay chute to the Chesapeake Bay's edge.

From here we could look up at the sandy cliffs of Calvert, staring out majestically over the Bay's western shore, half-concealing, half-revealing her treasure trove of fossils.

For us Calvert Cliffs was an exciting place to climb and see science in action. But to geologists, archeologists and other buffs of the earth's history, they have long been considered a household word. They are one of the richest and largest records of the Miocene Age. Whale, dolphin and porpoise remains exhumed from these cliffs peer out from berths at the Smithsonian, Museum of Natural History, Norfolk Museum and Newark Museum.

Now, however, the general public is able to see Calvert Cliff fossils at Calvert Cliffs. An old tobacco barn has been converted into a temporary museum on the fossil finds. There is also a scenic overlook nearby, which is fitted out with two high-powered telescopes that offer visitors a panoramic sweep of the area.

For a more extensive tour of the fossil dig site, visits can be arranged through the Maryland Academy of Sciences (7 West Mulberry Street, Baltimore, Md., 21201). All-day bus tours run in the spring, summer and fall ($5.50 per person, from Baltimore), but the overlook and fossil museum are open without charge all year.



The lower portion of Calvert Cliffs.

The drive from Washington along Maryland Route 2-4 took us about 1½ hours and crossed the open farm country of rural Maryland. We turned off at the sign designating the site of the Baltimore Gas and Electric's nuclear power plant. Once on the privately owned grounds of the cliffs, the paved road ended and we were caught up in the dust storms caused by our own tires winding through dirt roads and past tobacco fields and barns.

We parked at the overlook and admired the view. Here, 110 feet above sea level, the tree-covered cliffs wind their way for 30 miles along the Bay. Brisk whitecaps lap at the beaches below, and the roll of the Chesapeake may be broken by an occasional crabber, pleasure sailor or fisherman.

We then made our way to the dig site, where we slipped through a narrow green path that ended abruptly at the edge of the cliff. It was here that we began our descent into 20 million years of history. A short way down the path we saw the cut-out steps of earth and the neatly defined checkerboard patterns of string and wood that marked the areas of investigation. These are archeological methods being applied to a geological study for the first time.

The first field project was the cutting out of a core of earth from the head of the cliffs. The hole the scientists dug looked to us like a deep

over to where another dig was taking place—this one of a far different nature but responsible for the activity we had just seen. The Baltimore Gas and Electric Company has been excavating for a $302 million nuclear power plant to be built on part of the cliffs.

As a public service (and perhaps to reduce controversy over possible nuclear pollution and the use of an ancient site for modern industry), the power company set aside a section of their holdings for a two-year geological study. Despite her 300-year fame as a fossil find, up to that point Calvert Cliffs had seen no comprehensive study. Perhaps that was because she has always been so plentiful and accessible—scientists seem to prefer arduous digging in remote locations. Aware that the power plant will put a damper on primary research, scientists went into action.

The Baltimore Gas and Electric Company is particularly interested in the findings. They have discussed plans to translate them into exhibits to form the heart of a tourist park on their 985-acre site at the cliffs. Besides displays on the Miocene Age, there would be expositions on nuclear power. There is also talk of farmlands, forests, artificial lakes, displays of antique machinery and restoration of two colonial houses still on the land.

Fossil pollen, which is yellow like modern pollen, has also been found. This ancient pollen should provide clues as to what plant life was like 20 million B.C.

Ironically enough, for all the loving and laborious sifting done by the scientists, one of the most important finds to date was exhumed at the bottom of the cliffs by nature. Gales of wind in late November of 1968 sheared off a portion of the cliff's surface and unearthed the crushed skull of a 16-million-year-old whale. That find, plus other evidence, indicates the area was probably a whale spawning ground.

As we traced our way along the outline of the steps, the path grew steeper and we had to grab at nearby roots and bushes to keep our balance. We soon reached the 12-foot rope drop that took us to the beach, where we could look up at the uncut cliffs bulging with fossils in the raw —jagged white pieces set into the strata of red, gray and brown earth. Walking along the empty beach, we wondered whether any of the shells within our reach were fossils from an unknown age or remnants of some sea life that met his fate but yesterday. A harsh smell of fish clung to everything and seemed out of place with the aged-looking fan-shaped shells.

After wandering about and examining the cliffs, we climbed back up and looked

berth for a flagpole but it measured 4 inches wide by 338 feet deep by 50 million years old.

In a series of diggings under the direction of the Maryland Academy of Sciences, a diagonal slope was cut down on the side of the cliff from the top to ground zero on the Chesapeake, according to Abraham Bates, assistant director of the private, non-profit Academy.

This, in turn, was converted into the series of deep steps, each 10-foot-wide step going back half a million years in time, from late Miocene into sediment that comes from the Upper Choptank Formation. A period of approximately 5 to 6 million years is covered.

From the earth sampling, from fossil finds, and from other data gathered at this windy location, researchers hope to piece together what life was like in the area 14 million years before the dawn of man.

We could visualize the khaki-clad geologists with their tooth-brushes and tiny shovels painstakingly sifting the sand for remnants of teeth and bone.

The fossil finds so far have been making science headlines. In addition to remains of ancient crabs, snail and other shellfish, the teeth of Miocenean mini-horses and of 7-foot elephants have been found imbedded in the cliffs. Only four such mastodon teeth have been uncovered in the world.

Ships crushed like eggshells in loss of 33 arctic whalers



The same marine tradition that shaped Atlantic's insurance protection for lost New Bedford ships produces better insurance for you today

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If There's a Whale on Your Beach, The Man to Summon Is Jim Mead

If There's a Whale Lying on Your Beach, Let Jim Mead Know

Smithsonian Expert Relishes Chances to Poke and Probe, Even Take Home Carcasses

W.S.J. ——— Tues 29 Jan 1974

By CAROL H. FALK
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

WASHINGTON—James G. Mead collects whales.

In fact, he's the world's foremost collector of whales, dolphins, porpoises and any other marine mammals he can get his hands on. Small models of them hang from a colorful mobile in his office at the Smithsonian Institution here, and some 6,000 skeletal specimens of the real things fill storage cases on a lower floor of the Smithsonian's Museum of Natural History, where he's curator of marine mammals.

Air-Freighted Whales

So the Smithsonian maintains a special telephone line for incoming reports of beached whales, dolphins, porpoises and other marine mammals as far away as Canada or the Pacific Coast. If the animal is more than an all-day or all-night drive from Washington Mr. Mead usually requests that scientists or volunteers on the scene photograph and measure it, take tissue samples and, sometimes, freeze the whole carcass and air-freight it to the Smithsonian.

But often the work falls to Mr. Mead himself, a lean, bearded and blue-jeaned type who looks like he's at home out of doors. He uses a four-wheel drive flatbed truck equipped with a winch and hydraulic system, donated to the program by the Ford Motor Co.

Should a dead whale wash up on your beach, assuming your beach is somewhere between Cape Cod and Charleston, S.C., Jim Mead probably will be delighted to arrange for its removal, free of charge, before it ripens and smells up the whole neighborhood. First, though, he likely will measure the hulking corpse, do an autopsy, remove at least the skull for his collection in Washington and pack away some tissue samples for additional analysis later. Beachcombing for whales in what he calls his "marine mammal salvage program" is the primary way he adds to his scientific collection, and it's so rewarding for him personally that he describes it as "kind of like Christmas."

Mr. Mead and other scientists like to study dead whales because it's both cheaper and easier than studying live ones, many of which are "ship-shy" Besides, a whale obviously has to be dead before you can perform an autopsy, which provides valuable data on such things as stomach contents, reproductive condition and the effects of pollution.

Mr. Mead found out one night last December that the truck can carry a whale as long as 22 feet. To be exact, 18 feet of a dead infant fin whale was on the truck itself, with another four feet hanging over the back end to the ground. Mr. Mead had retrieved the carcass at Cape Henlopen, Del., and the trip back to Washington "wore about an inch off the tip of the tail," he reports. Such massive hauling jobs aren't all that common, because usually Mr. Mead just performs a rough autopsy on the beach, arranges for disposal of the carcass and returns to Washington with samples. But in cold December weather, "the whole world was a freezer" and he knew the whale would keep until it could be weighed and dissected.

Continued From Page One

everybody else are almost as fascinated with the great beasts as he is.

Mr. Mead, who has a Ph.D. in biology and a master's degree in geology, points out that surprisingly little is known about the various mammals that live in the ocean depths, with the exception of the varieties of whales that have been commercially hunted and the bottlenose dolphin, which is easily kept in captivity.

He estimates that the 29 recorded stranding incidents in 1973 accounted for only "about half the strandings of large whales and about a tenth of the strandings of smaller cetaceans" on the East Coast. (Cetacea are the biological order of aquatic mammals to which whales, dolphins and porpoises belong.)

The need to spread the word about his program is one reason he's willing to use up much of an afternoon talking with a reporter, even though he's in the midst of a crisis. A shipment of "frozen things" has just arrived at Dulles Airport and nobody is available to pick them up. "Everybody on the West Coast decided to clean out their freezers at the same time," he remarks, explaining that this batch of tissue samples came from the National Marine Fisheries Service in San Diego.

Crises of this sort are fairly common for Mr. Mead, who runs his salvage program with one part-time assistant, using a temporary laboratory and borrowed freezer and storage space. His office looks like it belongs to a university professor, crowded as it is with books and lab cases and adorned with photos of salvaged whales and a huge wall map of Newfoundland and the Grand Banks. This particular afternoon is interrupted by frequent phone calls, including one that involves a lengthy discussion about the difficulty of getting an exact measurement of a dorsal fin.

Of course, if a whale is washed ashore alive, Mr. Mead does everything possible to save it. On Jan 3, 1973, a sickly young Blainville's Beaked Whale was stranded at Beach Haven, N.J., and was kept alive for three days, first in a private swimming pool and later in the New York Aquarium.

During that time, Mr. Mead was able to see what no scientist ever had—how the blow hole functions in this kind of whale. "The breath is directed forward over the snout instead of straight up into the air, as is the case with larger whales," he reports. As a result, he theorizes that the species mightn't be as rare as is generally thought; it just may be that their subtle spouting method makes them almost impossible to spot at sea.

No Coincidence

The big disadvantage of researching beached whales is that the sampling is distorted. "They are on the beach for a reason +they're sick or they were struck by a vessel, and so the distribution on the beach doesn't necessarily reflect the natural distribution," Mr. Mead explains, noting that "one gets an abnormal number of very young and very old animals."

He did hit something of a jackpot last October, when 35 pilot whales were stranded on an island south of Charleston, S.C., and, a few days later, 50 more were stranded on a North Carolina beach. Mr. Mead is pretty sure the double stranding was more than coincidental, for almost all of the animals had parasites in the middle-ear cavity and one sinus.

"Bachelor Schools"

This finding, combined with a similar condition observed after two other mass strandings on the Atlantic Coast, "suggests that parasitic damage to the ear may interfere with the echo-location system of the animals," he explains. He suspects the Carolina strandings involved two separate schools of whales that chanced to eat the same set of contaminated food. To determine the rate at which pesticides accumulate in whale tissue, the Smithsonian took tissue samples from 53 animals of all ages.

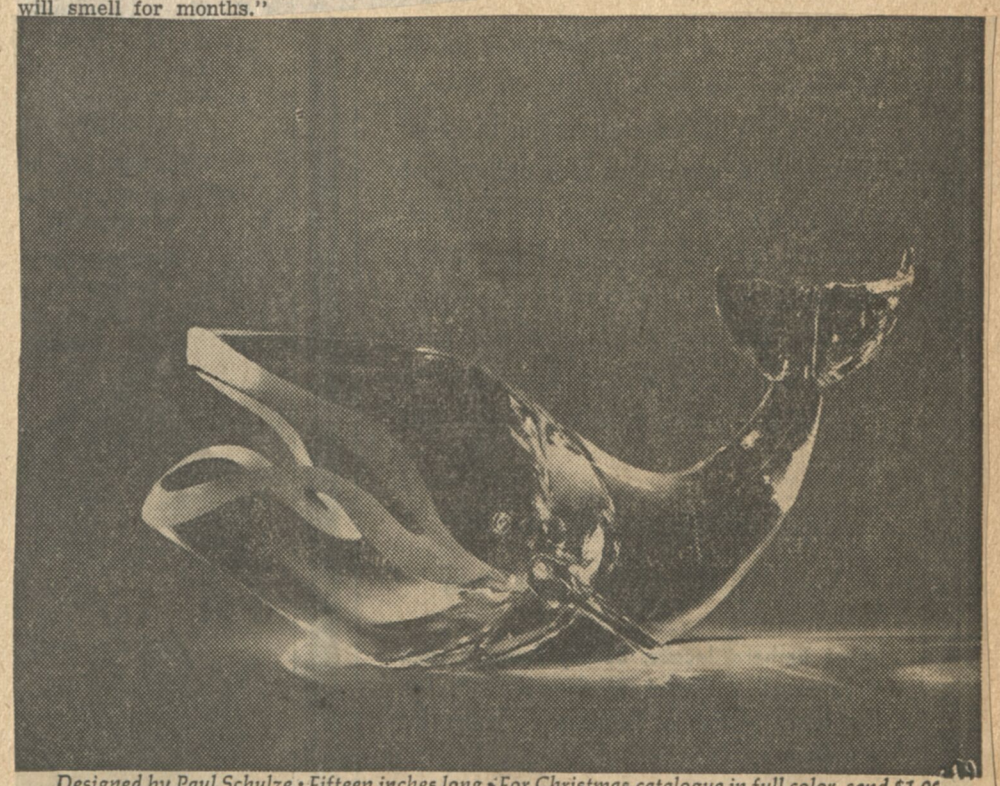
However, even a whole school may not be representative of the distribution of the population in the ocean. The beached pilot whales included twice as many females as males, probably because they were breeding, or family, schools. The immature males hang around in "bachelor schools."

The Smithsonian's marine mammal research program is still at an early enough stage that Mr. Mead says it will take "whatever we can get" in the way of specimens. "The further we get from Washington the less choosey we are," he adds.

But since Mr. Mead can hardly go dashing off after every whale that turns up, say, off Baja California or Newfoundland, he hopes to prepare a handbook that would help laymen volunteers collect preliminary data for him. "Anybody could learn in an afternoon to find the liver and heart and drop them in preservative," he says. In fact, a Long Island high school biology class dissected a beached whale as a class project about a year ago, sending samples of such things as parasites and stomach contents to scientists around the world.

And certainly a layman should have no trouble locating a beached whale. "You can smell a big whale for several miles when it's really ripe," explains Mr. Mead. "And it will smell for months."





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Seals, Whales Face Threat in Major Oil Spill

By Austin Scott
Washington Post Staff Writer

The threat of a disastrous oil spill hovered over the gray waters off Nantucket Island yesterday as a grounded tanker wallowed like a wounded animal, spewing geysers of oil out of two open vent holes with every slap of the heavy seas.

The slowly growing spill spread an oily sheen over 25 square miles of ocean by midafternoon, causing the Coast Guard to classify it as "major" because more than 100,000 gallons had leaked from the crippled Argo Merchant's tanks, loaded with 7.6 million gallons of heavy industrial fuel oil. A special Coast Guard oil cleanup team said Saturday that the leaking ship would split if the weather worsened.

In addition to threatening the Cape Cod beaches and fish and shellfish breeding waters, the spill is a potential threat to Muskeget Island, the only feeding and breeding area in U.S. waters for the gray seal.

It also is in the migratory path of the large humpback whales, which at this time of year ought to be passing through on their way south to breed in warmer waters.

Dr. Howard Winn, a University of Rhode Island oceanographer, said there may be "as many as eight or 10" gray seals living near the island. While rare in U.S. waters, the gray seal is not on the endangered species list because there are "thousands" in Canadian waters, he said.

Winn estimated that there are about 800 humpback whales in the Atlantic coastal population. Humpback whales live in small populations all over the world, he said, but the Atlantic coastal school is the largest.

The special Coast Guard oil cleanup team arrived in the area Friday, but modern technology was helpless against gale force, 40-knot winds, 15-foot seas and near-freezing temperatures.

The forecast was for the winds to gradually diminish by early morning to small-craft-warning levels of 25 miles per hour.

Two Coast Guard cutters, a small buoy tender, two tugboats and an empty oil barge circled the 640-foot Liberian-registered ship, which ran aground early Wednesday on shoals 27 miles southeast of Nantucket Island.

Officials had wanted to pump its cargo into the barge, but the high seas prevented that.

"There's nothing we can do until the weather improves," said Coast Guard CWO Joseph Greco.

Improving weather conditions last night eased the battering of the tanker, and the Coast Guard said less oil was spilling, partly because it was congealing in the cold.

A spokesman said low temperatures —in the mid 30s last night—had reduced the tanker's cargo to "the consistency of chocolate pudding."

A Coast Guard team, lowered to the ship from a helicopter, found that the flow of oil into the Atlantic had almost stopped, the spokesman said.

Another Coast Guard officer said that unloading the oil would be a big problem. "You're talking about something the consistency of chocolate pudding or Jello," he said. "You're talking about having to heat that [oil] as the only way to get the cargo back to a liquid state and get it through pipes to a holding barge."

The spokesman said the little oil still oozing from the ship was moving south, away from land.

Mass. Oil Spill Spreads; May Threaten Rare Seal

Associated Press writer Daniel Q. Haney, who flew over the site earlier in the day, wrote: "The stricken ship, seen from a Coast Guard plane about 300 feet above, looks like a child's half-deflated bathtub toy. Listing in an odd, sickly position, the big ship rocks and sways.

"One side dips into the water so that half of the deck is always awash. Even small waves break on the deck and swish across it before splashing back into the ocean. . . .

"Each time a wave bashes into its side, streams of the ship's black cargo shoot into the air through two open vent holes . . .

"In the water, the oil slick extends northwestward in a lazy arc about eight miles long. The patch is dark silver and broken up with large, purplish globs of thicker oil. From the air, these dense accumulations look like giant tadpoles 200 yards across."

So far, winds from the northwest have been blowing the oil away from the popular Cape Cod shoreline and other land areas.

Winn said he thought the greatest danger would be if the ship split and the oil either sank to the bottom, wiping out heavily fished shellfish beds, or headed toward shore, wiping out breeding grounds for many commercial fish.

Either occurrence could wipe out the small herd of gray seals, he said. The humpback whales, which travel in several small herds, "are probably passing by right now," he said. "We're not sure. Nobody's been out there looking. We don't know too much about where they are and what routes they take out there. There's no support for such research."

The whales travel near the surface, Winn said. "The greatest danger I think would be if they were feeding out there and ingested oil, or [broke surface to breathe] and ingested oil vapors," he said.

Massachusetts Environmental Secretary Evelyn F. Murphy said, "A significant spill could result in a tremendous loss of income to fishermen," who comb the area for cod, flounder, haddock and sea scallops.

Nantucket Island called in a private cleanup crew to mop up oil in case the wind shifted and carried the spill northward. But for the most part, officials could do little but wait for the winds to die down.



THE PECTORAL FIN OF A WHALE IS AMAZINGLY SIMILAR TO A HUMAN ARM WITH A "SHOULDER BLADE," AN "UPPER ARM," AN "ELBOW," A "WRIST" AND 5 "FINGERS"

Adventures of a Doctoi and His Exotic Patients



Reviewed by
Eve Auchincloss
The reviewer writes frequently for Book World.

David Taylor, lucky man, does what he loves every waking hour—often 20 out of 24. He never dreamed of being anything but a veterinarian, and a wild animal vet at that. As a child, he mended injured creatures found in the Lancashire fields with more enthusiasm than knowledge; by now he is a highly sophisticated physician, surgeon, and zoologist, but the enthusiasm and energy have not simmered down.

He began his practice normally enough with farm animals and pets, soon extended it to the local zoo, acquired a degree in primate medicine, and often found himself driving 700 miles a day up and down England to treat exotic patients. A lucky encounter with an unusual zoo entrepreneur gave a world-wide scope to his energies: He attended international conferences on whales and dolphins; traveled to the mountains of Pakistan in search of a pygmy sperm whale; (his employers were credulous enough to send him there) around the South China Seas to succor wretched performing dolphins catering to an oriental Flipper craze; to Peking to study animal acupuncture (it works, and he uses it); to Qatar, to find out why the sheikh's prized oryx herd was dying (surrounded by diseased sheep and pigeons, and fed on insecticide-contaminated fodder—but the human attitudes at fault couldn't be changed); to a French town on New Year's Eve to attend a sick dolphin (whose owner cared more about dinner than the dolphin, which was dead by the time Dr. Taylor was permitted to see it—chauffeured from hotel to zoo on a motorcycle expertly driven through downtown traffic by a chimpanzee named Henri).

Book World

ZOO VET. By David Taylor
(Lippincott. 255 pp. $8.95)

He has won some and lost some, and his accounts of the removal of an elephant's gigantic abcessed tooth under general anesthesia (she died of lung congestion before coming to), the amputation of a bull giraffe's infected toe under a better general anesthetic, the transportation of an 18-foot killer whale from Canada to Lancashire (a touch-and-go job from first to last, with a truckload of popsicles keeping her cool and wet on the last lap) are exciting to the point of agony.

Taylor is quick witted, innovative and deeply sensitive to animals' thoughts and feelings; no one could feel more keenly than he the suffering he has seen inflicted on them, whether from stupidity or malice. But he is unsentimental, and the mere fact that animals are used commercially does not excite him. When he attends to a traveling menagerie, he appreciates the affectionate concern of its owners for their high-diving tigers and performing parrots.

Taylor's love and good humor and abounding energy are apparent on every page, and he knows how important they are: "I am convinced that animals are affected by the mood and will and mental attitude of the humans caring for them. . . . On numerous occasions I have demonstrated, at least to myself, that when I am in a buoyant, thrusting, optimistic frame of mind my cases tend to progress well, whereas if I am depressed or preoccupied I seem to lose a psychic element of influence for which medicines and surgery cannot compensate."

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Signed Preface by Jacques-Yves Cousteau

MOBY DICK is rich in observations about man in constant struggle with his environment. The relevance of this theme to modern society and the fate of the whale is poetically and sensitively described in the Preface written for this edition by Jacques-Yves Cousteau. An outstanding oceanographer, courageous explorer, and sincere humanitarian, Captain Cousteau is dedicated to the expansion of man's knowledge of nature and the sea. Each copy of this volume has been hand-signed by Captain Cousteau at the conclusion of his meaningful preface.

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For Young Readers



Illustration by William Steig for "Amos and Boris."

By GEORGE A. WOODS

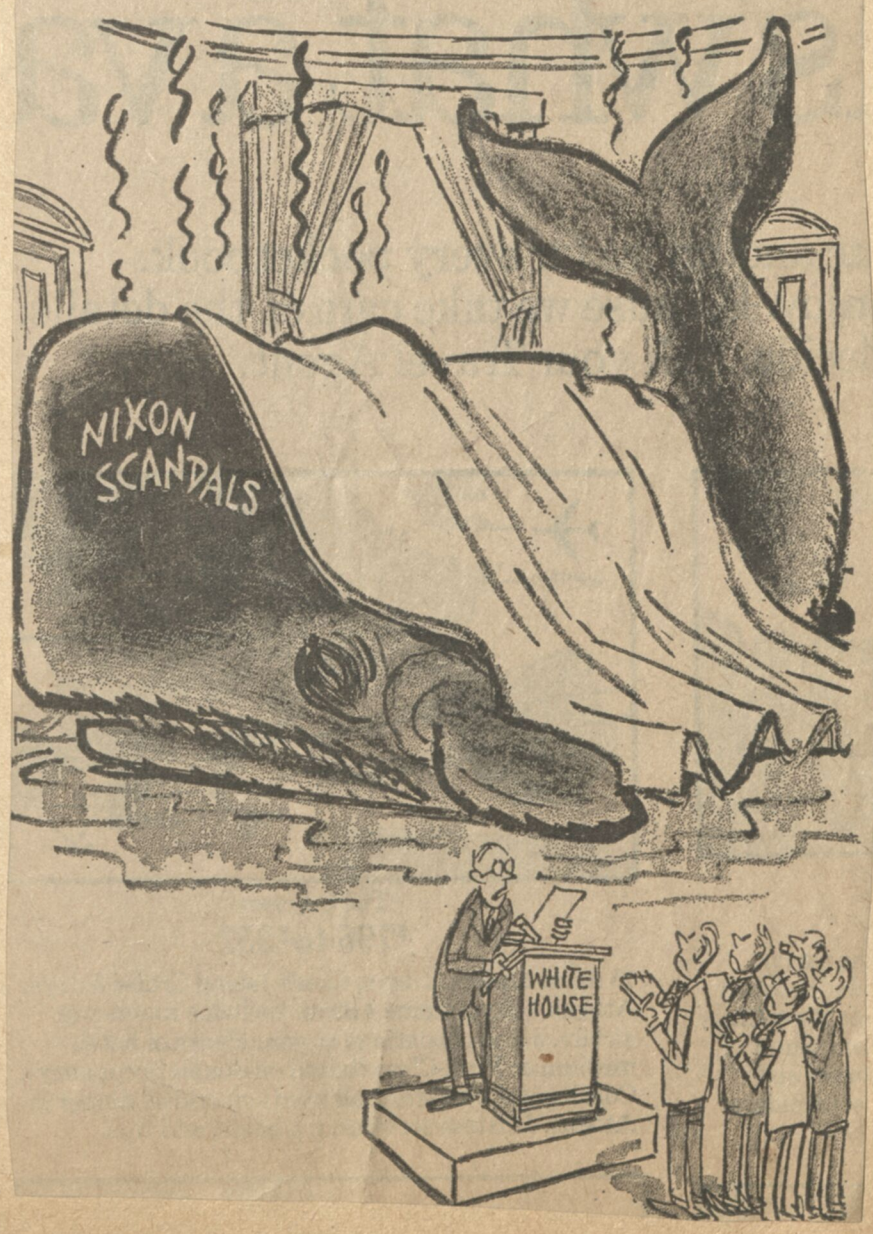
That's Boris being tempest-tossed across the top of this page. In a little while he's going to be a beached whale "lying high and dry on the sand, losing his moisture in the hot sun." Do you think that Amos, "a mote of mouse," will be able to help him then? For the answer to the first question you'll have to read William Steig's picture book, **AMOS AND BORIS** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50). I'll give you a little of Steig's story about the meeting between these two disparate-sized mammals. Years before Amos had answered the sea's call: studied navigation at night, built a snug craft, stocked it with provisions and set sail "full of love for life." Unfortunately one night, pondering the enormity of the universe and the star-studded sky, Amos rolls over the side and has other things to think about: "What would it be like to drown, would it feel just awful, would his soul go to heaven, would there be other mice there?" That's when he meets Boris and gets a week's ride by whaleback. He comes to admire "the bulk, the grandeur, the power, the purpose, the rich voice, and the abounding friendliness of the whale" and Boris admires "the delicacy, the quivering daintiness, the light touch, the small voice, the gemlike radiance of the mouse." In a word the reason is friendship.

Meanwhile back to Steig at his typewriter and drawing board. Immediately apparent here is this author's progress as a *writer* for children ("concealed virtuosity" the jacket hints). Before, it was illustrations that offered the primary gratification; now it is description and thoughts expressed that are most noticeable and sustaining, e.g.: Amos, lying on the deck and gazing at the sky "a little speck of a living thing in the vast living universe, felt thoroughly akin to it all." The reader, too, is given some words to nibble on: sextant, plankton, phosphorescent; yet the blend of fantasy and fate is preserved.

Steig's illustrations for "Amos and Boris" are deceptive. There's not the posed balladry of "Roland the Minstrel Pig," not the volcanic splash of "The Bad Island" or the colorful romanticism of "Sylvester and the Magic Pebble." (And do you know that silly dispute about pigs dressed as policemen still reverberates?) Here the palette is muted; a coat of orange paint on the boat, a spot or two for the sun and its reflection on the water. Soft grays, greens and blues predominate for the two friends and the eternal sky and sea.

Remember the ending of another mouse's story, "Stuart Little"? I've always believed that I'll round some bend in life and come upon a mouse in a tiny motorcar searching for the bird Margalo. Amos isn't in Stuart's class, but I feel that some day I might find a tiny ship, all sails set, stocked with cheese, biscuits, honey and wheat germ, bobbing on the waves.

"I Am Authorized To Say, 'What Whale?'"



'Fellini's Casanova': Bed and Bored

CASANOVA, From B1

ing back on his look-at-that-but-ain't-it-awful obsession with the sins of the flesh. The picture might as well be called "Fellini Satyricon Goes to Venice." And then Paris, and Rome, and Parma, and London, and Dresden and Wurtemburg, all reproduced on the soundstages of Cinecitta through the artful manipulation of Giuseppe Rotunno's lush, moody cinematography and Danilo Donati's opulent costumes and sometimes bizarrely stylized sets which include such apparitions as an abbey located on a miniature island in a sea of billowing vinyl.

It's astonishing how rapidly the scenario gets stuck in a rut, both technically and erotically. Fellini appears to have only two basic scenes, which are restaged in different locations: strenuous sexual encounters in which Casanova and his partners go at each other until their eyeballs roll up and their tongues hang out, and dinner party scenes populated by dissipated, cadaverous guests.

For variety there's a dinner party where the host acts in a pantomime sex act and another where Casanova is induced to compete in a fornication contest with a young servant.

Fellini has a perfect right to consider Casanova a reprehensible fellow. He probably was in many respects. However, it's extremely difficult to get in the denunciatory daze that Fellini seems to find necessary for depicting Casanova, whose legend has become something of a joke by now, the sort of thing you'd expect a Gene Wilder or Woody Allen to burlesque or satirize.

Ultimately, Fellini seems to do a patronizing flip-flop: His exaggerated outrage turns into exaggerated pity. The Casanova at the fadeout resembles the heros of Fellini's former protege, Lina Wertmuller. He starts as a shameless male chauvinist but ends as a wrecked romantic, the poor deluded slob who can never solve the infinite, ravenous mystery that is Woman.

Fellini's Casanova, played by a severely coiffed, costumed, made-up and manipulated Donald Sutherland, pursues a couple of Impossible Dreams that would be devastatingly funny in a movie with a satiric context: In London he lusts in vain after a childish giantess attended by two dwarfs; in Wurtemburg he has a night of love with a mechanical woman, a life-size wood-and-porcelain toy impersonated with creepy effectiveness by Adele Angela Lodojice.

Fellini's calculations are so peculiarly askew that these potential howlers seem engineered to evoke pathos. Working in English for the first time may have contributed to the miscalculation. Fellini appears to have trusted to the stilted dialogue to convey some of his ironic, humorous intentions, but it has the boomerang effect of making the film, rather than the 18th century, sound arch and pompous.

Poor Sutherland, cast in the first place because Fellini thought him fascinatingly faceless—"I was struck by Donald's vagueness, the sense of mystery and indetermination in his face . . . a face with features like water that exist and don't exist, an almost urcorporeal presence"—must also bear the brunt of bad dialogue.

His performance might not seem half as embarrassing if we weren't able to *hear* his familiar light voice struggling with such snappy invective as "You pox-ridden bawds!" or such sweet nothings as "Your laughter is like the laughter on the face of an Etruscan tomb: radiant yet sepulchral." At the start of production Gore Vidal was listed as the dialogue writer. Luckily for Vidal, his name does not appear in the final credits.

The moral of this chronicle of corruption is expressed with stultifying clarity: Fornicate all the time and you'll turn into a machine. Casanova is shown pacing his sexual exertions to a machine, a mechanical bird that moves up and down and flaps its wings when wound up. The sex scenes themselves are staged and photographed to make Casanova suggest a fevered piston and his partners so many insatiable (and ultimately disabling) cylinders. At the end he's left a broken-down old bird.

Since few people in the audience are likely to consider themselves as active as Casanova, Fellini's message seems destined to fall on deaf ears, or at least ears somewhat abused by the clumsy dialogue. Fellini frowning at sin always makes one smirk. The disapproval appears to be a way of protecting his flanks, figuratively speaking, from charges of reveling in corruption, a technique that may become second nature to many Catholic artists.

I've never been able to work up the incentive to sample the memoirs of Casanova, a Venetian adventurer, gambler, scholar and man-of-the-world who lived from 1725 to 1798. The work fills 12 volumes, and the standard judgment seems to be that it's extremely valuable as social history and not to be trusted as autobiography.

It would be difficult to adapt such a work adequately under the best of circumstances, and it's possible that the redundant aspects of the movie's sex scenes aren't entirely the fault of Fellini and his co-writer, Bernardino Zapponi. However, Fellini distorted the work of an earlier man-of-the-world, Petronius, severely enough to make one doubt if he was the ideal artist to approach Casanova with equanimity or a saving sense of humor.

I have a hunch he may have missed the same kind of satiric opportunity Kubrick missed with his dreary adaptation of Thackeray's "Barry Lyndon." At this late date characters like Barry and Casanova beg to played for comedy: Their rampant male chauvinism and sexual opportunism ought to be manipulated to amuse supposedly enlightened modern audiences in the same ambivalent way Archie Bunker's bigotry does.

The London episode may reveal more about Fellini than one wants to know. The enigmatic sea monster from "La Dolce Vita" reappears as a beached whale, and we get to go inside the whale yet. What we discover inside is a magic lantern show, devised by Roland Topor, the author of "The Tenant" and writer-director-animator of "The Fantastic Planet." The slides illustrate different aspects of the same obsession: the vagina as some kind of voracious monster. Well, well, you ask yourself, is that what's been haunting Fellini all this time? If so, how quaint, and how trite.

Fellini may be inhibited from treating Casanova with lighthearted disdain by getting certain anxieties and vanities of his own mixed up with the protagonist's. By all rights the competition between Casanova and the young servant should end with Casanova suffering a terrible setback. The fact that it doesn't makes it an elaborately pointless sequence.



Donald Sutherland as Casanova with a dinner guest in "Fellini's Casanova"

WHALERS' PROGENY

On July 14, 1970, President Nixon signed into law a bill which permits the white people of the Ogasawara Islands to enter the U.S. within the next two years regardless of immigration quotas.

Most of the whites on the Ogasawaras are currently citizens of Japan. Most of them are named Washington. They are descended from American seamen who hunted whales in the western Pacific during the 19th century and established liaisons with the island women.

The Ogasawara Islands are located 600 miles southeast of Tokyo and are administered by the Tokyo Municipal Government. Iwo Jima is the most famous of the islands. It is the one on which 4600 Americans and 20,000 Japanese were killed in 1945. The United States occupied the Ogasawara Islands from 1945 to 1968, then returned all 32 of them, only three of which were inhabited, to Japan.

Of the 750 Japanese islanders, 175 are descended from the American whalers who first set foot on the Ogasawaras in 1830. The others belong to the yellow race. The whites are members of 40 families.

To date none of the Caucasian residents of the islands wants to immigrate to the United States. It is expected that eventually some of the young people may change their minds.



The five Greek Revival buildings at Sailors' Snug Harbor face Richmond Terrace and the Kill van Kull, a waterway separating Staten Island and New Jersey.

New York Bails Out Sailors' Snug Harbor

City Agrees to Purchase Outstanding Greek Revival Complex

Herman Melville found a symbolic haven there, and aged seamen found an actual one. Now, Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island, N.Y., will open its doors to the public under a plan announced February 2 by Mayor John V. Lindsay. The city has agreed to purchase six buildings, five of which are described as among the most important Greek Revival landmarks in the country. The sixth, a "Roman villa" chapel (*c.* 1854), and 13 acres of land also are part of the preservation plan.

The main administration building will become the new home of the Staten Island Museum. Funds from the museum's capital program (under $2 million) will be used to facilitate the purchase.

Demolition Prevented

Several hundred retired mariners who reside at the Harbor as others have done since the 1830's will move to modern adjacent buildings when they are constructed. This is the arrangement that the trustees of Sailors' Snug Harbor have sought for two decades—with the exception that they originally had hoped to demolish the historic structures in order to give the seamen a nostalgic view of a nearby waterway.

The Landmarks Preservation Commission of New York City and private citizens fought that plan for years, many of them in the courts. The Harbor complex was among the first 20 landmarks designated by the new Commission in 1965. Sailors' Snug Harbor at one point became a test case of the city's power to designate landmarks and regulate their protection.

Opened in 1833

The unusual haven for aged seamen was founded in 1801 under the will of Capt. Robert Randall. To provide for its maintenance, this son of a privateer leased his 21-acre estate in Greenwich Village near Washington Square; proceeds from this property to this day support Sailors' Snug Harbor.

Construction of the Ionic-order buildings began in 1831 and continued through 1880. The four dormitories and the main building are connected by covered walkways. Interesting details such as a cast iron balcony railing and leaded colored glass skylights enrich the main building, while the other four are plainer.

Melville's Haven

The serene setting of Sailors' Snug Harbor on the Kill van Kull proved a welcome port to the able-bodied sea-loving as well as the aged. Among these was the family of Herman Melville. Thomas, the author's younger brother and a naval man himself, gained an appointment as governor of the home from 1867 until his death in 1884. Herman Melville was intrigued by the figurative safe havens provided by the Harbor as much as by the actual solace he found on Staten Island. Other members of the Melville family lived at Sailors' Snug Harbor, which was the scene of frequent family gatherings.

As the 20th century's old-age benefits and pensions gradually replaced the need for private homes such as Sailors' Snug Harbor, the landmark buildings were continually jeopardized. One church was demolished in 1952 for being no longer of use and too expensive to restore.

The city has set no date for the purchase of the remaining buildings, although a spokesman said it may be "some time." Hopefully, it will be in time.

Beached Whales Found to Have Mercury Poison

SAN DIEGO, Calif. (AP)—A Navy Scientific team says a high level of poisonous mercury — presumably derived from fish in their diet — was found in 28 pilot whales that beached themselves and died on an island off the California coast.

Concentrations of up to 23.9 parts of the poison per million parts of liver tissue were turned up in autopsies of carcasses from the incident Jan. 7, the Naval Undersea Research and Development Centers said yesterday.

A limit of five-tenths of a part per million in fish for human consumption has been set by the Food and Drug Administration.

William E. Evans, head of the Naval Center's marine bioscience division, said the whales died of stranding, not mercury poisoning.

WASH
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FRI. 5 MARCH 71

Statue Returned in Washington to Cameroon Envoy

By FRED FERRETTI

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30—François-Eavier Tchoungui, the Cameroon Ambassador to the United States, formally accepted today for return to his country next week the Afo-A-Kom, the wood carving sacred to the people of the tiny kingdom of Kom in West Cameroon.

In a ceremony at the Cameroon Embassy, Ambassador Tchoungui expressed his "gratitude . . . in particular to The New York Times" and to others "who have morally and materially contributed individually and severally to the discovery and repossession of this priceless African sacred art."

But he said its return only presaged future efforts by his Government to "repossess" other significant art that he said had been taken from Cameroon "by former colonizers or unscrupulous representatives of power and money-mongers."

The Afo-A-Kom, regarded as the manifestation of the religious and political heritage of the 40,000 people in Kom in the grasslands of West Cameroon, was stolen from its royal sanctuary in the summer of 1966 and made its way by a circuitous route to the United States.

It was bought by a New York gallery owner, Aaron Furman, who exhibited it in his Madison Avenue gallery and lent it to various exhibitions. United States Peace Corps workers in Cameroon notified The Times of its disappearance and a two-month investigation disclosed its route out of Africa and the fact that it was in Mr. Furman's gallery.

The Cameroon Government initiated diplomatic moves and the Museum of African Art here volunteered to help in its eventual return.

The statue was bought from Mr. Furman for $25,000 with money donated for the most part by Lawrence Gussman, a New York businessman and president of the Albert Schweitzer Hospital in Gabon, and by the Warner-Lambert Company in New Jersey. Mr. Furman also notified the King, or Fon, of Kom that he wished the statue returned to its homeland.

Today, the Afo-A-Kom, its 64-inch-high red and blue beaded body and its copper-sheathed head gleaming under a crystal chandelier, sat atop a table in the rococo formal dining room of the Cameroon Embassy on Massachusetts Avenue. Diplomats, newsmen and guests sipped champagne and ate hors d'oeuvres awaiting Ambassador Tchoungui and milling about the carving.

Then Warren Robbins, director of the Museum of African Art, flanked by the Ambassador and by David D. Newsom, Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs formally presented the statue to Cameroon.

The statue was briefly on exhibition at the museum and Mr. Robbins played a role in getting the statue back.

Mr. Robbins said that the statue's return was an example of how "through a responsible public press the conscience of countless thousands of Americans has been awakened to the yearning of a people in a small remote kingdom . . . for the return of an object sacred to them." He continued:

Americans are able to translate the concern of the Kom people over the absence of this figure from their midst into the concern, the outrage, that Americans would feel if someone were to remove the priceless documents enshrined in our sacred house called the National Archives, or if someone were to defile the statue of our great ancestor figure, Abraham Lincoln, in its sacred grove on the Potomac."

Ambassador Tchoungui said: "The joy of the Cameroon Government and people is beyond expression. However, our desired goal remains that of never to reward any legal or illegal collector."

Then he spoke directly to the Afo-A-Kom:

As for you, eternal tranquillity,
Return hence to your ancestral land.
Return hence to look after the dead
And the living.

You, symbol of love and unity,
be forgetful
Of upheaval and blasphemy.
Your sojourn here has been nothing but a nightmare which will soon vanish.

Forever forget your uncomfortable
Appearance in this sophisticated technology
Whose achievements tend to overlook human considerations.
Return.

The Afo-A-Kom was taken to the National Geographic Society Building late yesterday. There it was wrapped in heavy cloth blankets and brown paper. On Monday it will be flown to New York, and then to the international airport at Douala, in Cameroon. The Cameroon embassy's cultural affairs officer, Johnson Ndimbie will accompany the statue as will Mr. Robbins and Mr. Gussman and a press entourage.



THE KILLER WHALES THAT ARE AS GENTLE AS PUPPIES

THE KILLER WHALE ALTHOUGH ONLY 30 FEET IN LENGTH IS THE MOST VICIOUS DENIZEN OF THE DEEP

-YET THOSE FOUND IN GREAT WATERHOLES IN THE ANTARCTIC ICE NEAR PRINCE GUSTAV CHANNEL ARE SO FRIENDLY THAT, WHEN THEY COME UP FOR AIR THEY CAN'BE PATTED LIKE A LAP DOG

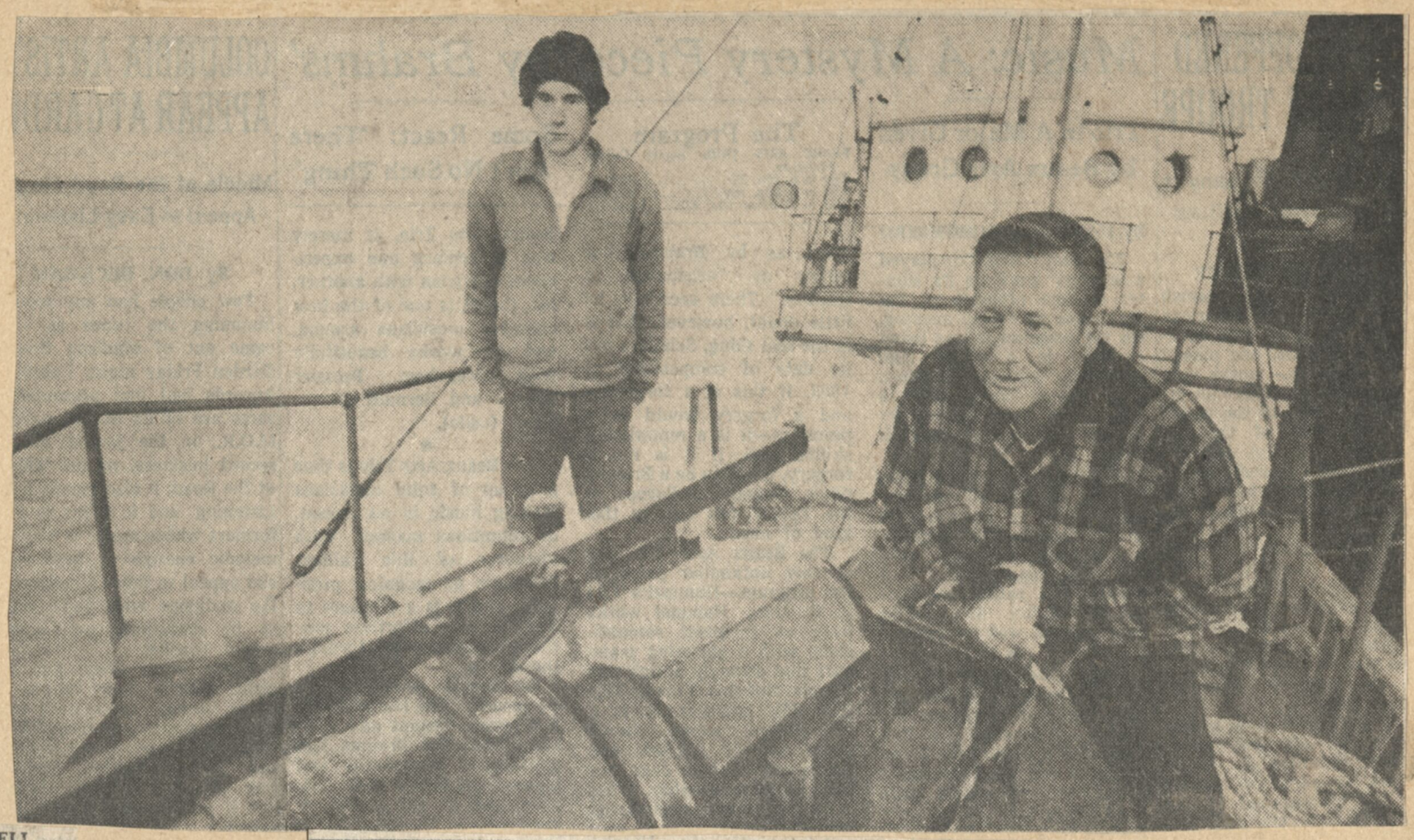


THE CORONET

A BARNACLE WHICH ATTACHES ITSELF TO THE SKIN OF WHALES

LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE A DUCAL CROWN

Last of U.S. Whalers Call It Quits as Era Ends



By EARL CALDWELL
Special to The New York Times

POINT SAN PABLO, Calif., Dec. 18—They had worked through the day stripping the huge harpoon gun off the deck of the Dennis Gayle and now in the late afternoon the job was done.

And as darkness crept in they stood there in the chill on the rotting dock knowing that an era had ended and talking of it with undisguised bitterness.

"It's really sad," said Ed Arnold, a strapping muscular man fondly attached to whaling ships. "But there's no chance ever. It's all over."

Hunting whales was a way of life for Ed Arnold and the leathery men who stood with him on the dock. And the boats anchored here on this remote section of San Francisco Bay were the ones that carried them to sea time and time again.

There was the Dennis Gayle, the boat they affectionately called the champion of all time, and alongside her stood the Allen Cody, the Donna Mae and the Pacific Raider.

Money and Adventure

Once there were as many as 750 whaling ships in the United States, back in the eighteen-fifties when the industry was at its peak. In those days whaling was a substantial part of the economy of such New England communities as Nantucket and provided the base for some of the great American stories of adventure on the high seas.

But that was long ago. Now there are only the four ships, the fleet of the Del Monte Fishing Company, and they have gone out for the last time. When the sun set last Thursday, the last remnant of America's whaling industry passed into oblivion.

Actually the end was signaled last March. That was when Secretary of Commerce Maurice H. Stans announced that all commercial whaling by the United States would be prohibited after this week.

Mr. Stans said that the step was taken to protect the remaining whales from extinction by commercial whalers.

Del Monte was the only company affected by the ruling. In the United States there are no other whaling operations. So when its permit expired this week, with it went the last of an industry that once employed more than 40,000 people.

Four Boats at Dockside

When the whaling season ended this week it ended with the four boats of the Del Monte Fishing Company anchored at dockside in San Francisco Bay.

Because of bad weather, they had not been out since early November. But the last trip was successful. They came back with two 39-foot sperm whales.

Warren Roth, six years a gunner, handled the harpoon deckhand but next year ...

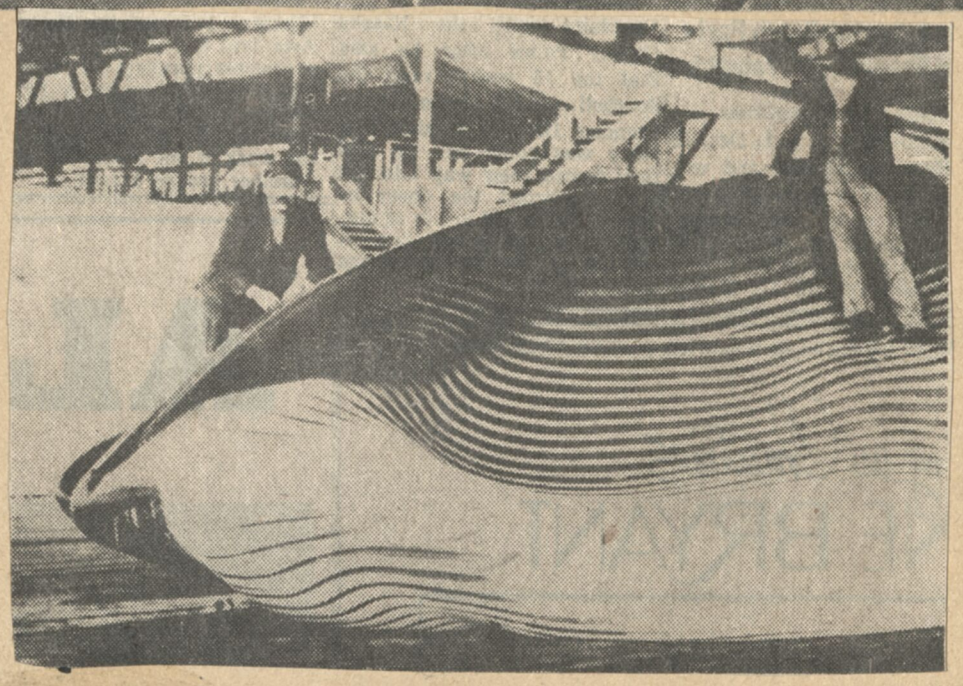
Had there been a next year, he said, he would have gotten his chance as a gunner. It was what he had always wanted. It was what he had worked for. But now his chance would never come.

"I had a perfect record," the youth said. "I never fired and I never missed."

With him there was Ken Hamai, from Japan, a whaler all his life. He is 44 years old now and at the end he captained the Dennis Gayle, a boat that brought back more whales than any other.

"I don't know how many," he said. "Thousands in the last 15 years."

Mr. Hamai has no plans to retire. Instead, he said that he is now considering returning to Japan where he can continue his life as a whaler.



Whalers in 1920's with part of their catch at the Trinidad Whaling Station in California

Perhaps more than anything else, that is what has aroused the bitterness in these men. They cannot go out anymore. Though whaling has been banned in the United States, the Russians and the Japanese continue and together, it is estimated, they take more than 20,000 of the mammals a year.

Average Catch Under 150

Del Monte's average catch, though, was less than 150 whales.

What has also aroused their anger is a ruling by the International Whaling Commission, the body that governs the industry, that will now permit Russia and Japan to hunt whales in the international waters off the state of Washington.

"That's what gets me," Mr. Roth, the gunner, said. "It doesn't make sense. Here we are. We can't even go out but they [the Russians and the Japanese] are allowed to come right in here and take our whales. It just doesn't make sense."

While the men milled around the dock and expressed their anger, Charles Caito sat in his office in downtown San Francisco and talked of what he said was the unfairness of the Government's decision.

"We're really being sacrificed for political motives," he said. "Closing this one small whaling station will not affect the population of whales one way or another."

Mr. Caito pointed out that his operation took less than one half of 1 per cent of all the whales that are killed each year. The Russians and the Japanese take the rest.

Mr. Caito, secretary and general manager for Del Monte, a business operated by his family, said that if the ruling stands he would expect at the least to be compensated for the loss of his business. The next whaling season begins the first of next April and Mr. Caito said he would apply for a license even though he had already been told that none would be issued.

Commerce Secretary Stans ordered the ban on whaling last March after former Interior Secretary Walter Hickel put all whales on the endangered species list. At the same time, the importation of whale meat and oil was also banned.

Although whale oil no longer lights the lamps of the country, although it is no longer used for making soap and whalebone corsets are now relics, there is still a market for whale.

The meat goes into pet and livestock food. The oil is used in cattle feed and in industrial hydraulics and steel tempering. The meal (bony parts) goes into poultry food.

Meanwhile, the men who once hunted whales are beginning to hunt for other jobs. The boats that carried them to sea are being rigged for fishing. And while Mr. Caito says that he plans to continue his fight, it is doubtful that he will be successful.

However, Dale Rice, a marine researcher with the Federal Government, offered some hope when he explained the purpose of the ban as being simply a device to give whales time to replenish themselves.

"And presumably," he said, "the Government will allow hunting again after the herds have built themselves back up to the optimum levels."

But he estimated that this could take as long as 50 or even 100 years.

Beans and Whales

ENGRAVING OF EARLY SPERM-WHALE HUNT



Economic Boost. In its new report, the Washington panel laments that neglect. It emphasizes that jojoba-bean oil could "probably be used as a sperm oil substitute for the complete range of uses." Furthermore, the report notes that growing the dark, peanut-sized beans could provide an economic boost for the impoverished Indian reservations in the Southwest. The hardy, long-lived (up to 200 years) shrubs could readily be cultivated in desert land that has until now been almost totally unproductive. The panel conceded that the start-up costs for a jojoba plantation would be high, but after the plants reach maturity in five years, they would begin to pay off handsomely, even as they were contributing to the salvation of the great sperm whale.

For many years the Indians and early settlers of the American Southwest treasured the oil they pressed from the beans of the wild jojoba shrub. In Arizona and California the jojoba (pronounced ho-*ho*-bah) oil was used as a nostrum for almost every ill: to ease childbirth, as a remedy for cancer, even as a laxative. Spanish colonists liked to rub the waxy, colorless oil on their mustaches. Last week a panel of National Research Council scientists reported that the jojoba bean may also be a panacea for the endangered sperm whale.

The giant sea mammals (up to 60 ft. in length) are relentlessly hunted for the exceptionally fine oil that can be extracted from their tissue and head cavities. Sperm-whale oil and the waxy substance separated from it—spermaceti—are resistant to high temperatures and pressures, and have been used in such varied processes as coating paper and fabrics, manufacturing cosmetics, soaps and candles, cold-rolling steel and lubricating automatic car transmissions, watches and other precision machinery. In an effort to protect the world's dwindling population of sperm whales, in late 1970 the U.S. banned the importation of their oil. Even though other nations, notably the U.S.S.R. and Japan, continued to hunt the whales, the U.S. stockpile of the oil began to dwindle alarmingly, and manufacturers argued that there was no adequate substitute.

In fact, there was. In the 1930s, Robert A. Greene, a chemist at the University of Arizona's College of Agriculture, noted that there was a remarkable chemical similarity between jojoba-bean oil and that of the sperm whale. Other researchers confirmed his findings; the university's Office of Arid Lands Studies still publishes an occasional bulletin called *Jojoba Happenings* to promote cultivation of the bean. But until recently sperm-whale oil was still plentiful, and efforts to substitute jojoba oil did not attract much commercial enthusiasm.

Hair Dye Highlights Secrets Of Seals During Mating Season

By JANE E. BRODY

Superseal, his name glaring from his side in foot-high blond letters imprinted by Lady Clairol hair dye, got up on his haunches, reared back his head and emitted a series of loud, low-pitched grunts.

The grunts were directed at a male elephant seal named George, who was approaching an unnamed female seal.

George, who recognized Superseal as a doughty fellow with whom he had previously fought and lost, backed off quickly. George's mateless fate was settled for this mating season; having lost fights with a dozen other seals, he had no ranking in the rookery.

According to the findings of a painstaking study of elephant seal behavior by Drs. Burney Le Boeuf and Richard S. Peterson of the University of California, Santa Cruz, only a handful of the highest ranking males in the rookery can hold any sway with the hundreds of females.

Mystery of Mating

The two scientists spent six hours a day seven days a week for the better part of last winter and this winter observing the mating behavior of these long-nosed seals from tiny wooden shacks on Año Nuevo Island, off the California coast near Santa Cruz.

Elephant seals were once an important source of blubber, but they were heavily exploited until their number decreased to fewer than 100 at the turn of the century. Naturalists have long wondered what secrets of mating behavior helped them increase their population to about 30,000 today.

The trick to accurate behavioral observations, Drs. Le Boeuf and Peterson said in a recent report, was to mark all the males on the island and keep careful records of encounters between them.

"At first," Dr. Le Boeuf, a psychologist, explained by telephone yesterday, "we weren't sure how close we dared get to these two-to-three ton creatures. They could do a lot of damage, even if they just rolled over on you."

First the scientists tried throwing paint-filled plastic bags at the animals. Then they used a roller at the end of a long pole. Both methods were rather crude, and as the scientists' daring increased, they hit upon the best solution.

"We mixed a strong solution of Lady Clairol bleach in the same plastic applicator the ladies use," Dr. Le Boeuf said. "By dripping this slowly on the animals' pelage [or furry skin] while they were sleeping, we found we could go right up to them and write anything we wanted without waking them up."

Thus the names Superseal, George, Harry, Pinky, Xmas-seal and the like now bedeck the sides and bellies of all the male residents of the Año Nuevo rookery, allowing the scientists to observe their waking behavior from the wooden shack at a safe distance of a few feet to 75 yards.

Dr. Le Boeuf explained that since the animals molt every summer and thus lose their bleached-on names, they were also marked with metal tags so they could be properly identified the following season.

Preliminary findings from this season's observations indicate that last year's top two breeders had fallen by the wayside and that Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8 had risen accordingly in rank.

This year's alpha bull, as the top-ranking male is called, claimed as his share about 60 per cent of the females, Dr. Le Boeuf said.

Establishment of Rank

He explained how ranking was established:

Early each December, at the start of a mating season that lasts through February, the adult males comes to shore and start fighting. A typical fight starts with a confrontation of two males grunting loudly at one another. Then one lunges for the other's neck with its canine fangs, and the fight gets rough.

Finally, the loser sidles off solemnly. The next time these animals meet, a few grunts are sufficient to remind the loser of his lower status.

In mid-December, when the male's dominance hierarchy is fairly well established, the females arrive on shore and gather together in large "pods" like ladies at a coffee klatch.

Soon the males start joining in—the higher their status, the closer they can get to the females. Dr. Le Boeuf likened this mating hierarchy to the pecking order of chickens.

"Unlike other seals and sea lions, these animals don't give a hoot for establishing territory," the psychologist said. "They only fight over females, and their fighting ability is the sole determinant of their mating success."

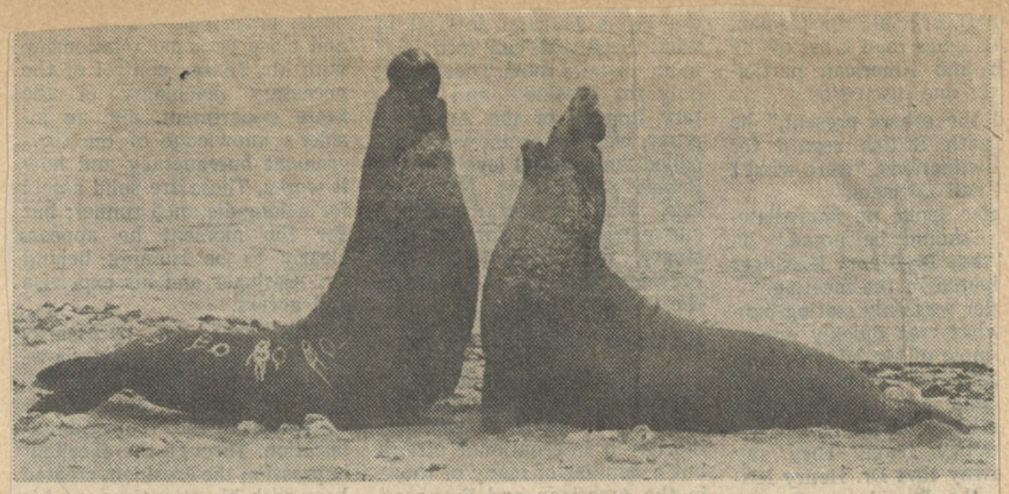
Drs. Le Boeuf and Peterson described their initial observations on mating behavior in a recent issue of the journal Science.

Dr. Le Boeuf said they had also tagged thousands of seals in the five rookeries off the California coast to determine the animals migration patterns. Thus far, they have determined that about 80 per cent of last year's Año Nuevo population returned to the same island to mate this year.

Through an analysis of recorded vocalizations, the scientists have found that each rookery has its own grunting dialect.

Their observations of newborn elephant seals, called pups, showed that the animals nurse for 21 days, tripling their weight to about 300 pounds in that short time. Dr. Le Boeuf explained that the female's milk was about 60 per cent fat, compared to the milk of a good dairy cow, which is about 4 per cent fat.

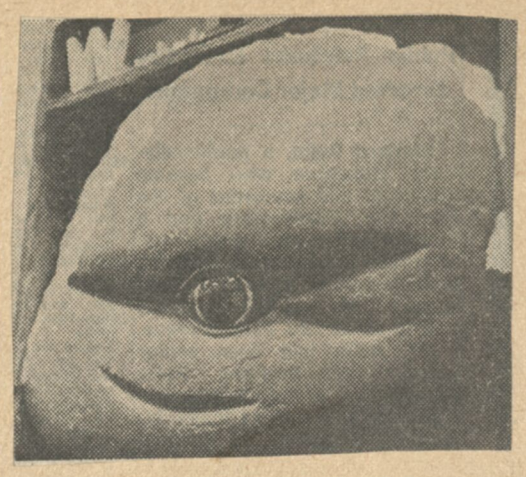
The scientists' observations have not completely solved the mystery of how the elephant seal population grew from 100 to 30,000. But it is not often that so many have been owed to so few.



Male elephant seals squaring off for battle to decide which will have mating rights

Museum Sells Bits of Itself at Fund-Raiser





Items at the museum auction included the glass eye of a whale that used to hang there, the sculpture of the gorilla at left—but not the drinks, which were free—and cast of a frog shown up for sale at right.



By LUCINDA FRANKS

Barbara Johnson paid $530 for a whale's glass eye because as long as she can remember she has loved whales. Lila Healy bought the plaster of paris fin mostly for the memories of when she was young.

"Once you look in the eye of the whale," said Mrs. Johnson, fingering the mottled brown orb set in a raised gray background, "you never forget it."

The fin and the eye were the last remnants of the legendary gargantuan sulphur-bottomed whale which hung in the Museum of Natural History for 62 years and won the affection of New Yorkers, large and small. Hidden away in a disused room with its coat of paint chipped and peeling, the mammal was dismantled three months ago and laid to rest.

The mementoes, salvaged from the heap of iron, wood and plaster, were two of the hottest items among some 70 pieces of memorabilia and other rummage dredged from the bowels of the museum for its second fund-raising auction party Thursday night.

There was a manhole cover wrested from the now-defunct Brooklyn Heights Railroad, all manner of plaster dinosaurs and pachyderms, trips to Mexico and the Bronx Zoo, and even a spider web found in the museum cellar in 1905.

The most expensive item was a portfolio of lithographs of birds by Robin Hill which fetched $1,800; one of the most historic was the gun case of explorer and taxidermist Carl Akeley, whose mounted animals fill two stories of the museum's Akeley Hall. The elaborate cabinet, which even had cubby-holes for clay pigeons, raised $425.

The event, arranged and staffed by the all-volunteer men's and women's committee, gathered together about 500 of the city's rich and cultured—art collectors, nature lovers, theater buffs, and writers. It was well-larded with plainclotes police to protect the museum's treasures and the guests' wallets.

The liquor flowed fast and free and so did the money. The auction netted $32,000 in all.

Mrs. Johnson, president of the board of trustees of the American Folk Art Museum on East 53d Street, bid fiercely for the eye against another whale lover in the museum's Education Hall who matched her until she went over the $500 mark.

The Fin's Appeal

Mrs. Healy, whose husband, Timothy, is on the men's committee of the museum, said the fin, which she bought for $125, was New York to her.

"Ever since I was a child, I have been enchanted by that whale. It represents the city to me. It's like bringing some nostalgia for my childhood into the house," she said, giving the fin, which somewhat resembled an ordinary rock, a loving look.

L. F. Boker Doyle, the auctioneer (broker by day), barked out humorous descriptions of the items while the audience milled about, and chatted. Mr. Doyle's assistants, most of whom could pass for Jay Gatsby, trotted the stuff down the aisle, two-stepping and clowning for the buyers. There was the smell of Chanel, the swish of raw silk and the clinkings of ice cubes.

"The aim is to get everybody so wel-oiled that they buy" said Gardner D. Stout, president of the museum. "It's all worth it, too."

"I think it's marvelous," said Mrs. Henry Clay Frick 2d, a descendant of the art collector, who won for $100, a tour of the museum with Dr. Harry Shapiro, chairman emeritus of the Department of Anthology. "The auction is good for us and for the museum. Dr. Shapiro is the only thing I want this time. I think he's wonderful."

The evening was a social event less designed to raise large amounts of money on the spot than to generate interest in the museum and encourage large future contributions. The main fund-raising drives, which go to make up the museum's $600,000 deficit, solicit corporations and foundations.

The money raised at the auction will benefit the museum's new Natural Science Center, which is being established to help New Yorkers become more involved with their environment. The center's purpose will be to educate people to find "life in the crack in the sidewalk, to become sensitive to the outdoors, to be more aware of their own bodies," in the words of one museum worker.

One of the most intriguing items at the auction was a huge Victorian telephone booth that used to be a pay phone in the museum's basement.

"By Jove, it's big enough for the Watergate Seven," said Charles F. Brush, an anthropologist with the museum, getting into the double-doored booth before he bought it for $100. "It's soundproof!"

"I'm going to move it up to my office on the fifth floor and put my typewriter in it and lock myself in. It's so noisy up there," said Mr. Brush, a tall, loping man with salt and pepper beard.

Mr. Brush, who said he was a millionaire, also bought a slice of the oak which was the hiding place of Connecticut's republican charter which James II's agent tried to steal in 1687. For $1,500.

"This is my way of contributing to the museum and getting something back for it," he said, "and it's tax deductible."

Stephen Spahn, headmaster of the Dwight school, was not so lucky with his bidding. He was attracted by a projection microscope, vintage 1900, from Europe and thought his students would like it.

"It would be great for them to see how an old-time microscope projects an ameoba on a wall. Everything's so compact and plastic these days, there's not as much quality," said Mr. Spahn, who lost out to a bidder who got it for $150.

Richard L. Gelb, president of Bristol-Myers, got a treasure for $325—a solid bronze statue of a runner speeding over a rock and clutching a flag and a sword hilt in either hand. The statue wore an orange napkin which acted as a loincloth of sorts and was ceremoniously whipped off before the bidding.

"I'm the only guy who broke his arm at the age of seven running down the halls of the museum," said Mr. Gelb, lugging the statue in both arms.

". . . And now I'm going to have the first streaker in my neighborhood!" he yelled and toted the boy, legs in flight, down the aisles proudly.



Associated Press

A whale washed ashore was among thousands of birds and other wildlife found dead in the area of King Salmon, Alaska. Officials are still probing the disaster.

Greatest Threat to Sea Life Called DDT, Not Oil Slicks

By Alfred Friendly
Washington Post Foreign Service

LONDON, April 29—The pesticides that increase the harvests from the land imperil those from the sea, an international conference of marine biologists was told here today.

The DDT spread on fields finds its way to rivers, estuaries and coastal stretches and plays havoc with clams, oysters, shrimp, trout, salmon and other fish, the scientists reported. Eeven very slight contaminations in water—a few parts per billion—can stop the reproduction of many species or greatly reduce their size and numbers.

But, the researchers said, present marine contamination by radioactive wastes, by hot water from power plants and, surprisingly, by oil spills are not noticeably injuring marine life.

The principal message of the two-day meeting, under the auspices of the Royal Society, was that while man has not been known to have died himself from too much DDT, he is using it to kill off important elements of the food chain he lives on.

The fatal mechanism is one of accumulation of DDT along that chain: The pesticide, carried by wind or rain run-off into rivers and harbors, contaminates them by only a few parts per billion, or less; but each feeder, up along the evolutionary ladder from plankton to predator, concentrates the residues more and more. Dead porpoises in the Gulf of Mexico, for example, contained DDT residues ranging up to 800 parts per million.

In an estuary on the Texas coast, where DDT is often sprayed on the fields three times a year, a concentration of 8 parts per million in the ovary of sea trout in 1968 prevented all spawning whatsoever, Dr. Philip A. Butler, of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service field station at Sea Breeze, Fla., reported.

After a heavy DDT pollution near Pensacola eight years ago, he noted, the entire scallop population was killed and has not reappeared. Even the slightest amount of DDT in the water, he said, is immediately fatal to shrimp.

Concentrations of DDT at much lower levels than the immediately lethal amount, Dr. Butler explained, can also be ruinous in inhibiting growth and reproduction, and rendering the organizm easier prey for disease and parasite infestation.

An oyster's growth will be half the normal rate in water contaminated by only 1 part DDT in 10 billion. As long as the toxicant is present, the oyster continues to concentrate it, up to 70,000 times higher in its body than in the surrounding water.

Dr. J. M. Anderson, director of the New Bruncswick station of Canada's Fisheries Research Board, reported that DDT reduces the ability of salmon to withstand temperature changes (as when they plunge into colder water), disorients their ability to return to their spawning ground, and greatly lessens their "survival repertoire," the mechanisms for avoiding hazard and for escape.

On the other hand, very deleterious results to marine life were noted in other reports on the effects of sewage and industrial waste—particularly that containing mercury, copper, lead and zinc compounds.

Finally, whatever damage was caused to sea birds and the amenities of the beaches by catastrophic oil spills, such as the sinking of the Torrey Canyon supertanker in 1967, they have not wrought substantial injury to other sea life, Dr. R. G. J. Shelton, of the Burnham-on-Crouch Fisheries Laboratory, declared. The more volatile elements in the oil quickly evaporate and the rest are not particularly toxic, doing more harm, as sludge, to fish nets than to fish.

He conceded, however, that chronic oil leakage, customary at pipeline terminals or storage tanks on the water's edge, could have a thoroughly blighting effect.

Prof. R. B. Clark of the University of Newcastle argued, with obvious reference to the new Alaska oil strikes, that oil contamination is a far bigger danger in the Arctic. In near-zero temperatures, the quick degradation of the oil products characteristic of temperate climates will not occur, and the different biology of cold water marine life makes it much more susceptible to oil poisoning, he said.

Study of "thermal contamination"—the runoff into the sea of water at high temperature from power plants—indicated no worrisome consequences, according to one research paper. Research on the Scottish coast showed that about the only result was the introduction of new species of fish previously found in warmer latitudes.

Similarly, no damage to marine life has been noted so far—nor do prospective levels indicate any danger—from the discharge in rivers and ocean of radioactive wastes from atomic power plants. A researcher quoted American experiments covering 21 years in which no injury was found to salmon eggs subjected to 50 times more radiation than that

Wildlife Deaths Probed

KING SALMON, Alaska, April 29, (AP)—Starvation, not oil, or perhaps a combination of the two, has been advanced as the possible cause of a massive wildlife kill in coastal Alaska.

Federal and state officials say they still have no positive proof of the cause of death of thousands of murres, a common sea bird, and other marine life.

Jim Faro, an Alaska Department of Fish and Game official who investigated a 1968 murres death mystery in Northern California, said Tuesday "no oil was involved there. I'm convinced starvation contributed to the murre kill here, but how much I don't know.

"There is almost no meat on the breasts of these birds," Faro said." "It appears they hadn't been eating and they were sick."

He said an oil slick like that from diesel fuel may have contributed to the kill.

"Something may have happened far out at sea that affected the birds or small fish on which they feed," Faro said.

Ray Morris, a federal oil pollution official, said his earlier estimate of 86,000 murres killed may be off. "There may be as many as 800,000 or a million birds killed. There is no way to confirm or refute total number dead."

A fierce storm swept the birds ashore last week, but rising tides and two days of winds have virtually cleared the beaches.

"If I hadn't seen the birds piled up on the beaches, I'd find it hard to believe anything had happened," Morris said.

Officials also expressed some doubt that a killer whale found dead in the area was killed by the same cause as the birds and other wildlife.

Oil Clogs Beaches On Florida Coast

PENSACOLA, Fla., April 29 (AP) Blobs of sticky oil have been washing up on 100 miles of beach from Pensacola to Panama City on the Gulf of Mexico.

"It's extremely messy and a nuisance to all the people who want to use the beaches, but right now it poses no problem to marine life," said P. J. Doherty, regional director of the Florida Air and Water Pollution Control Department. "We have no idea where it's coming from."

U.S. Ocean-Survey Planes Spot 132 Whales in Atlantic

N.Y. Times Thurs 9 May 68

Since April of 1966, 132 whales were observed during 226.3 hours of aircraft oceanographic surveys. About 90 per cent of these observations were made in or near the western portion of the Gulf Stream, according to The Gulf Stream, a publication of the Naval Oceanographic Office in Suitland, Md.

An accompanying chart in the publication, which sells for 10 cents, shows where the majority of sightings were made.

In the late 18th and early 19th centuries, whalers frequently hunted in an oceanic region known to them as the Southern Ground. This region extended roughly from Philadelphia to Cape Hatteras. Sea captains during that period noted the effect of the Gulf Stream on the distribution of whales in this area. The Southern Ground was not as productive as other Atlantic areas, but its proximity to the whaling ports of New England made the area popular.

, 1966.

OSLO IS PLAN ARCTIC AIRFI.

But Soviet May Still Oppo Spitsbergen Installation

OSLO, Norway (UPI) — Th Norwegian Government has be gun cautious plans to build a airfield on West Spitsbergen, a island of the Spitsbergen arch pelago 400 miles west o Norway.

In the pa the Soviet Union has been hostile to such plans, and each time Russian reaction has caused Norway to shelve its preparations.

The Soviet opposition to airfields on the islands is based on an article in the 1920 Spitsbergen Treaty, which guarantees "demilitarization" of the area. Spitsbergen's location, within easy bombing distance to the Soviet Union, is thought to be a factor in the Kremlin's opposition.

The treaty recognizes the sovereignty of Norway over Spitsbergen, but grants citizens of the signatories—the United States, the Soviet Union and other European nations—the right to exploit natural resources there.

Since Norway was given the desolate area, Norwegian Governments have tried many schemes to make the region productive and give the outside world some access to Spitsbergen.

Islands Are Remote

At present, a branch of the warm Gulf Stream that touches the west coast of West Spitsbergen gives the outside world its only access to the 24,000 square miles of frozen archipelago. Spitsbergen has 3,000 residents, two-thirds of whom are Russians and most of them are coal miners.

Norway has said it will try to strengthen its interest in Spitsbergen "but not at any cost." The Government has set up a special committee to investigate Norway's activities in the region.

The Minister of Transport, Haakon Kyllingmark, said after a recent inspection trip to Spitsbergen that the only way of establishing a permanent connection between the islands and the mainland would be to set up an air service.

Norway, ignoring Soviet objections, has just completed a satellite tracking station at Ny-Alesund, on West Spitsbergen. It ridiculed Russian assertions the station was a "military installation."

The station's technical equipment has been delayed, however, and probably will not be installed until late next year.

The European Space Research Organization will staff the station with "a few experts" and finance research activities.

Explored by Vikings

In the Viking days Norsemen explored the island and it was rediscovered by the Dutch seafarer Willem Barents in 1596. For the next two centuries there was much whale hunting activity, which finally led to the near extinction of the mammal in Arctic waters.

Norwegians and Russians later hunted seal, walrus, reindeer and polar bear.

By the turn of the century exploitation of the rich oilfields

WASH (DC) Post SAT 23 FEB '74

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With Musical Accompaniment

Indiana Takes On a Role as Savior of Whales

By David W. Hacker
FROM BLOOMINGTON, IND.

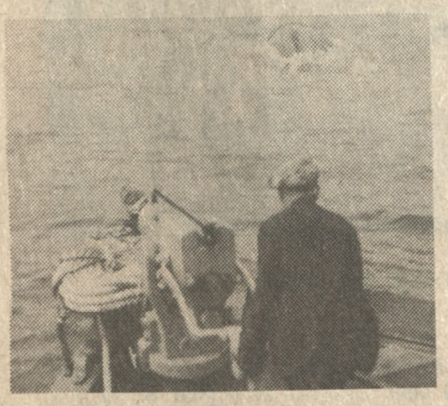
The Jordan River rises near Tenth and Union here, muses across the campus of Indiana University, and peters out at Spanker's Branch near the corner of First and Walnut. As Indiana rivers go, it lacks a few qualities—the musical noteworthiness of the Wabash, the literariness of the Blue, the Indian-days prominence of the Maumee and the St. Joseph.

But the Jordan did go one-up on these more famous streams last week when the sounds of whales echoed along its banks. Indeed, by the time the year is out, whales will make as big a splash here as they do in Antarctica, or off Baja California, or in the North Pacific.

TV Special

This will be the result of Indiana University's role as host of the National Whale Symposium, Nov. 9 to 12. It is to bring together social scientists, natural scientists, geographers, conservationists, musicians, folklorists, and literature professors. Their task will be to focus attention on the great whales. The goal is to save these great mammals from extinction.

To push Indiana into this unlikely role of savior of the whale, Dr. Roger



S. Payne, 40, a research biologist at the New York Zoological Society, last week brought his highly acclaimed recording, *Songs of the Humpback Whale*, to IU's campus, for a lecture that drew more than 1,000 whale believers.

Payne's message and the beauty—and tragedy—of the whales and their relatives will reach millions more Americans April 30, when the CBS television network offers *Magnificent Monsters of the Deep*. It features Payne, his wife, and their four children. They have spent several years in Patagonia, 600 miles south of Buenos Aires, observing right whales.

This species came to its name because, for decades, it was the whalers' most popular catch, and, therefore, was the "right" whale to harpoon.

Now, along with the blue, humpback, gray, and bowhead, it is considered an endangered species. Whales, of course, are among the world's most inaccessible creatures, and no one knows just how many there are. Some scientists say there may be only 100 blue whales left. This is the largest creature the world has known. It grows to more than 100 feet long and weighs hundreds of tons, making it several times the size of the largest dinosaur.

Payne's voice and the voices of others who say the world would be diminished by the whales' loss are beginning to be heard. Where once the world numbered the yearly kills in the hundreds of thousands, today probably fewer than 30,000 are being taken. In 1964, 360 whale catchers prowled the oceans and knocked off 60,000 whales. In the 1972-73 season, the United Nations Food and Agricultural Organization listed only 32,352 kills.

Cheap Protein

Once dozens of nations cleaned out whale herds. Today only 15 nations belong to the London-based International Whaling Commission, a voluntary whale-regulating agency. Of these, only six do any whaling. And Japan and Russia get 85 per cent of all whales caught. Even Norway, supplier of many of whaling's seamen, has given it up. A handful of whales are taken by Portugal, Korea, Communist China, Peru, Chile, and one or two African nations—none of them commission members. Canada, Mexico, and the United States, which are commission members, are leaders in the fight to rid the world of whale killing.

Historically, whales have played novel roles, and not just in literature. Whales and their by-products have been used in perfume, lighting, soap, margarine, cosmetics, steelmaking, textile making, detergents, waxes, corsets, and brushes. Whale meat still is important in Japan, where it supplies protein for hundreds of thousands of the poor, because it is cheap.

Whale Oil

But of all the whale's contributions, its oil is foremost. During the U.S.-Soviet race to space, the Russians depended on sperm oil as a lubricant for their rockets because it holds up at high temperatures. As the interest in space fades, so does Soviet demand for sperm oil.

Last week General Motors Corp. disclosed that more than 5,000 of its cars had developed transmission problems—because of a lack of whale oil. The oil had been used to help lubricate transmissions, and when whale products were banned in this country in 1971, oil companies had to find a substitute. Because of a design flaw in



—Katy Payne

Scientist Payne, a poet on whales.

the GM cooling systems, the substitute element in the lubricant contributed to engine breakdown.

A GM spokesman says oil companies are working on new ingredients for transmission fluid. Because other auto makers had different designs, the whale-oil substitute apparently created no problems for them.

"The last time [the country] had a whale-oil problem," says the GM spokesman, "was during the Civil War, when blockades kept the oil out. Lighting then was all whale-oil lamps. They found kerosene could do the job, and that was all for whale oil."

Payne might find GM's problem a deserved consequence of a technological civilization. Though he is a scientist, he also has a poetic feeling for whales. He says:

"The inspiration of seeing whales up close and being around them far transcends anything that I have experienced of human creation. The works of man are really quite feeble alongside whales. It seems to me it's high time we become brave enough to admit that what we're really interested in is not just nickels and dimes and gross national product and bigger highways, more TVs, and a so-called higher standard of living.

Reversed Evolution

"But what we're really interested in is a life that isn't just deathly dull. If we end up in a world created by man, in which everything you see and everything that surrounds you is the product of Man the Creator, then the Bible of the world is the Sears, Roebuck catalog. There are no more mysteries; there are only technologies. Nature will get its revenge—condemning us to a life of utter boredom."

Certainly Payne's life for a decade has been anything but dull. After training in acoustics, he early began studying bats, owls, and moths to see how their lives are governed by sound. One day, he recalled last week, "I heard a sound produced by a right whale. It was the most extraordinary sound I had ever heard."

That was nearly a decade ago. And ever since his has been a whale of a life. For months on end, he and his family and a few other scientists roam the cliffs and waters of the lower Atlantic, cameras, binoculars, telescopes, and hydrophones in hand, looking and listening to the world's most awesome creatures.

These are mammals, air-breathing, who must surface every five minutes to gulp air, who reversed evolution's earliest days, crawling from the land back into the sea. Are they the most ancient of beings or the most modern? Certainly they are among the most fascinating.

Whales play with sea lions; whale mothers fondle calves, holding them in their "arms"; whale mating is a spectacular and often comical act. And always, the whale sings.

"I have no idea what the sounds of these great gentle cloud beings mean," confesses Payne. But anyone who has heard a whale sing knows for sure there are messages being passed along. There are the sounds: Grunts. Squeals. Creaking gate. Rusty hinge. Bagpipes. A ruffed grouse drumming. The bellow of a cow in heat. A tropical jungle of caws.

Signals, Not Chats

Payne has analyzed whale songs and discovered distinct patterns. A song lasts from 6 to 30 minutes, and then is repeated. Every year, Payne says, whale songs change. "It's like a hit tune," he chuckles. Whales talk to each other, dozens of miles—perhaps hundreds of thousands of miles—apart.

Payne says all of these sounds are signals of some kind—mating, danger, location of food. "I do not believe whales sit on opposite sides of the ocean chatting," he says. "They are signaling."

Another who has heard the whale's distress cries is John Jay Goodman, a 20-year-old Indianapolis native and undergraduate student at Indiana University. Almost single-handedly he has organized next fall's whale symposium of many of the world's leading whale experts. The symposium, in fact, is a whole semester's credit for him. He is delighted to bring whales to the Jordan River.

And, of course, Payne is to see them here. He sa whales symbols of man most of all of peace, unflappable life. Unc able wildness."

WASH Post
THURS
16 Dec 71

U.S. Whaling Ban Stops 3-Ship Fleet

POINT RICHMOND, Calif., Dec. 15 (AP)—We'll go no more a'whaling.

The federal government has outlawed whale hunting by Americans, effective today, because it said whales are threatened with extinction.

The only hunters who'll hang up their harpoons have been manning three rusty whalers on this wind-battered point across the bay from San Francisco. They're all that's left of a U.S. whaling fleet that once was the mightiest in the world, 750 ships in 1840.

Rare animal becomes pest

Sometimes conservation works a little too well. The Saiga antelope, once a rare animal in Russia, has been so well protected by Soviet game laws that its growing herds have been invading wheat fields, according to the Center for Short-Lived Phenomena.

"A wildlife official warned last week that miles of expensive fencing might have to be installed to keep the rampaging sheeplike antelope under control," reported the center's correspondent in Russia. "He also asked that hunting restrictions be relaxed so that more of the animals could be killed."

There are now estimated to be about one million Saiga antelope in Russia, double the number five years ago. The largest herds—800,000 head—spend the winter in the remote desert country of Bet Pak Dala, where many die. In the spring, however, the herds move north to newly developed wheat lands in Kazakhstan.

The Saiga's most remarkable feature is its Jimmy Durante-like inflated nose, within which are sacs lined with mucous membranes found in no other mammals but the whale. The sacs may be an adaptation for warming and moistening air. Saiga horns were once ground into a powder popular in Chinese pharmacies. ■

Dec'71 Science Digest



—UPI Photo

Monster or chicken?

This body, 30 feet long, weighing 15 to 20 tons, coral-colored, was washed ashore on Mann Hill Beach at Scituate, Mass., yesterday. It looks like a camel without legs, with a small head, right, long neck and a large finned body. It also, to some, looks like a big chicken. A similar creature was washed ashore in 1850. Some beachcomber probably got it.

Ripley's "Believe It or Not" WASH (DC) Post SUN. 25 JAN '76



WED 30 MAY '73

MOBY DICK TO ADORN NEW SHOPPING MALL

NEW BEDFORD, Mass. (AP) —A giant statue of Moby Dick, rising from a pool of turbulent water, will be the striking symbol in a new downtown shopping mall that will reflect New Bedford's whaling tradition.

The 50-foot-long sculpture made of foam concrete, will be the feature of White Whale Court, one of four court areas in the enclosed $15-million Melville Mall.

Other courts in the two-level shopping complex will feature a harpoon sculpture, a whalespout fountain and a lighthouse with a circular stairway.

Wood planks overlapped in the manner of whaleboat's lapstrake hull, will be used on interior paneling to enhance the maritime atmosphere.

Construction of the two theaters and 90 stores in the urban-renewal project is scheduled to begin this fall. Completion is expected in the fall of 1975. NY TIMES

WASH. Post

Good Whaling Season

PERTH, Australia, Dic. 9— Australia's only remaining whaling company caught 880 sperm whales off the western Australian coast in the past 12 months — their best-ever season. Fri. 10 Dec 71

THE NEW YORK TIMES

Ebb Tide for a Florida Museum

By HERVIE HAUFLER

CLEARWATER BEACH, Fla.—Visitors to this Gulf Coast resort center have until the end of June to absorb such sea lore as the most probable origin of sea-monster stories, the most likely source for the ancient belief in mermaids or the reason why dolphins can more than hold their own against sharks.

These examples from marine life are part of a 40-minute program offered free at the Sea-Orama Museum at the Clearwater Beach marina.

The museum is scheduled to close its doors on June 30. In its unpretentious quarters, sandwiched between a bait shop and the headquarters for a sports-fishing fleet, and with parking space increasingly a problem, the museum has been struggling for several years to win a large enough audience to justify its costs. Now the city fathers of Clearwater have made their decision: Support of the Sea-Orama must come to an end.



Clearwater Chamber of Commerce

SEA HORSE—In the Sea-Orama at Clearwater Beach.

Unusual Exhibits

But from now until closing time the museum's indomitable curator, Mrs. Barnett Harris, and her associates will be regaling visitors with facts about some of the sea's strangest creatures and leading them through an unusual series of exhibits.

The exhibits were made possible through a special process for presenting authentic reproductions of sea life. The process, called "Perma-Fish," was developed by Mrs. Harris and her naturalist husband, who served as co-curator of the museum until his death several years ago.

Accurate in Detail

Their aim was to preserve both the form of marine specimens, accurate in every anatomical detail, and the full beauty of their natural colors. They found, however, that the usual methods of taxidermy did not meet these standards. In the warm climate of the Florida Gulf Coast, even the best stuffed fish soon lose much of their natural color.

The Harrises thus evolved a technique for making plaster casts of recently caught specimens, even those of ample size, to retain the form. Their special methods of color application recapture the myriad hues of marine life.

A Community Effort

The exhibits represent not only their own efforts. When the museum was being established, captains of the local fishing boats enthusiastically joined in the search for bizarre specimens and carefully handed them over to the Harrises for the Sea-Orama's collection.

The prize exhibit is a full-size replica of the rare oarfish. Informed that a strange, giant fish had been washed ashore, Captain and Mrs. Harris quickly collected their equipment and hurried to the spot; there they found a young oarfish, but even the young of this species come king-size.

Fast Work

This one was 10 feet long. It soon died, but, before it deteriorated, the Harrises made a cast of it and recorded its colors for later application.

Today the young oarfish stretches its serpentine body, crowned with crimson spines and broadening into an oar-shaped tail, across the museum's wall. Mrs. Harris tells visitors how the adult versions, attaining lengths up to 35 feet and undulating along the sea's surface, have long inspired sailors' wild tales of gigantic sea serpents. Actually, the oarfish is no great threat; it has no teeth and thus cannot bite.

Attendants at the Sea-Orama also delight in describing the manatee, an aquatic mammal that must take its young out of the water to be fed. If this is not done, the baby will drown.

Close to the water's edge, the female manatee tucks her big tail under her and sits on it like a stool, holding the baby with her flippers while feeding it. Mrs. Harris argues that homesick sailors, no doubt influenced by rum, readily imagined that, instead of seeing matronly manatees, they were being wooed by shapely mermaids, smiling seductively from the deep.

Villains and Heroes

The Sea-Orama's narrative emphasizes the melodramatic aspects of undersea life with base villains and brave heroes. The most vicious of the villains on display is the moray eel.

Another villain is the gar, a primitive armored fish left over from the Mesozoic Age. Extremely voracious and wasteful, gars kill useful fish and break the legs of water birds.

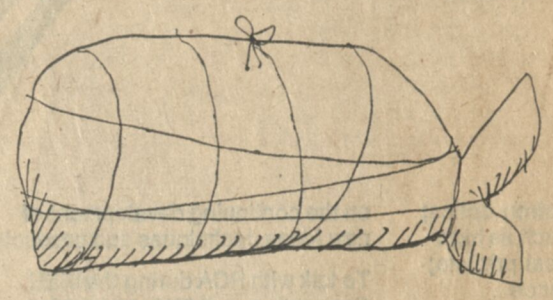
Many of the smaller exhibits are more amusing. There is the rabbitfish, a puffer that can swell itself up and jam the throat of any predator trying to swallow it. The larger fish must either cough it up or strangle to death.

Sargasso Specimens

For readers of Rachel Carson's "The Sea Around Us," the Sea-Orama has a special interest in that it draws so many of its specimens from the Sargasso Sea, that great, weedy heart of the Atlantic Ocean she describes so vividly.

Here, for example, is the frogfish, whose knuckle joints enable it to crawl about in the sargassum weed. There is also the filefish, whose young hide by standing on their noses among the sea grass and letting their long, slender tail fins sway with the movement of the water.

N.Y. TIMES MON 18 MAR 68



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WHAT WHALE? WHERE?
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—Publishers' Weekly
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HARPER + ROW SCW 6 NOV 66

1973

Whale Starts to Eat Again When Soldier Comes Home

WINDSOR, England (UPI) — Private Gary Smart's request for compassionate leave from the Parachute Regiment struck his commanding officer as a bit unusual.

He wanted to go home, not to see a sick relative, but to visit a sick whale.

Since he had left his job at Windsor Safari Park to join the army, Ramu the whale had been pining for him and refusing to eat. But after the private returned Ramu began eating his normal 130 pounds a day.

N.Y. TIMES TUES 2 JAN 73

grounds of Southeast High School. The general admission is $1; reserved seats are $2.

De Soto Week begins officially, and in a more serious vein, at 1:30 P.M., next Sunday. A band of bearded men costumed as 16th-century conquistadors will reenact de Soto's landing at the site where he came ashore with 600 men and began his overland journey to the banks of the Mississippi River.

This pageant is seen by about 4,000 spectators every year at the De Soto National Memorial, a 25-acre landscaped park five miles west of Bradenton.

Fully Costumed

The modern conquistadors will wear red velvet capes, suede jackets, steel breastplates and helmets and knee-length suede boots. They will come ashore in longboats from a larger craft representing a Spanish galleon, which will be anchored at the mouth of the Manatee River.

Timucan and Calusa Indians, forerunners of the Seminoles, will be portrayed by Bradenton students. They will oppose the invaders and will be driven from the site, which was once an Indian village.

The De Soto Historical Society, also known as the Conquistadors, consists of about 250 Manatee County dances, a masquerade ball and an orchid show.

A new event this year will be a treasure hunt in downtown Bradenton. A wooden treasure chest filled with $50 in silver coins will be given away each day from March 19 through March 22.

Among the special events will be a Governor's Luncheon on March 18 in the Municipal Auditorium ($10 a plate), bicycle races for all ages at 4 P.M. on March 20 in downtown Bradenton and a fashion show at Municipal Stadium at 8 P.M. on March 20.

There will be a children's parade in Palmetto at 1 P.M. on March 23. That evening at 7:30, the Grand Parade will form at Hawkins Stadium in Bradenton. Spectators may see the start of the parade there and watch a fireworks display after the procession has left the stadium on its way downtown and across the Green Bridge to Palmetto. The general admission to the stadium is $1; reserved seats are $1.50.

Events on Final Day

The celebration ends the next day, with the De Soto Horse Show at 10 A.M. at the Palmetto Fair Grounds ($1 a car admission) and a baseball game between the Oakland Athletics and the Houston Astros at 1:30 P.M. at McKechnie Field in Bradenton.

The de Soto influence is apparent in Bradenton's recently completed South Florida Museum and the adjoining Bishop Planetarium. This month, the planetarium is featuring a show called "Stars to Guide the Conquistadors." It shows the position of the stars and planets as de Soto saw them from the deck of his ship when he landed here.

Growing Collection

In the museum is a life-size diorama of Indian culture patterned after a Gulf Coast Calusa village in de Soto's time. In another section of the two-story building, a room has been set aside for an expanding collection of 16th-century Spanish furniture, kitchen utensils and tools that were brought here from de Soto's birthplace. The museum plans to reproduce a Spanish house typical of the village in which de Soto was born.

The museum's description of itself, "From the Stone Age to the Space Age," is justified in view of the wide range of subjects on display. Prehistoric Florida is shown in a collection of the fossilized bones of extinct animals and in an exhibit of thousands of Indian artifacts. The collection is believed to be the most complete Calusa representation in existence.

Modern Florida is shown in a large display of space objects on loan from the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. The display, covering 3,000 square feet of floor space, portrays the history and future of space exploration with animated models, lighted photographs and movies.

Manatee on Display

The museum also houses a worldwide shell collection, a weapons collection ranging from primitive man to the present, a small medical museum and, in a separate room, a live sea cow, or manatee, in a tank.

The manatee is Baby Snoots, so named 19 years ago when the animal was a calf and was captured with its mother. The sea cow is well known to almost everyone in Bradenton and has always been considered a female. But Baby Snoots is really a male and no longer a baby. He is middle-aged, as manatees go, and weighs 800 pounds. He eats four bushels of lettuce, celery and cabbage a day and does tricks twice a day at feeding time.



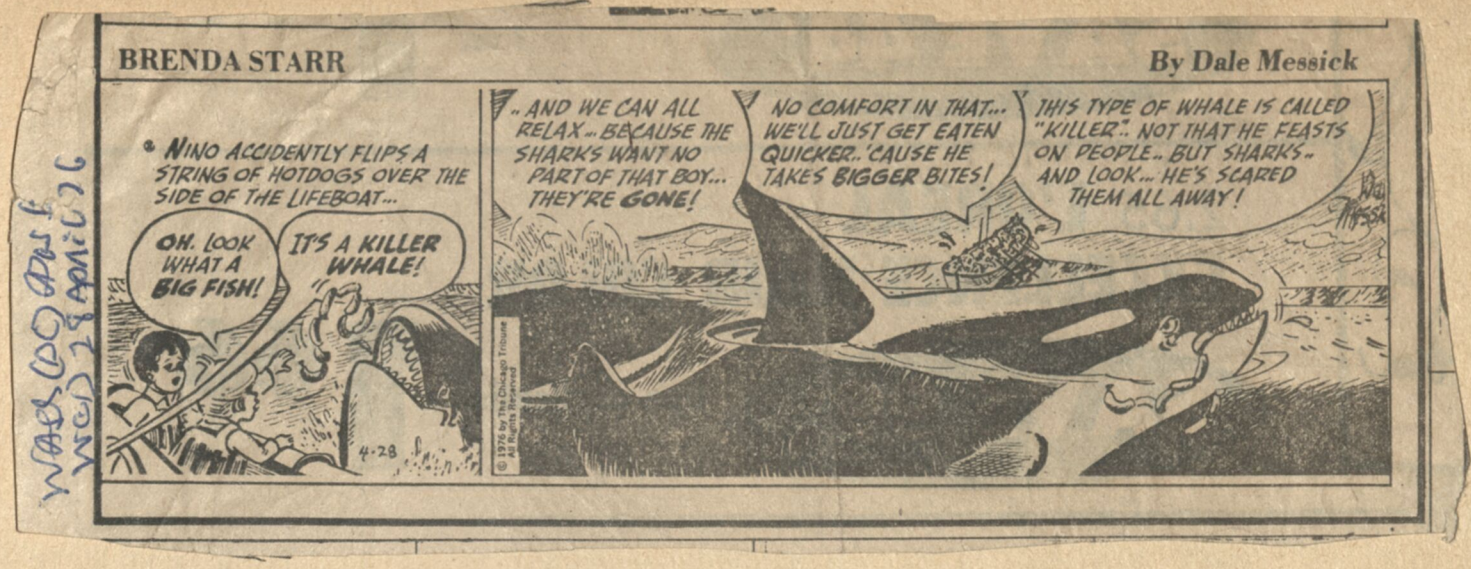
John Durant; Alice Durant

MANATEE—At museum weighs 800 pounds and eats four bushels of greens daily.

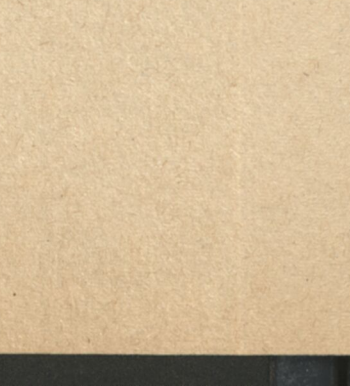
$1-Million Project

The museum-planetarium complex was completed last year at a cost of about $1-million and is a source of considerable pride to the residents of this city. The large, handsome building it occupies overlooks the waterfront on West 10th Street.

The planetarium, which seats 200 under its 50-foot dome, presents afternoon shows at 1:30 and 3 every day except Monday; evening shows are given at 7:30, Wednesday through Sunday. The museum and the planetarium are closed on Mondays. Admission is $1 to each attraction; a combined planetarium and museum ticket is $1.50.



Advertisement



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18th century study of Nantucket whaling

A few weeks ago a modest-sized monograph titled "Eighteenth Century Nantucket Whaling" made its appearance. Privately printed by the author, Douglass C. Fonda, Jr., and issued in a limited edition, the booklet is a study of a handful of logbooks which are located in the Nantucket Atheneum and in the Whaling Museum, and which total some thirty-nine voyages from Nantucket between 1751 through 1794.

Mr. and Mrs. Fonda have purchased the "East Brick," the original William Starbuck mansion on Main Street, and plan to make Nantucket their permanent home. Mr. Fonda became interested in whaling several years ago, and has dealt considerably with books on whaling, manuscripts and logbooks. He has become especially concerned with Nantucket whaling, and his interest is reflected in the concise and complete documentation which is revealed in the 30-page monograph.

Six of the eight logbook keepers have been identified, and two are of uncertain identity. The range of the voyages were from Nantucket to Newfoundland and the Davis Straits to the north, to the Falkland Islands in the South Atlantic, the coast of Africa, and Desolation Island in the Indian Ocean and Australia's west coast.

The author has commented on both the log-keepers and their journals, offering pertinent extracts, and carefully noting the significant entries. There are careful copies of log entries, all of which reveal the character of the man who wrote the journal as well as the extent of the voyages. Certain characteristics of whaling in those decades are mentioned, and in this section Mr. Fonda demonstrates his careful reading as well as his appreciation of certain technical details which surrounded the whaling habits of those times. It is in these passages that much of value has been documented and explained.

Mr. Fonda pays tribute to the voyages of the "Asia" Captain Elijah Coffin, and the "Maria," Captain William Mooers, the latter vessel being the ship on which William Rotch and his son, Benjamin, made their famous voyage to England in 1785. Both vessels made history—the "Maria" afterwards sailing to the Falklands and the "Asia" going to Desolation Island, to become the first American whaler to reach that remote and forbidding place on the finge of the Antarctic Ocean.

In his appendix the author continues his documentation with a complete listing of the sloops, ships and brigs in chronological order, with the dates of the voyage and the names of the captains, as well as the whaling localities visited.

That Whalebone May Not Be Alaskan

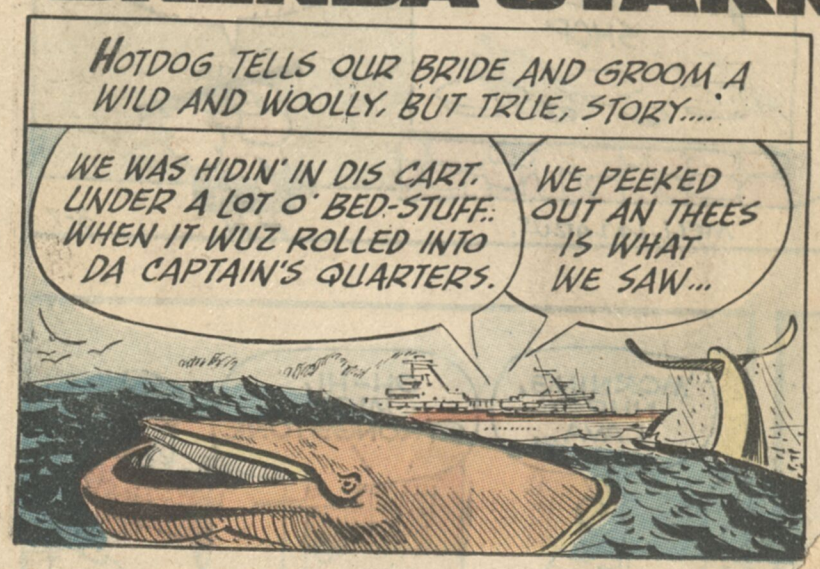
United Press International

Fancy carved souvenirs such as Baleen and Billikens sold in Alaska are not necessarily any more Alaskan than Danish pastry is Danish, a Federal Trade Commission judge said in a tentative ruling yesterday.

Administrative law Judge Lewis F. Parker ordered the dismissal of complaints against six marketers of arts and crafts items sold to vacationers in Alaska.

The complaints charged the souvenir items were represented as being handmade in the 49th state by "Alaskan native Americans" when actually they were manufactured in Oregon, Washington, Hong Kong or Japan.

BRENDA STARR



Narwhal tusk presented to President and Mrs. Taft by Admiral Perry in 1911 went for $2,500 (estimate $2,000 to $3,000).

WASH(DC) STAR MON 8 DEC 75

Mammal Fossil Described as Major Discovery

BERKELEY, Calif. (AP) — The skeleton of a seagoing hippopotamus-like mammal, extinct for 10 million years, has been found in a sandstone outcropping on the windy Northern California coast.

Experts at the University of California at Berkeley said it is one of the most important vertebrate fossil finds on the West Coast.

The nearly complete skeleton of the five-foot-long animal, a desmostylian, was found last fall near Pt. Arena in Mendocino County by paleontology student Bruce Welton, 35, and his wife, Joann, a geology student. They were looking for fossilized sharks' teeth.

The skeleton is at the UC Museum of Paleontology, where it is being removed from the sandstone.

WASH (DC) STAR NEWS THURS 1 JAN 76

WASH. (DC) Post MON 8 DEC 75

ART

They Came, They Bought, But the Bidding Fell Short

By Judy Bachrach

After all the advertising and publicity, they came, predictably enough, from all over to attend what one dealer called the biggest auction Washington has known. For the first time, Weschler's Galleries included high and low estimates of each object in its catalog, but the four-day sale took in $1,217,085, somewhat short of the lowest combined total estimate.

"Frankly it's been up and down," said Mary Alice Weschler, the wife of the gallery's president. "The paintings are doing best and there's been much interest in the jewelry. There hasn't been as much interest in the furniture . . ."

But while the bidding was fast and there was a standing room only crowd Sunday at Weschler's, a ruby and diamond choker estimated at between $30,000 and $40,000 went for $26,000. Two Albert Bierstadt Yosemite paintings went for a total of $34,000—$1,000 less than the lowest combined estimate. The bronze Remington "Bronco Buster," expected to go for $60,000 to $80,000, brought in $45,000.

But the prize of the day, a painting even the White House curator checked out, was Thomas Moran's "Grand Canyon of Arizona at Sunset" ($75,000-$125,000). According to sources, it went for $130,000 to Frank Ewing, a Chevy Chase lumber company executive and industrial land developer. The Ewings refused to confirm the purchase, however.

The Remington went to an undisclosed buyer.

Ewing, who at the auction described himself as a "a silly guy, havin' a good time . . ." did drop $3,750 for a graduated natural pearl necklace (estimated at between $8,000 and $10,000), and $2,000 for a Cartier yellow gold cigarette box—which represented the lowest estimate for that item.

Less sanguine were some of the dealers—a pair from Nashville who kept muttering they had forked over only $300 for a Sevres vase rescued from a Chicago junk shop—while a Weschler's Sevres vase was being whisked off for five times that amount (but a good deal less than the $2,500 which was its lowest estimate).

Clustered in the back were some Persian rug dealers claiming that some of the prices for their wares were too high (what was described as a "semi-antique Keshan hunting rug" went, for instance, for $1,750—well in the estimated range).

A gigantic narwhal tusk, a property that once belonged to an Arctic cetacean and later to Admiral Peary who gave it to President Taft, brought in $2,500, well within the estimated range. And a Philadelphia deed executed and signed by William Penn went for $1,500, which was $300 more than the highest estimate.

It seems to be a prevailing belief nowadays that art objects are a better investment than suffering the slings and arrows of an outrageous stock market. But there was some question whether Washington could support an auction of this size.

"Certainly we can support (it)," said Don Webster, a dealer and appraiser. "Why? Because of airplanes. For the nation's showplace this is long overdue."

French Art Auction

Reuter

PARIS—One of the finest collections of 18th and 19th-century French miniatures ever sold here fetched $471,500 at auction last Thursday.

The highest price was $17,630 for a portrait of Empress Josephine by Daniel Saint. The auction was held at the Palais Galliera sale rooms.

A fine minature by English artist James Holmes, portrait of Mrs. Johnson, went for $3,900.

Dealers said most minatures were sold well above their estimated prices mainly because they came from the Felix Panhard collection

Who Wants a Stuffed Armadillo Anyway

By John Sherwood
Washington Star Staff Writer

Mrs. Alligator did not raise her young one to be an ashtray, nor were baby caimans ever intended to serve as stuffed bookends.

Cheetahs should never bedroom slippers make. Hassocks of cow leather and straw are okay, but not of elephant's feet. Sea turtles do not long for immortality in the form of guitar picks and salad forks. And whales surely are destined for better things than ending up as napkin rings.

IN OTHER WORDS, the Interior Department wants to educate the American tourist in the fine art of wild animal conservation. It may take some doing. Spotted cat coats and crocodile handbags make fine fashion accessories, and what is lovelier than a tiger tooth necklace or a leopard skin rug?

There is one difficulty, however, when you return to the United States with your tortoise shell jewelry and your crocodile shoes. You won't get them through Customs.

Federal law makes it illegal to import any live or dead animal, its parts or products made from it if it is on the endangered species list. Since 1971, souvenirs worth more than $2 million have been confiscated; most of them eventually destroyed.

Interior yesterday put on display $500,000 worth of illegally imported goods that had been confiscated. It was a dazzling show featuring tiger skin rugs, the hides of Nile crocodiles and exquisite feathered ornaments.

Secretary Rogers C.B. Morton announced that the Fish and Wildlife Service is launching "an intensified effort" to educate Americans in what they can and cannot bring home with them. A "Notice to Overseas Travelers" will be posted in strategic areas to advise them of the often-confusing restrictions.

THE DEMAND for skins and hides of wild animals is so great and the prices so high that poaching and market hunting have pushed many species to the brink of extinction.

The most popular prohibited products sold abroad include tortoise shell jewelry, hides of spotted cats, whale teeth, alligators and crocodiles made into shoes and belts and leather goods, and bird feathers.

Returning tourists protest vigorously that "I didn't kill it," but the fact remains that such purchases lead to the deaths of many more wild creatures at the hands of poachers and market hunters.

The thing to remember is this:

Stay away from anything made from a wild animal.

And review your tastes.

What is so cute about a stuffed armadillo, anyway?

SPRING ON CAMPUS

Sirs:

Your article, "Spring's Ode on Campuses" (LIFE, March 30), was mighty interesting, particularly the portion covering varied cramming methods. But in my opinion these fellows could learn a lot from the people who posed for Gustav Vigeland's Monolith (*below*) in Frogner Park in Oslo, Norway.

BILL TREUDT
West Chicago, Ill.



CROWDED MONOLITH

Sirs:

The fad for cramming as many people as possible into unusual small spaces is not new. When a boy, I was one of 25 people crammed into a whale's mouth. At the close of the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893, one of its attractions, an embalmed whale, was put on a barge and exhibited along the Ohio River. The huge open mouth had a wooden floor covered with a carpet. The exhibitor called it his "parlor." We children were placed at the sides where the "ceiling" was not very high, with the adults near the middle. Afterward I walked to the back of the "parlor" with my uncle and looked down the throat of the whale. It would have choked on an orange.

TEMPLE R. HOLLCROFT
Aurora, N.Y.

CONTINUED

Life April 3-9

THE NEW YORK TIMES, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1970

Confusion Surrounds Dismissals at Interior Agency

Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Nov. 28—President Nixon's dismissal of Walter J. Hickel as Seretary of the Interior has taken on additional political and environmental overtones after six top Interior aides were discharged yesterday and environmental policies were changed or frozen.

Mr. Nixon's dismissal of Mr. Hickel on Wednesday was ascribed to a lack of "confidence" in the Alaskan, but officials who were dismissed yesterday included some who were not closely identified with the Secretary. One of them, Dr. Leslie L. Glasgow, Assistant Secretary for Fish, Wildlife and Parks, is a former Louisiana fish and wildlife commissioner, who did not know Mr. Hickel until he took the job in Washington.

Publication Is Halted

A spokesman for the Interior Department said today that one of Mr. Hickel's last acts—an order banning the importation of whale products into the United States to prevent their extinction by whalers—had been placed "in suspension" pending further review.

Mr. Hickel issued the order on Tuesday, but it would not have become binding until it had been pulished in The Federal Register, a process that usually takes a few days. Yesterday, the office of U. Alexis Johnson, Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, asked the Interior Department to stop pulication of the order, and it was stopped.

The State Department has been attempting to negotiate a reduction of whaling through the International Whaling Commission, and it objected to any unilateral move by the United State Makers of pet foods and cosmetics and other users of whale products in the United States had also objected to such a ban.

The Interior Department spokesman said that the regulation would be reviewed further before publication.

Dismissals Are Abrupt

Sources in Washington also reported that an order made by Mr. Hickel a few months ago banning all commercial billboards on Federal public lands had been reversed. And there were reports that the Interior Department would review orders by Mr. Hickel that set stiff regulations on the spillage of oil into waterways and raised the fees charged for ranchers who graze cattle on Federal land.

Mr. Hickel had scheduled a news conference for next Wednesday but a spokesman for him cancelled it yesterday without explanation. Sources close to the former Secretary, explained that the rapid developments following his ouster had prompted him to wait until the situation had crystalized before making a public statement.

The abrupt dismissal of the six Interior assistants by a White House aide has stirred wide interest here, where Cabinet shuffles are not uncommon. The assistants to departed Cabinet members are usually given time to find jobs elsewhere and quietly resign.

But, shortly after 2 P.M. yesterday, Frederic V. Malek, a 28-year-old special assistant to President Nixon, took over the office of Under Secretary of the Interior Fred J. Russell, who is away. Mr. Malek summoned the six men, asked for their resignations and told them to be out of the building by 5 P.M.

Two of the tassistants, Patrick P. Ryan and Joseph Holbert, were personal assistants to Mr. Hickel and expected to be discharged. Charles H. Meacham, the Commissioner of Fish and Wildlife, had come with Mr. Hickel from Alaska and was apparently released as a "Hickel Man."

There was uncertainty today as to why the purge list included Dr. Glasgow and Thomas P. Holley, who had given up Civil Service status to become director of Congressional liaison, and Dr. Donald D. Dunlop, a science adviser.

Morton Returning

It was also unclear whether Representative Rogers C. B. Morton, Republican of Maryland, who has been named to succeed Mr. Hickel, had been consulted with regard to the dismissals and policy actions. He was returning to the capital from London.

A White House spokesman said today that "it was just felt by the White House and others that it's normal to change within a department when a Secretary leaves."

The spokesman said he assumed that Mr. Morton had been consulted, but was not certain.

Scouts Left Holding Flag

HARPENDEN, England (UPI) — Boy Scouts who made $72 from an auction at their Harpenden headquarters may have to use it for the purchase of a new flagpole. While the scouts were selling old chairs, books and china, someone sold their flagpole by mistkae.

THEY HAD A DREAM

Capt. W. T. Shorey—Master of the Sea

By GEORGE REASONS
and SAM PATRICK

The John and Winthrope bagged four whales in the Okhotsk Sea and was bound for her home port of San Francisco, when the barometer began to plummet.

Capt. William T. Shorey knew immediately what was coming. He ordered the sails furled and it had barely been done when the typhoon struck, catching the bark "under bare poles."

For 30 hours, Shorey fought to keep the vessel afloat as the wind and sea built in fury. No one ate or slept, and only those men with essential duties were permitted to venture on deck.

The waves swept the decks clean, smashed the davits and carried away several boats.

The vessel struggled through to fair weather only to be caught several days later by a second typhoon, even more fierce than the first.

Huge seas swept the decks and a mighty comber ripped away two more of the boats from the starboard davits. Ferocious winds stripped the bark of her sails.

In 48 hours, the worst was over in one of the most perilous voyages in the history of the John and Winthrope. But there was still danger ahead.

"When near the Boscell Channel, the John and Winthrope ran into a thick fog and, when it lifted, she was only 20 feet off the rocks," the San Francisco Examiner later reported.



CAPT. WILLIAM T. SHOREY

"The men on board say that nothing but Capt. Shorey's coolness and clever seamanship saved the vessel."

The John and Winthrope limped into port on Nov. 3, 1901, ending one of the most thrilling sea saga's of Shorey's long career.

In his day, Shorey was the only black sailing captain on the Pacific Coast. He was master of a number of vessels from 1887 until 1909.

Born on the Island of Barbados in the British West Indies sometime before the Civil War, Shorey went away to sea as a youth.

His first home port was Boston where he studied navigation under a Vermont captain named Whipple A. Leach. He sailed around the world on the bark, Emma H. Herman.

When he made port at San Francisco three years later, Shorey was first officer of the vessel. After a couple of whaling voyages to the Arctic, Shorey became master of the bark.

Shorey later skippered the Andrew Hicks, the Alexander and the Gay Head. The Alexander was crushed in an ice pack and sank in the Arctic.

Shorey frequently took his wife and daughter on the long whaling voyages to the Arctic. The practice was not without danger.

Once, when his daughter was 3, Shorey's vessel was trapped in an ice pack for eight days off the coast of Siberia.

"We lay wedged in the drift while the tides carried us back and forth, threatening to dash us on the rocks or on the shore," Shorey said.

Finally the whaler broke free.

Sailing ships gave way to steam and Shorey went ashore and took a job as guard for the Pacific Coast Steamship Co. He was working there in 1919 but still held a valid "master's ticket." It authorized him to command any vessel, sail or steam and of any tonnage, in any ocean.

Next Saturday: Archer Alexander.

Desert Plant Oil Lauded By Scientists

By John Stowell
Associated Press

Seed oil from a wild desert bush holds the promise of protecting sperm whales from extinction and giving an economic shot in the arm to 26 impoverished Indian reservations in Arizona and California, a National Academy of Sciences panel reported yesterday.

If the jojoba plant is grown in large quantities on plantations in the Southwest, the report said, its oil may someday be used in automobile transmissions, carbon paper, drugs, polishes, paper coatings, textiles and electrical insulation.

The scientists admitted, however, that they can't distinguish now between the female plant, which bears the valuable seeds, and the male plant, which produces only pollen.

The jojoba plant grows wild over an extensive arid area of the Sonoran Desert in Arizona, California and Mexico, where temperatures may hit 115 degrees in the shade. It produces an estimated 100 million pounds of peanut-sized seeds annually.

The plant is believed to have a life span of more than 200 years, can survive in climates with no more than eight inches of rainfall annually and is resistant to insects and diseases.

Jojoba oil extracted from the seeds is colorless and odorless. The panel report said it is superior in many ways to sperm whale oil, which the United States has refused to import since 1970, when sperm whales were put on the endangered species list. In hydrogenated form, jojoba oil is equivalent to carnauba wax, which is laboriously scraped from the fronds of palm trees and imported from Brazil.

The report recommended that the 17 reservations in California and nine in Arizona immediately begin developing plans to plant 2,000 acres of jojoba plantations over the next five years.

WASH (D.C.) Post THURS 15 MAY 75

JOHN TABOR'S RIDE (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3.75) with splendid images that have the brusque strength of German 15th century incunabula. John Tabor's wild ride on the back of a whale all the way to Nantaucket from a tropical shore is an unforgettable topographical voyage past the Fiji Islands, and over an ancient submerged city, punctuated by a game of cribbage with Neptune and an encounter with a fleet of whale boats. The illustrations have an appropriate kinetic turbulence that captures the looming vistas and vicissitudes of the precarious journey.



Illustration by Blair Lent for "John Tabor's Ride."

N.Y. Times SUN. 6 NOV '66

They Didn't Laugh At Ro-Non-So-Te

By Rasa Gustaitis

SAN FRANCISCO—His name, he said, was Ro-Non-So-Te, and his purpose to provide press agent services "on behalf of all life forms of the earthly biosphere."

A couple of years ago, the notion might have seemed kooky to many of the newsmen who came to the official opening of Living Creatures Associates at San Francisco's Ecology Center. They would have been inclined to dismiss Ro-Non-So-Te's new venture as faintly amusing—as they dismissed birdwatchers, anti-vivisectionists and suchlike folk.

But that was before the public became alarmed at the multiplicity of ecological catastrophes. Nobody snickered or made cracks as Ro-Non-So-Te spoke, standing in front of the cameras bushyhaired like an enormous but friendly wild cat, dressed in workshirt and oil-stained trousers, logging boots, a eucalyptus pod necklace, roomy bush jacket. By attire, he was hard to categorize.

His clients would include homo sapiens, he said, but only rarely. Living creatures would concentrate on representing other life forms. Tuesday there were words in behalf of the kit fox, the blue herons, American egrets and life forms of the Hopis' sacred Black Mesa.

"As a concept, as a perspective, we are at least three millennia overdue," he had stated in a handsomely printed announcement. "The present emergencies in the biosphere are preponderantly the result of human-centered thinking—or of no thinking at all. We shall counsel and promote habitat thinking, the beginnings of a flexible and informal and partly intuitive rationality which will allow decisions to be made on the basis of all affected life forms simultaneously."

Living Creatures would try to direct newsmen to experts qualified to speak for different species, Ro-Non-So-Te said: "To people who can talk of whales, for instance, as whales rather than as part of a process called whaling." It would also try to show how man's interests mesh with those of other life forms in a common habitat.

A case in point was then presented by ecologist Sterling Bunnell, in behalf of the San Joaquin kit fox, a big-eared brown animal the size of a large cat. It will probably be extinct, Bunnell said, within the next five years when desert areas in the San Joaquin Valley are

See CREATURES, B6, Col. 1



Collage by Hal Hoover—The Washington Post

Working in behalf of the whale, and the egret (left), and the Hopi Indian, and the blue heron, and "all life forms of the earthly biosphere."

Well part THURS 11 March 71

No More 'Thar She Blows'

British Sell Last Whale Boat To Japanese; End of An Era

LEITH, Scotland (AP)—Britain's sole surviving whaling factory ship has been sold to a Japanese firm for about $2.8 million.

The sale of the Southern Harvester to the Tokyo firm of Nippon Suisan Kaisha, Ltd., was disclosed by Chris Salversen and Co. Ltd.

A town spokesman for Leith, which has been engaged in the whaling industry for more than half a century, said the sale was approved by British and the Japanese governments. The sale came after a year of negotiations.

The Scottish firm also subleased their land station at Leith harbor, South Georgia, Antarctica, to the same Tokyo firm.

The sale took Britain out of the world whaling industry.

BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD 18 JULY '63

☆ ☆ ☆

A STAMPED ENVELOPE honoring Herman Melville, author of *Moby Dick*, will be issued by the Post Office Department at New Bedford, Mass., on March 7. The envelope. bearing an embossed 6-cent stamp, will be the first commemorative envelope since 1964. Collectors desiring first-day cancellations should send their name, address, and zip code plus 8 cents for each envelope desired to First-Day Covers 6c Herman Melville Envelope,

NAT'L OBSERVER 5 JAN '70 · MON.

Navy, CIA Reported Using Dolphins in War Training

By Robert E. Kessler
Newsday

NEW YORK, April 10—The Navy and the Central Intelligence Agency have been secretly training and using dolphins in military and intelligence programs for at least a decade, according to a former Navy research scientist and other sources within the government.

The scientist, Michael Greenwood of Moorhead, Minn., says his career was ruined when he protested that the programs here immoral and a waste of the taxpayers' money.

In testimony submitted to the Senate intelligence committee, Greenwood said that:

• Dolphins were trained to detect or attack enemy frogmen in a program known to the Navy and CIA as "swimmer nullification" and that several were used in Vietnam.

• Dolphins were taught to place electronic monitoring devices or explosives on or near enemy ships. In one instance in the late 1960s, a dolphin was trained at the Key West naval base to enter Havana harbor with an electronic device designed to measure the efficiency of a Soviet nuclear-powered ship.

• The Navy considered using dolphins in the early 1970s to track Soviet submarines and to steal mines from Chinese waters. There was no indication whether the plan was carried out.

• The Navy and the CIA trained dolphins in an attempt to recover an unexploded nuclear bomb that accidentally had been dropped by a Navy plane off the coast of Puerto Rico.

• The dolphin programs were only a small part of a large-scale effort to recover Soviet items lost at sea that included a mission in which Navy divers, without the aid of dolphins, recovered a missile from a Soviet plane that sank in the Sea of Japan.

A spokesman for the Senate committee, which has not released a copy of Greenwood's statement, said it had not spent much time investigating the scientist's assertions. "We reached the conclusion that (they were) more a military matter than an intelligence matter," the spokesman said. Greenwood also gave Newsday a copy of his 150-page statement to the committee.

The CIA declined to comment. While the Navy has widely publicized its training of dolphins, whales and sea lions to recover lost U.S. rockets and mines, a spokesman denied that marine mammals had ever been trained to attack people or ships or had been used in intelligence missions.

The Navy did acknowledge that it had sent five dolphins to Vietnam in 1970 to test the animals' abilities to detect enemy frogmen in Camranh Bay. The results are still classified. But the Navy had no comment on the recovery of any Soviet equipment in the Sea of Japan in the late 1960s or the loss of a nuclear weapon near Vieques Island off Puerto Rico in 1966.

The outline of the various secret projects was confirmed, however, during a Newsday investigation in which scores of Navy and CIA personnel were interviewed.

Although it could not be determined whether attack-trained dolphins were ever used in actual combat, dolphins were trained at the Navy base in Key West in a joint project with the CIA, to attack swimmers, according to four separate sources.

"We had them trained like real Marines," said one source. He said frogmen were paid $25 apiece to try to penetrate waters in which dolphins were patrolling.

"The divers failed every time," he said. "You really get bruised being hit by a 300-pound dolphin."

The animals detected the frogmen with their natural ability to send out and receive sonar signals. Then the animals were trained to press an alarm buzzer floating in the water and intercept the swimmers. Others said the dolphins were capable of knocking the face masks off frogmen or tearing their air hoses.

The animals were also trained to tow or push through the water dummy packages that weighed up to 100 pounds. The packages were the kind that could have contained explosives or spy gear, the sources said.

Greenwood, 44, said his job at the secret Navy research base at Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii, was illegally eliminated in 1971 when he requested that the dolphin programs be reconsidered and he refused to release $150,000 in government funds to a civilian contractor whose work he felt was shoddy. The Navy says that Greenwood's discharge was routine, caused by a lack of project funding.

The scientist, who worked for the Navy for 10 years, says that the marine mammal programs were a waste of taxpayers' money because frogmen and underwater vehicles could have done the same jobs and because the training was so rushed that the animals were unreliable. For example, he said, they occasionally placed dummy practice packages on private boats.

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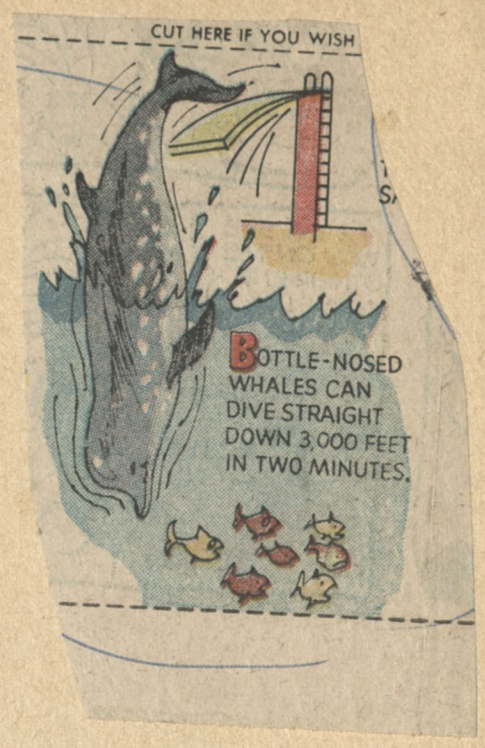
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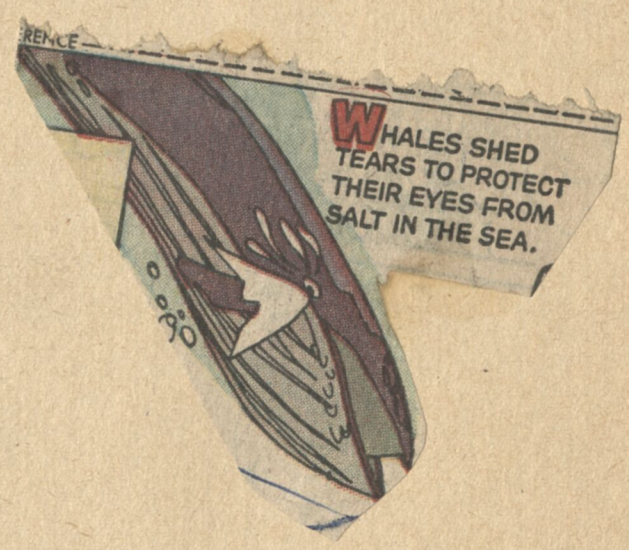


NARRATED BY ORSON WELLES

8PM CBS 2

N.Y. Times WED 30 April 75





Last Whaling Firm To Disband Nov. 1

RICHMOND, Calif., April 20 (UPI)—The last remaining whale company in the United States will go out of business Nov. 1.

The Del Monte Fishing Co. Monday received its final license, under which the government authorized a maximum catch of 165 whales until Nov. 1. In December, commercial whaling will be outlawed.

Wash Post WED 23 April 75

They Belonged in the Parade, But It Passed Them By

FENOLLOSA AND HIS CIRCLE: With Other Essays in Biography. By Van Wyck Brooks. 321 pp. New York, E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.

By GENE BARO

THE subjects of these essays, seven men and one woman, led lives of high physical or intellectual adventure. Several of them pioneered areas of knowledge and made contributions that were important, if imperfect. All of them were neglected, ill-used or undervalued in their lifetimes. All of them failed of worldly success, through pressures outside themselves or from defects of health or personality. Their individual stories, as detailed by literary historian Van Wyck Brooks, are fascinating and help us to understand some of the complexities of our American cultural development.

Mr. Baro, who is on the faculty of Bennington College, is American editor of the British quarterly, Strand.

Take, for instance, the case of Charles Wilkes, a Naval officer who gained celebrity during the Civil War when, as the "Hero of the Trent," he stopped a British packet and arrested two Confederate agents. Discredited and all but forgotten was the same Charles Wilkes of an earlier time, the leader, in 1838, of the first Exploring Expedition of the United States Navy. Wilkes' squadron of six vessels cruised the world for nearly four years, gathering scientific data and specimens. The expedition "surveyed two hundred and eighty islands and constructed one hundred and eighty charts." It "brought back a thousand species of birds, five hundred insects and two hundred and fifty fishes," as well as ten thousand species of plants and countless minerals, native tools and artifacts.

The Wilkes expedition virtually abolished piracy in Far Eastern waters, provided whaling information of incalculable value, mapped the Columbia River and the Oregon coast, discovered Wake Island, as well as a number of others, and, most important, discovered the Antarctic Continent. Wilkes' Antarctic claim had to wait until Shackleton's expedition of 1908-09 for verification.



Charles Wilkes' sketch of the Vincennes, a sloop of his expedition, in Disappointment Bay, Antarctica, 1840.

In fact, Wilkes and his colleagues were the victims of a shift in political fortunes in America. The Whig Administration of John Tyler was eager to condemn the enterprises of Martin Van Buren and his followers. The scientific merit of Wilkes' expedition was officially ignored but publicly attacked, and Wilkes himself was court-martialed, "mainly for trumped up reasons," and reprimanded.

Just as intriguing is the story of George Catlin, whose obsession it was to paint the American Indian and to collect his lore and his artifacts. Catlin was unable to find satisfactory private or government financing for his work. At a time when the Indian was particularly the object of systematic cruelty and exploitation, Catlin called for saner, more humane policies. He offended the vested interests, including government. The Congressional bill authorizing the purchase of Catlin's Indian collections was defeated—Jefferson Davis cast the decisive vote.

Thereafter, Catlin tried to commercialize. He had marginal

(Continued on Page 28)

N.Y. Times Book Review Sun. 26 Aug 62

THE NEW

Intensely self-absorbed and driven ever onward, the "Father of Mayanism" seemed to have no very clear conception of the value of his discoveries.

Two of these essays, the title piece and the piece dealing with Randolph Bourne, utilize are in their exposure of minor figures, they seem to have the formality and limitation of official portraits. It is both a strength and weakness of Brooks' writing that it us at once to search o concerning its subjects

The Krill: Answer to Hunger?

WPSH (DC) Star Thurs 8 May 75

SANTIAGO (UPI) — Small, greenish crustacea named krill that look like shrimp but taste like lobster are drawing more and more scientific attention to their icy habitat near the South Pole.

Some scientists optimistically claim the krill could provide a seemingly endless supply of protein to help feed the world's hungry millions.

But the trouble with fishing this small invertebrate, with the scientific name of Euphasia Superba, is that it lives in freezing waters surrounding the Antarctic continent.

NAMED KRILL by Norwegian explorers, the matchbook-sized crustacea come in immense quantities.

Studies by American experts during the decade of the 1960s have claimed that there may be at least five billion tons of krill in the Antarctic zone.

Discovered by British sailors in the late 19th century, the krill in recent years has been extensively studied by Norwegian, American, Japanese, Russian and Australian scientists.

West Germany is planning to send an expedition to the Antarctic later this year for the same reasons.

The Chilean scientific vessel Valparaiso is scheduled to return soon from a three-month study of the krill. Chilean economists in 1973 predicted that an annual harvest of five million tons of krill could earn Chile some $500 million a year.

The small invertebrate — its normal length is about one and one-half inches — has been called one of the richest forms of marine life in amino acids, the structural units of proteins vital to human metabolism.

IT IS ALSO KNOWN to contain vitamins and a calcium-rich crust.

Japanese scientists have ground the krill into an "oceanic paste," rich in proteins, while Soviet experts have been reported to be experimenting with a krill-flour to feed farm animals.

Ways to harvest krill on a large scale are under study.

An important factor to be considered is the hostile region where the krill lives and breeds. Antarctic waters are virtually unfishable for several months of the year because of gale force winds.

The krill is also known to decompose rapidly after being taken out of the freezing waters. It must be processed or frozen soon after being netted.

Studies show the krill can be lured in large schools by low-intensity red lights lowered below the surface of the water. But the difficulties in lowering nets to catch the schools in the rough polar seas remains one of the biggest handicaps in making the krill a nutritional and economic bonanza.

PHILATELIC NEWS

SUN STAR (DC) 4 JAN 70

A Whale of an Envelope

By BELMONT FARIES
Star Stamp Editor



A 6-cent embossed envelope honoring Herman Melville and his great novel of whaling in the South Pacific, "Moby Dick," will be issued March 7, Postmaster General Winton M. Blount has announced.

The first day city will be New Bedford, Mass., long the home port of the American whaling fleet. The commemorative envelope will be the first issued since one for the New York World's Fair in 1964.

The design is the work of Bradbury Thompson, an artist member of the Postmaster General's Stamp Advisory Committee. Moby Dick, the great white whale of Melville's tale, is in the center of a blue oval with "Herman Melville" above and "Moby Dick/United States 6" below.

Born in New York City in 1819, Melville tried school teaching before going to sea for the first time in 1839. Two years later he sailed out of New Bedford on a whaler, but jumped ship in the Marquesas Islands where he found himself the captive of a group of friendly cannibals. When he finally returned home in 1844 after a series of South Seas adventures, he had the material for his first two books, "Typee" and "Omoo," both successful.

Moby Dick, the story of Captain Ahab's vengeful search for the white whale, puzzled the reviewers and did not sell very well. Melville continued to write but from 1866 until 1885 supported himself by working as a customs inspector in New York where he died in 1891, virtually forgotten.

Literary critics rediscovered "Moby Dick" in the 1920s and hailed it as an American classic. The book can be read as a simple adventure story, as a documentation of the great days of whaling, or on a metaphysical level as a parable on the nature of evil. The ambiguity of the parable continues to stimulate new interpretations by students and to fascinate the more casual reader.

The embossed envelopes will be manufactured by the United States Envelope Co., holder of the Post Office Department envelope contract since 1965. Dies will be made by the Henry Evers Co. of Providence, R.I., for use on the high-speed web-fed presses at U.S. Envelope's plant in Williamsburg, Pa. The initial order is for 50 million.

Orders for first day cancellations may be submitted to the Postmaster, New Bedford, Mass. 02741 with a legible name and address including Zip code and a remittance for the cost of the envelopes at 8 cents each. The envelope to the postmaster should be marked "First Day Covers 6c Herman Melville Envelope" and must be postmarked no later than March 7.

Since commemorative envelopes do not receive automatic distribution to all post offices, they will be available at the Philatelic Sales Unit windows in the Post Office Department Building, 12th and Pennsylvania Avenue NW, or by mail from Philatelic Sales Unit, City Post Office, Washington, D.C. 20013.

WASH POST WED 14 JAN '70

Hysteria Is Blamed In Whales' Death

MIAMI, Jan. 13 (AP)—Ancestors of the 150 whales that swam to their death on Fort Pierce beaches were prehistoric landlubbers, and today's giants of the sea still panic and storm to shore when trouble arises, an ocean expert says.

"It happens when they are sick or injured," said naturalist Burton Clark. "They suffer mass hysteria much the same as humans face with a crisis such as fire or drowning."

The last of the 75 tons of dead whales was bulldozed into sandy mass graves Tuesday near Fort Pierce.

"In almost every case such as this," said Clark, director of the Miami Seaquarium, "the shallow underwater terrain has been of a gentle slope without reefs."

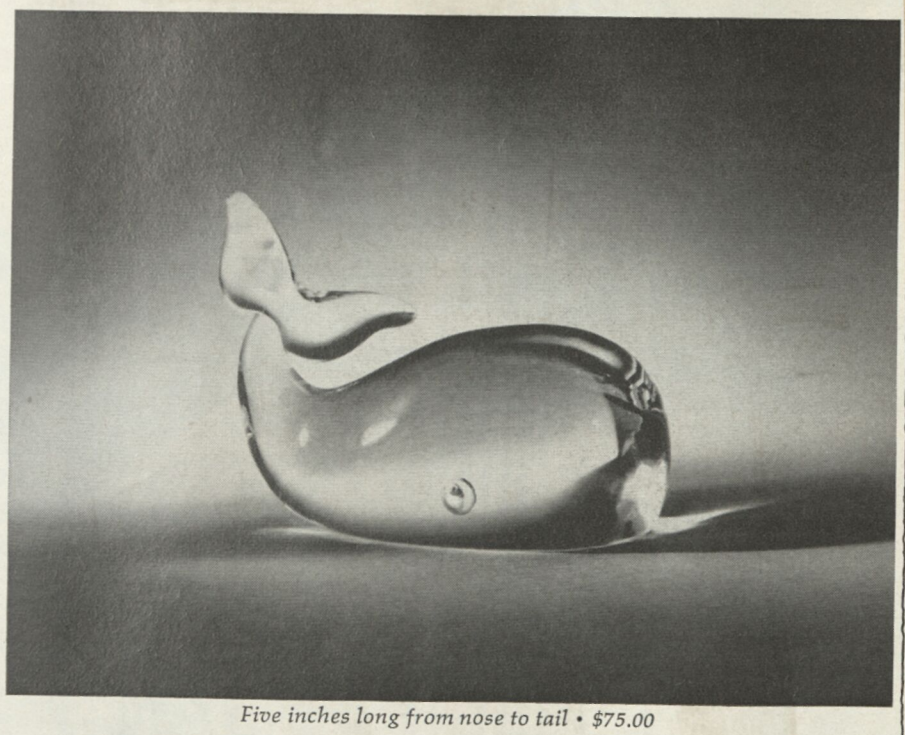
Whales navigate by radar almost exclusively, he said.

"It's likely that the animals sent out radar echoes and received no return of any sort. It appeared to them to be open ocean and they ventured too near the beach. Once in shallow water, I would guess that general hysteria took over and they bolted to dry land."

Although they lived on land several million years ago, the mammals have been creatures of the sea for so long that their bodies cannot exist when not supported by water. Their internal organs begin to malfunction and they soon perish.

"This stranding at Fort Pierce is the third one I've heard of in Florida in 10 years," Clark said.

64



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NEW YORKER 20 Dec '70

Ravaging Oil Slick Off Alaska Probed

KING SALMON, Alaska, April 27 (AP)—Federal anti-pollution officials converged on this Alaska Peninsula town today to track down the source of a nearby oil spill that they say apparently has killed tens of thousands of birds, at least two whales, a number of seals and otters and other marine animals.

The deaths were believed to have been caused by a "highly toxic" diesel oil or similar substance, the source of which is unknown, authorities said.

The spill is in an isolated area northeast of the Aleutian chain and about 300 miles southwest of Anchorage.

Ray Morris, chief of the federal Water Quality Administration's oil pollution branch in Anchorage, said three planeloads of federal and state officials were to survey the affected 350-mile coastline along Unimak Island and the Alaska Peninsula.

The key, Morris said, "is the devastating effect of the highly toxic properties" of the oil, "not the size of the sheen" or the spill itself.

He said a pilot at one point was unable to locate the end of the oil sheen when he was 10 miles from the island, "but we don't know the extent of it."

Early Description

The spill earlier was described as 10 miles wide and perhaps more than 100 miles long, but Morris said that to suppose such an area was covered with oil would be misleading. He said one observer could find only a small spot of it at one point.

"We won't know, until we've done extensive testing, that the spill caused the deaths," he said. "What we do know is that tens of thousands of birds are dead, as are at least two killer whales, a number of sea lions, sea otters and other wildlife."

He said 400 hair seals, reported dead earlier, are alive "but are described as 'white, blurry and glazed, 'acting strangely,' and with 'eyes rimmed with black corrosion'."

The oil slick first was reported April 22. Descriptions of the animal deaths began to trickle in over the weekend.

Morris said the spill apparently was somewhere south and west of the Alaska Peninsula. He said prevailing winds would have driven oil from that area onto the coastline.

The Coast Guard reported a Japanese fishing vessel sank in the area recently. It also reported a severe storm about a week ago whipped the area with winds up to 75 knots.

Just last month, a spill off Alaska's Kodiak Island killed an estimated 10,000 sea birds.

Especially Toxic

Morris said diesel oil and oil lighter than diesel are especially toxic in Alaska waters, that they are poisonous both to surface and to underwater life in the shallow tidal area of beach near shorelines.

About 40 birds were being shipped to Portland, Ore., for lab tests to determine the type of oil involved and for autopsies, Morris said. He said the oil was evaporting from the dead animals and "most of the birds that were picked up don't have any appearance of being oiled."

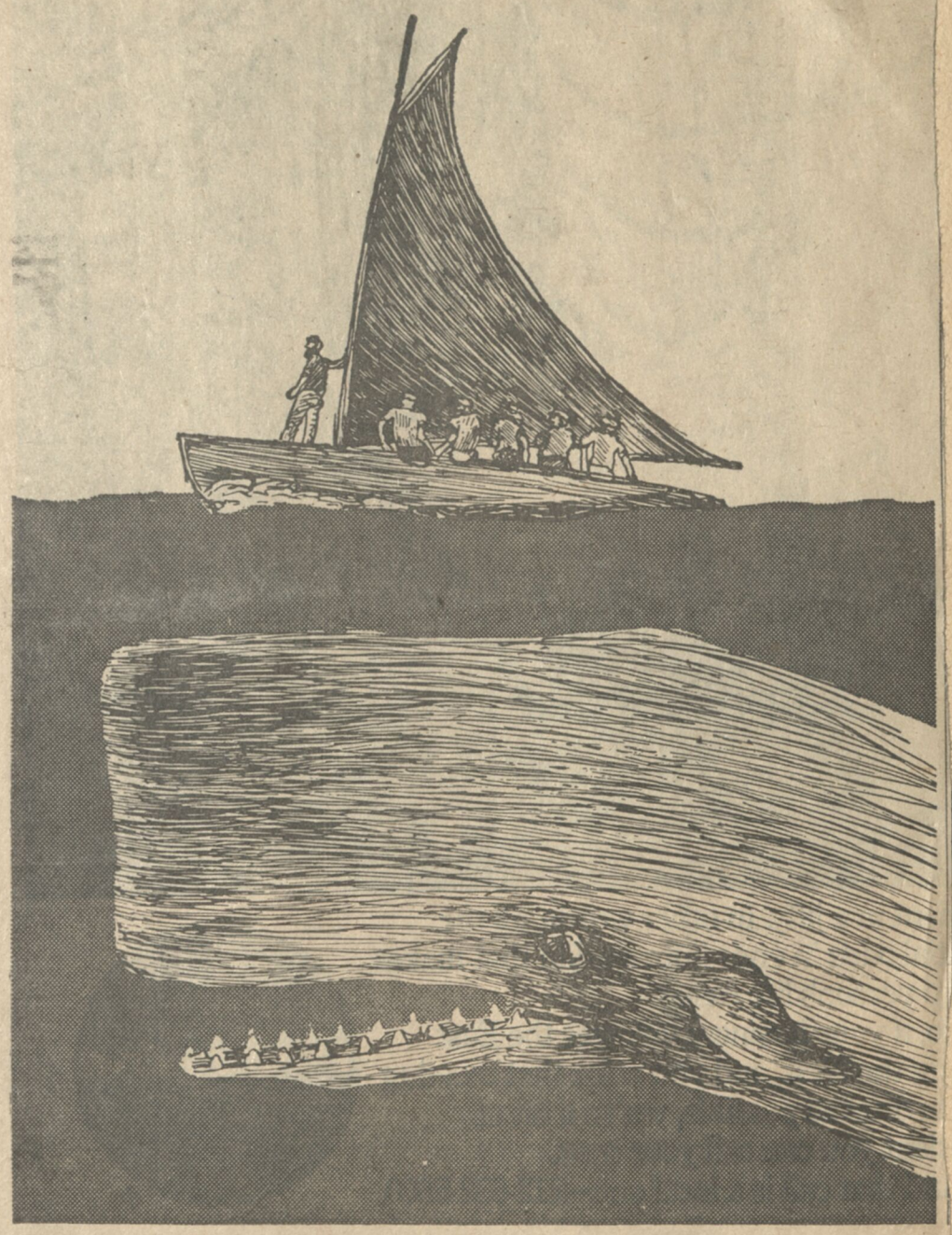
"Others," he said, "smell like diesel oil." He said diesel and lighter oils emulsify in the cold, wind-whipped water. He said this reduces the evaportation rate.

A federal official who reported the dead whales said there were several others "apparently sick and thrashing around nearby," Morris said.

The Whale Hunters Of Fayal

They go to sea in canoes—with harpoons and lances as their only weapons against their 40-ton adversaries. They're the whale hunters of Fayal (in the Azores), one of the few remaining places in the world where the great sperm whale is hunted just as it was 100 to 150 years ago. Tonight's NBC News special demonstrates this difficult—and fast disappearing—way of life through the eyes of a 16-year-old boy—Jose Escobar—on his first whale hunt. Jose Ferrer narrates, and your gas company is the sponsor.

7:30pm Color NBC 4



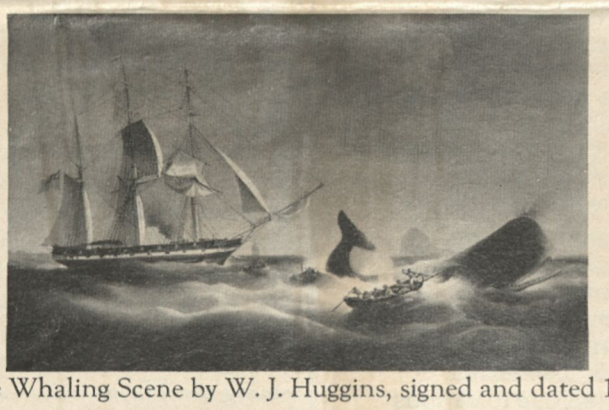
28 Feb '70
New Yorker

MARCH 1970 AUCTIONS

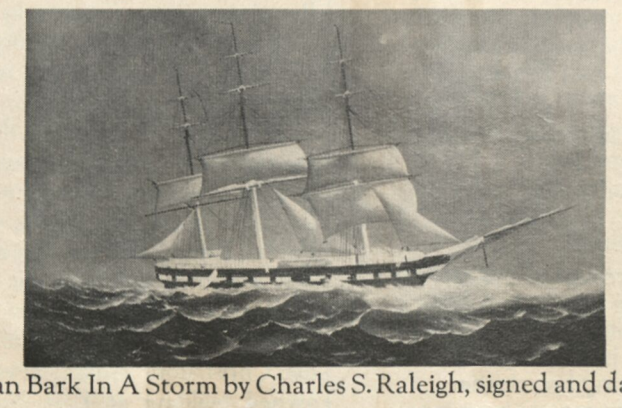
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Rare Whaling Scene by W. J. Huggins, signed and dated 1841.



American Bark In A Storm by Charles S. Raleigh, signed and dated 1878.

MARCH 28, 1970—10:00 AM

Collection of decoys, pewter, antique furniture, rare Liverpool jugs, edged weapons, firearms and many other collectables from the collection and stock of the late Russell Goldstein of Fall River, Mass. Illustrated Catalogue: $2.50 (By Mail $3.00)

Mr. Goldstein's noted personal collection of antique firearms will be auctioned Monday, June 8, 1970. Illustrated Catalogue: $5.00 (By Mail $6.00)

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Flesh-Creeping Tale About Hungry Bugs, Skeletons in Closet

* * *

How Dermestid Beetle Helps Museums Prepare Bones; Munching on the Carpets

WSJ Tues 18 May 76

By Amanda Bennett
Staff Reporter of The Wall Street Journal

TORONTO—The sign on the basement door at the Royal Ontario Museum says "Bug Room." Another sign, written in ominous Gothic script, warns, "Abandon hope all ye who enter here."

Behind the door is a small room, covered from floor to ceiling with a special toxic paint and lined with steel shelves. On the shelves are steel-lined bins, each containing the mortal remains of monkeys, snakes, birds and other assorted animals. And munching away on the remains are thousands of furry little insects.

It all sounds like some grisly scene straight out of Edgar Allan Poe. But actually these tiny bugs (the larvae of the dermestid beetle) are some of the hardest workers in museums the world over. For perhaps as long as a century they have been used to strip bones clean so that skeletons can be mounted for display.

Most larger museums maintain their own dermestid colonies to prepare exhibits because no one has yet found a better method of cleaning flesh from bones. It's too time consuming, as well as being very difficult, to do the job by hand. Chemicals such as ammonia tend to disintegrate bones as well as flesh. But with a few thousand dermestid larvae a museum can have a clean fish skeleton in two weeks or a spotless sheep skeleton in a couple of months.

The process is amazingly simple. Excess flesh is first cut away from the bone by hand (just like cutting up a chicken), and the carcass is dried. It's then put inside a metal-lined box, the temperature is set at about 70 degrees Fahrenheit and the beetles go to work. The females lay their eggs in the dried flesh and the growing larvae feed on it. The larvae then burrow into cotton on the floor of the bin, where they pupate. The adults emerge, ready to lay their eggs in the next carcass.

Unfortunately the appetite of dermestid larvae can make them a threat to the very museums they help. Adult dermestids can fly, and if they escape from a bug room they may lay their eggs in some distant corner of a museum. The larvae would then emerge and chomp away at anything organic, from stuffed animals to rare butterflies. "They eat our dried insect specimens right off the pins," complains Glenn Wiggins, curator of the Royal Ontario Museum's department of entomology. "They have even been known to eat our carpets," says Sydney Anderson, chairman of the mammalogy department of New York's American Museum of Natural History.



For this reason, all museums with dermestid colonies have to be entirely fumigated twice a year.

Since dermestids can gnaw through wood, elaborate precautions must be taken to keep them in their bug rooms. The Royal Ontario Museum's room is covered with a special toxic paint to discourage beetle burrowing. And all newly cleaned skeletons are placed under very bright lights to remove any light-shy larvae that might be hidden in a crevice.

New York's natural history museum has a tile-lined bug room. The National Museum of Science in Ottawa uses covered fiber glass bins. And the natural history museum in Los Angeles puts the remains of smaller animals with bug colonies inside old refrigerators.

The Los Angeles museum also puts its bugs to work on much larger animals, such as giraffes, elephants and whales (the museum says it specializes in whales). The partly cleaned frames are delivered by railroad car to a warehouse in an industrial area of the city. Donald Patten, the museum's curator of mammals, says the carcasses are simply left at the warehouse, and the beetles come and go as they please.

Ottawa's museum didn't have such a large facility when it decided to clean a whale skeleton. So it set the huge carcass in a wooded area behind the museum. It's been there over two years so far, and museum officials say the skeleton is "almost ready."

The insect with this voracious appetite is less than four-tenths of an inch long, is black or brown, with white flecks, and has two tiny antennas. In the larval stage it looks like a tiny caterpillar. But, says the Royal Ontario Museum's Mr. Wiggins, "they are without question the most notorious household bug in North America." Although people rarely see them, theylare probably more numerous than any other type of household insect, and they do "large amounts of damage," he says.

The Washington Post

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

Cruelty to Porpoises

JUDGE CHARLES R. RICHEY spoke plainly and firmly in his recent ruling that ordered an end to the use of a tuna-fishing technique that takes a heavy toll of the tuna's favorite swimming companion: the porpoise. Because these fun-loving mammals of the sea also swim close to the surface (they are air-breathing), they are easy to spot. And because they are so often accompanied by tuna, tuna fishermen tend to cast their nets indiscriminately whenever they see porpoises, with the result that porpoises all too often get caught up in the tuna nets and drown either from lack of oxygen or shock. The Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972 was supposed to put an end to this senseless killing of porpoises; enforcement was duly turned over to a fishery agency within the Department of Commerce. But in the best tradition of regulators falling under the influence of the regulated, the agency was found by the court to be "in violation of both the letter and spirit of the law." After reviewing the record, Judge Richey had this to say:

"Steps which ensure the protection and conservation of our natural environment must, almost inevitably, impose temporary hardships on those commercial interests which have long benefited by exploiting that environment. The people of this country, speaking through their Congress, declared that porpoises and other marine mammals must be protected from the harmful and possibly irreversible effects of man's activities. It is the obligation and intention of this court to honor that declaration."

Environmental groups celebrating the Richey decision—14 were plaintiffs—had but a short victory party. To the cheers of the tuna industry, Rep. Robert L. Leggett (D-Calif.) jumped in to propose amending the law in a way that would lift current restrictions against the industry regarding the killing of porpoises. The effect of the proposals would be to render the Richey decision meaningless. Mr. Leggett bases his position on the belief that the tuna industry will suffer economic hardship unless his bill goes through. And by way of making this sound more reasonable, he offers the prediction that, in any case, less than half as many porpoises will be killed this year than last—60,000 compared with 134,000.

Congress ought to be wary of the Leggett bill. It has the mark of special interest legislation. The industry might be owed some sympathy if its record since 1972 suggested much zeal for compliance. But the Richey order reveals little more than fishing and killing as usual. Environmental groups, well aware that a successful court decision often means that an attack on the law will be made on another front, are arguing persuasively that economic hardship for tuna fishermen is unlikely because most of the U.S tuna catch this year is expected to be from fishing that does not involve porpoises. Even if the industry made a case for the fact of economic losses—which it hasn't, to our satisfaction—Judge Richey believes such hardships would be "temporary." As for the projected 60,000 porpoises to be killed this year, the law as written actually calls for "insignificant levels" of killing, appproaching a zero mortality rate. It would be one thing if the predicted decline in the porpoise kill-rate this year was predicated on the promise of a greater show of care on the part of the fishermen; that might at least offer the hope of further declines leading to a permanent solution. But the hope of a cutback in the killing this year is apparently based largely on the prospect of a more plentiful harvest among tuna caught in schools where porpoises are not trapped by nets, and this may be only a temporary trend.

There is a larger reason for defeating the Leggett bill. It offers a loophole to the tuna industry just at the moment when the United Sates is trying to stop other countries from slaughtering whales. For Congress to approve the Leggett bill (it is now before the Fisheries and Wildlife Conservation and the Environment Subcommittee) would be to create a double standard: What it would be saying is that it is all right for Americans to decontrol the killing of one form of harmless and threatened ocean life but it is all wrong for foreign fleets to engage in uncontrolled killing of other creatures of the sea. The point here is that these are not questions that lend themselves to compromise—if you believe, as we do, in the value of protecting the world's wild creatures from the predations of man. Cruelty to animals is only a part of it. In the end, the issue all too often is survival: When the mere existence of one or another species of wildlife is threatened, and extinction is clearly only a matter of time, the only sure means of preservation is to draw a firm line somewhere and call a halt.

GRIN & BEAR IT



"It produces enough blubber in one day to heat our house all winter!"

WASH (DC) Post SAT 10 APR '76

Jack Anderson and Les Whitten

Eskimo Victim of Boom

There is a pcignant story behind the oil boom in Alaska. It's the story of the proud Eskimo people who, for centuries, had been left alone in their frigid, forbidding homeland. Now their way of life, harsh though it was, has been cruelly disrupted.

We sent our roving reporter, Hal Bernton, into Eskimo country to get the story. He spent a week with the Eskimos, hunting with them on the Artic ice pack and relaxing with them afterward in their shanties.

The discovery of oil in Prudhoe Bay has brought prosperity to the Eskimos. But it has also brought great anguish.

With the millions in taxes they have collected from the oil companies, the Eskimos have built a fancy hotel for the white businessmen and bureaucrats who get as far north as Barrow.

"It's a honky hotel," groused a young Eskimo woman. "Our people need a place for the old folks to stay, an alcoholic treatment center, a recreation center for the young."

The Eskimos themselves live in clapboard shacks alongside the multi-million-dollar hotel. They used to dwell in sod huts, which were extremely cramped but easy to keep warm. Their new clapboard houses, built of giant wooden packing crates and junked lumber, are more spcaious, more cluttered and considerably more drafty.

Bernton was invited into the two-room home of a family of six. The living room, kitchen and bathroom were crammed into one miniscule room; the other room was jammed full of beds.

As evidence of the Eskimos' new prosperity, their yards are littered with brokendown automobiles, abandoned snowmobiles, empty Coke cans and other debris of the encoraching modern civilization. This is mingled with the debris of the old civilization—caribou hoofs, walrus heads, dead seals on parked sleds and caribou skins flapping in the Arctic wind.

The oil millions have also gone to build a luxurious office building, with flush toilets and running water, for the town officials. But the townspeople still haul their water in the form of huge ice chunks from a frozen fresh water lagoon.

Just a few miles from the center of town, the Navy has established an Artic Research Laboratory. For 300 people stationed there, the Navy pipes in water through a filtering plant from its own private lagoon. There are saunas, a recreation hall and a movie theater for their relaxation.

The base is off limits to the Eskimos who inhabit this frozen wilderness. Only on rare occasions, such as the showing of the movie "Jaws," are the townspeople invited inside the base. The curse of Barrow is alcohol, which white men have introduced to the Eskimos. Unhappily, most Eskimos are unable to cope with the booze, which has had a devastating effect upon their culture.

In their sober moments, they have voted to ban the sale of liquor from Barrow. But several flourishing bootleg operations continue to peddle all they will buy.

Our reporter encountered a young Eskimo, with a thick shock of lank black hair, who was a harpooner on a whale boat. No one was more skilled, more daring in pursuit of the great humpbacked whale.

He promised to teach Bernton about whaling. "But if I am going to teach you," said the proud hunter, "then you must know all about me. You must know that I drink, because I do."

He drank so much one night that he was close to collapse. Ashamed to go home to his wife, the hunter asked Bernton to find a place for him to sleep. Bernton got a room in the luxurious hotel and assisted the drinken harpooner inside.

There came a knock at the door. The night manager insisted that the Eskimo couldn't stay. Sadly, resignedly, the great hunter staggered from the room and trudged down the hall into the freezing night. There was no place for him in the hotel his people had built.

The Eskimos still hunt the caribou in the winter, the humpbacked whale in the spring, the walrus and seal in the summer. But it is no longer the same since the white men came to drill for oil.

Whale-Laden Ship Held in Puerto Rico

WASH (DC) Post FRIDAY 26 MARCH 76

SAN JUAN, Puerto Rico, March 25 (AP)—A 328-foot Japanese cargo-refrigerator ship with a load of whale meat was being held in Puerto Rico, a U.S. Customs official said.

Robert Arnott, acting director of the U.S. Customs Bureau in Puerto Rico, said Wednesday, "Our man in Mayaguez found the whale meat on the ship's manifest. I assume it was yesterday." The Dairyo-Maru was suspected of violating a U.S.-Japanese agreement not to fish for whale in U.S. waters, he said.

Whale Meat, Ship Seized

THE WASH (DC) STAR THURS 25 MARCH 76

SAN JUAN, P.R. (AP) — A 328-foot Japanese cargo-refrigerator ship with a load of whale meat was being held yesterday in Puerto Rico, a U.S. Customs official said.

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Old Atlas Restored

Agence France-Presse

PARIS, March 21—The French National Library has reconditioned the 1519 Atlas, once owned by Queen Catherine de Medicts, showing the American and Asian continents joined together. The Atlas was made by the cartographer Lopo Homem for King Manuel I of Portugal; known for his maritime discoveries.

WASH (DC) POST MON. 22 MARCH 76

THE WASHINGTON POST
B 4 Saturday, March 20, 1976

Familiar Eskimo Yarns About Good and Evil

Reviewed by David Roberts

The reviewer is the author of "Mountain of My Fear," and other books.

No culture has been more sentimentalized than that of the Eskimo. Especially in recent years, the igloo and the kayak, the dog-sled journey and the snow-hole seal hunt, have become stock symbols for the romantic ideal of a people in touch with elemental verities. The most prosaic soapstone carvings fetch high prices in gift shops. The simplistic elevation of the American Indian to noble victimhood in countless movies since 1965 has been extended to the Eskimo, in films like "The White Dawn."

Farley Mowat, one of Canada's most popular writers, has built his following on a persona cultivated over 26 years, that of the Northern raconteur, close brother to the whale, the wolf—and the Eskimo. He is a felicitous teller of stories, a fact that paradoxically has much to do with the faults of his latest collection of yarns, "The Snow Walker."

Yarns they are indeed: with one exception, they cannot clearly be identified as fiction or nonfiction, but all bear close affinity to the more sententious of fairy tales. A Baffin Island Eskimo called Nakusiak gets blown out to sea, where he is picked up by a whaler which later goes down in a storm; the lone survivor, Nakusiak kayaks to a Hebridean island, eventually becomes a shepherd and settles down with a Scottish wife. An Eskimo boy adopts a fox, kills it to sell the pelt in a time of famine, and commits suicide out of aboriginal remorse. Arnuk, the dog, stays faithfully by her dying master's side, then

Book World

***THE SNOW WALKER.* By Farley Mowat**

(Atlantic/Little, Brown. 222 pp. $8.95)

sets off after the People in their desparate flight from starvation. In almost every story, an old one walks uncomplaining out into the blizzard to die.

The novelist Margaret Atwood argues brilliantly (in "Survival") that Canadian literature has been obsessed with a "neurosis" of survival; nature is posited to be "the Monster," and Eskimos and Indians all too often serve, for Canadian writers, as victims (both of nature and of the white man) to be identified with, "adopted ancestors," in denial of their actuality. The insights apply forcefully to Mowat, especially when he violates Eskimo complexity in an urge toward lyrical identification-cum-guilt.

The point can best be made by comparing earlier, more honest observers, whose detachment and even alienation save them from sentimentality. Here is Charles Francis Hall, the first American to live closely with Eskimos, in 1865 admitting to his diary: "How terrible is my situation here, the only white man among a savage people! As I have said before, never again will I put myself in the power of an uncivilized race. The life I am living is one worse than his who is being "murdered by inches." It is true that at times everything goes along smoothly; but how unstable is the base! A whisper, a tip of the finger is enough to throw all seeming order here into an earthly hell."

Here is Gontran de Poncins, a French anthropologist, in 1941: "I was too newly come from the outside to see in the igloo anything but filth: the charnel heap of frozen meat piled on the ground behind the lamp; the gnawed fish heads strewn everywhere; the sordid rags on the lumpish flesh, as if these Eskimos had worn their party clothes to the Post and were here revealing their true selves, the maculate bodies they covered with skin and fur to hide the truth from the White."

And here is Farley Mowat, pretending he is an Eskimo: "I am Ootek, and my people are the people of the River of Men. Once they were many and the land was good to them, but now it is my time and we have almost forgotten how it was in the old days when the deer flooded the tundra and gave us life. Hunger comes often now, and the deer but seldom. No one now lives by the big lakes to the north . . ."

Yet Mowat has both intelligence and a personal acquaintance with his subject. He seems at his best when caught up in a social drama larger than himself, as in such previous works as "People of the Deer" or "Wake of the Great Sealers"; at his worst when idly spinning yarns. The best of the pieces in the current book is the one most solidly grounded in fact. "Dark Odyssey of Soosie" recounts an absurd and genuinely tragic sequence of government-forced resettlement, cultural disintegration, madness, murder, and outpost justice. Here Mowat for the most part drops the wooden lyricism and corny solemnity that so mar the rest of the tales, and lets the story tell itself—as the best of anthropological historians have always known was wisest.

(DC) WASH STAR. MAR 10 1976

Japan Consolidates Whaling Industry

TOKYO — Under international criticism and restricted to smaller quotas, six Japanese fishing companies have closed their whaling departments and set up one joint firm to do all their whaling.

The new Nippon Kyodo Hogei Co. has jobs for only about half the 3,000 person who formerly worked in the industry. But management and labor agreed in late April on a plan to take care of the rest by voluntary retirements and transfers to other types of fishing.

WASH (DC) STAR-NEWS 16 MARCH 76

Whale Saga Nears Its End

SEATTLE — The saga of six Puget Sound killer whales captured in a storm of controversy has neared an end, with two of the six remaining in captivity last night.

A 19½-foot whale was reported "happy and doing well" in its temporary confinement in a Sea World aquarium pen here, while another was apparently destined for the same temporary home. Three of the other whales escaped and the fourth was released.

WASH (DC) POST SUN 14 MARCH 76

Two Whales Break Nets And Escape

OLYMPIA, Wash., March 15 (AP)—Two of five killer whales being held near Puget Sound for transport to aquariums ripped the netting that held them captive for almost a week and escaped into open seas today.

Captors of the whales, Sea World, Inc., were attempting to move them to a safer location when two broke through the netting and swam away.

Crewmen aboard the trawler Pacific Maid, headquarters for the expedition that captured the whales last Sunday, confirmed the escape, which was witnessed by bystanders.

PROFESSOR'S VIEW

The Energy Crisis Was in Whale Oil

COLLEGE STATION, Tex. (UPI) — The only United States energy crisis ended just after the Civil War and is not being repeated in the current shortage of oil and gas, according to a Texas A&M University economics professor.

That crisis involved whale oil, which in the years before the Civil War was the prime fuel for lamps and candles in the United States, said Dr. W. Philip Gramm.

When it ran out, the nation turned to petroleum, an energy source he said is plentiful now and will be through the end of the 20th century and beyond.

"There is no question that some day we're going to run out of petroleum," Gramm said. "But that day is not going to be during this century if the government will allow the free enterprise system to work."

HE SAID if the whole idea of profits for "big oil companies" could be put in perspective, such as against the balancing fact that profits for oil firms are no higher than those for any other manufacturing company, then the oil companies and independents would go get the tremendous volume of crude oil and natural gas still in the ground.

Gramm said profits is not a dirty word when applied to other companies.

"Take two products that everybody will know," he said. "Coca-Cola in 1973 made over 25 percent rate of return on stockholder investment. And Avon, that name that all the women will know, has made over 30 percent.

HE SAID oil companies made a 15-16 percent return on investment during 1973. All of the "windfall profits" talk was based on comparisons between oil company income from 1972 to 1973.

"1972 was the worst year for the petroleum companies in the postwar era," Gramm said. "You know and I know the only profit figure that makes any sense is return on investment."

The first and only time the United States ran out of an energy source — whale oil — provides a lesson and a comparison to the current petroleum shortage.

"Whale oil lamps were the principal source of artificial light and sperm whale candles were the principal candles, and so whale oil was an energy source in the same sense that petroleum is today," he said.

WHALING BEGAN in 900 A.D. in the inlets and bays of western Europe, and spread as far north as ice would allow, south along the coast of America, into the Pacific and Indian Oceans, and finally — in 1848 — to the Arctic Ocean, the last ocean available. The cost of getting whale oil rose 400 percent between 1823 and 1866, an indication of a failing supply.

"As the price rose, this created an incentive to come up with a cheaper substitute," he said. "When petroleum was discovered in Titusville, Pa., in 1859, the extreme profits that could be made if a refining process could be developed produced the research that developed kerosene.

"By 1863, kerosene had started to compete effectively with whale oil and was cheaper than it had been in any period in the history of the United States, but by that time, whale oil lamps were only a relic of a past generation."

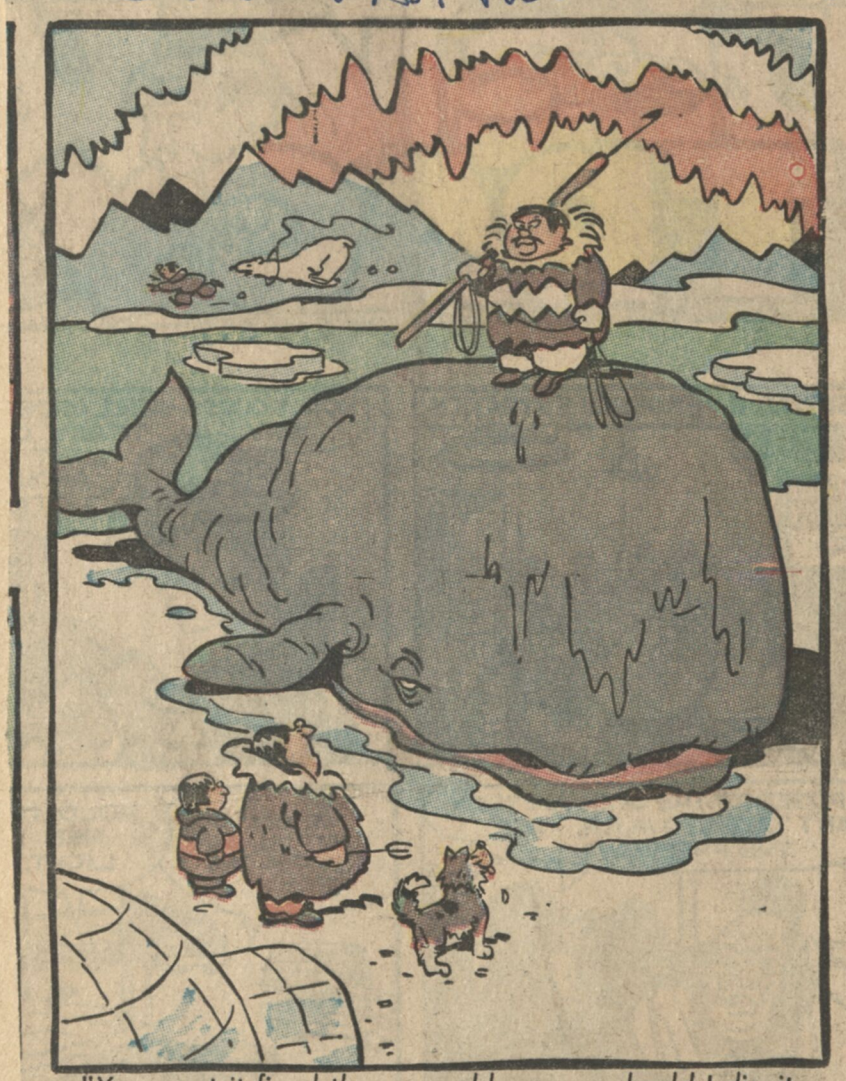
"THE PAST 30 years of the petroleum industry have been precisely opposite the whale oil experience. The cost of taking a barrel of petroleum from the ground has actually dropped — eliminating inflation — from 80 cents in 1950 to 50 cents in 1974.

"This is not the price pattern when we are running out of a source of energy," Gramm said. "Instead it is the pattern when technology is outpacing the depletion of a resource. I find no evidence whatever to substantiate the opinion that we stand at the end of the petroleum era.

"What has happened is we have incorrectly read shortages that have been caused basically for political reasons and not economic or technical reasons.

WASH (DC) Star-News Mon 19 April 76

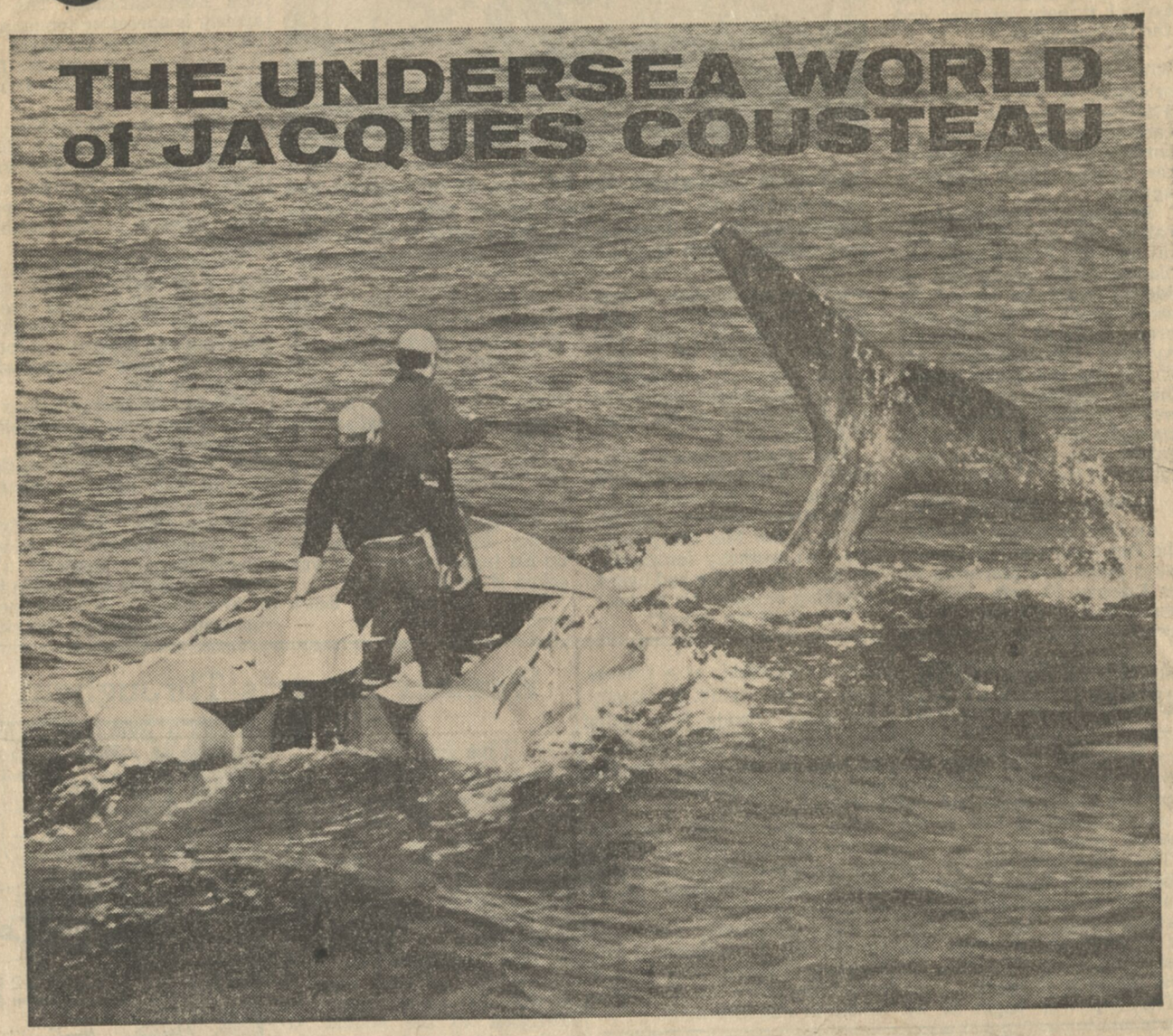
Sun. Wash Post 29 March '20



"You want it fixed the same old way, or should I dip it in breadcrumbs?"

abc TONIGHT AT 7:30 P.M. CHANNEL 7

THE UNDERSEA WORLD of JACQUES COUSTEAU



Since before time was measured, the largest creature on earth—the mammoth grey whale—has braved a 5,000-mile journey from the Arctic Seas to come to Baja California to spawn. It is in the secluded Baja lagoons that the men of the "Calypso" attempt to track, tag, and even ride on the backs of these elusive behemoths. Watch once again as Cousteau and his men befriend and study the forty-ton phantoms in . . .

"THE DESERT WHALES"

Brought to you in color by

Armstrong

creators of THE INDOOR WORLD

N.Y. Times Thurs. 4 Dec/69

Psychology Helps Save Part of Loyal Whale Herd

By WALTER SULLIVAN

By exercising some improvised whale psychology, Florida marine patrolmen have managed to save 22 of nearly 200 black pilot whales that beached themselves a week ago.

The episode has come to light in a report by the Center for Short-Lived Phenomena of the Smithsonian Institution in Cambridge, Mass.

The final outcome, including the use of bulldozers and other equipment to bury about 150 whales that could not be saved, was described in a telephone interview with one of the patrolmen involved, Jerry Rogers of West Palm Beach.

The incident was blamed on the recent cold weather and the intense loyalty of a herd of whales for an old bull. Apparently the bull, either in search of warmer water or because he was ill, ran onto North Beach at Fort Pierce about 9 P.M. last Saturday night.

The herd followed him until a two-mile stretch was littered with whales, each from 15 to 20 feet long and weighing about 1,500 pounds.

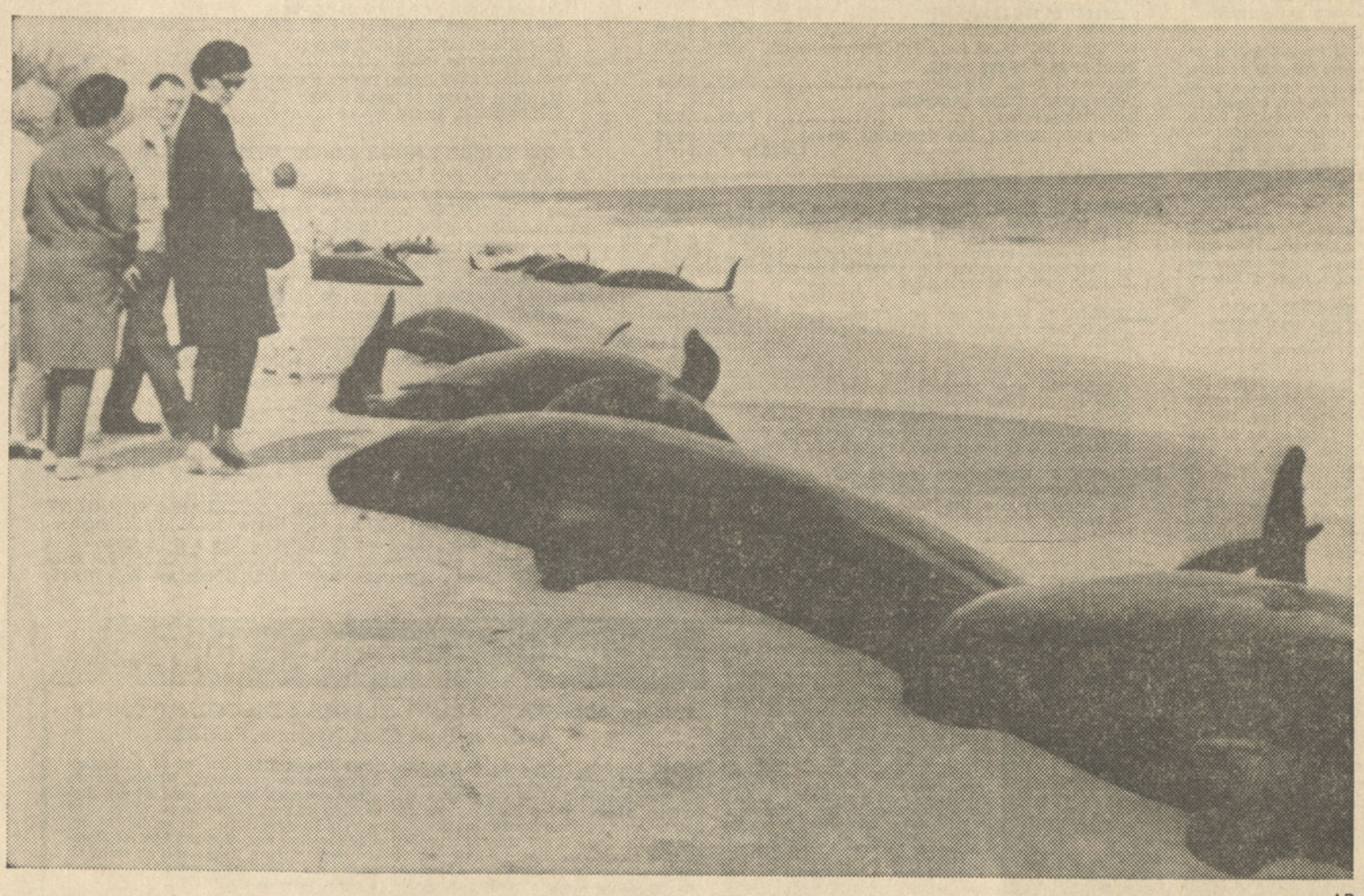
The Smithsonian report said that sick whales tended to run onto a beach. It noted, however, that the water temperature had cooled because of unusually chilly weather, with temperatures down to 26 degrees, and suggested that the grounding might have occurred accidently in a desperate search for warmer water.

Patrolman Rogers said that the State Department of Natural Resources, which operates the Florida Marine Patrol, first heard of the grounding last Sunday. Boats were rushed to the scene. Ropes were tied around the whales' tails, and, one by one, about 30 were hauled of the beach and into the sea.

But as soon as the whales were released, they returned to the beach, as though more prepared to die than to desert their leader. Only two or three remained off shore.

The patrolmen noticed that in one case, where a whale did not immediately rush toward the beach, the boats had turned back toward shore before releasing it. In the other cases, some whales, terrified at being pulled backwards, were headed toward shore when released and took off in that direction at full speed.

The marine specialists also noticed that the whales in the water "talked" to one another with special sonar noises. Perhaps, the patrolmen though, the whales would be less apt to head for the beach with companionship.

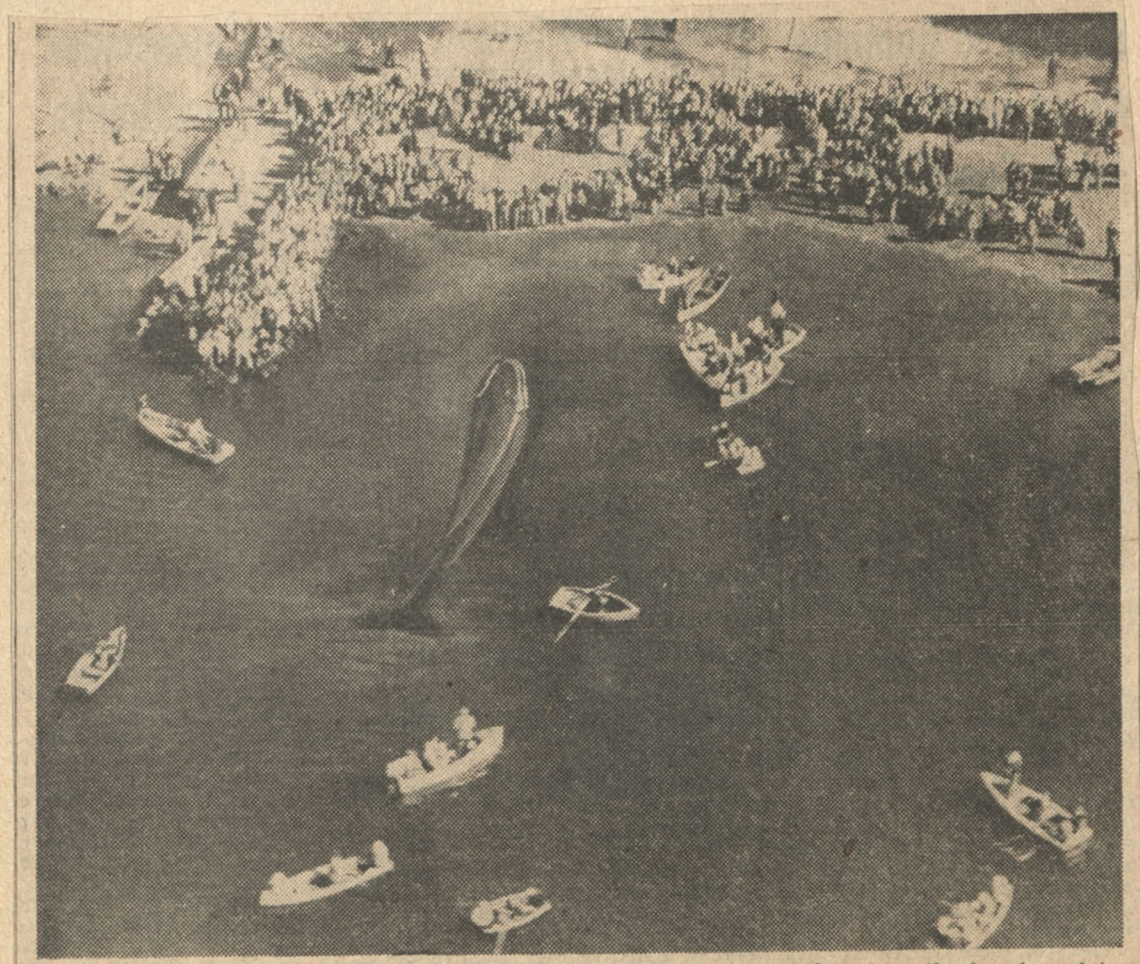


—AP

Back to Their Beginnings

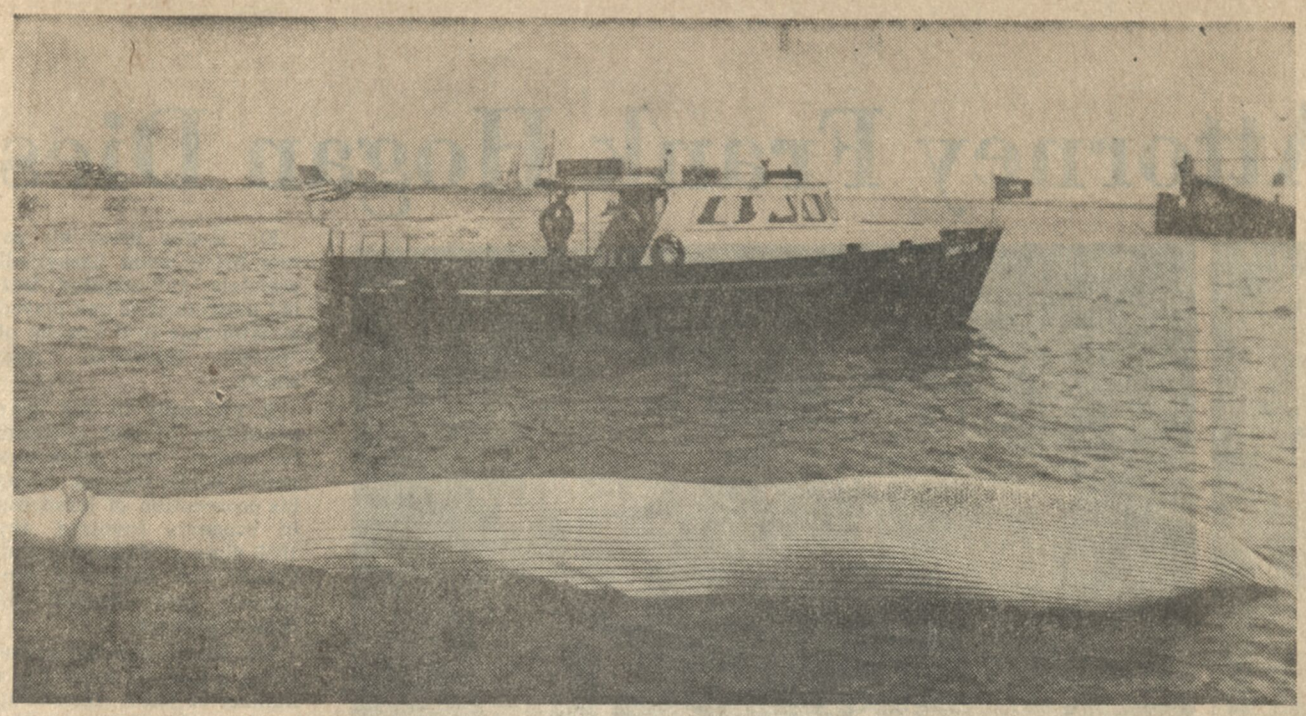
Millions of years ago, ancestors of the pilot whale edged off land and into the water and became seagoing mammals. Apparently the species has never forgotten its origin, for whenever pilot whales are frightened they seem to seek the safety of land. Last week, at Fort Pierce, Fla., about 150 of the 1,000-pound whales panicked and fled to land and self-destruction despite efforts of rescuers who tried unsuccessfully to drag them to sea. Towed out and turned loose, they swam right back to shore.

Natl. Observer
Mon. 19 Jan 70



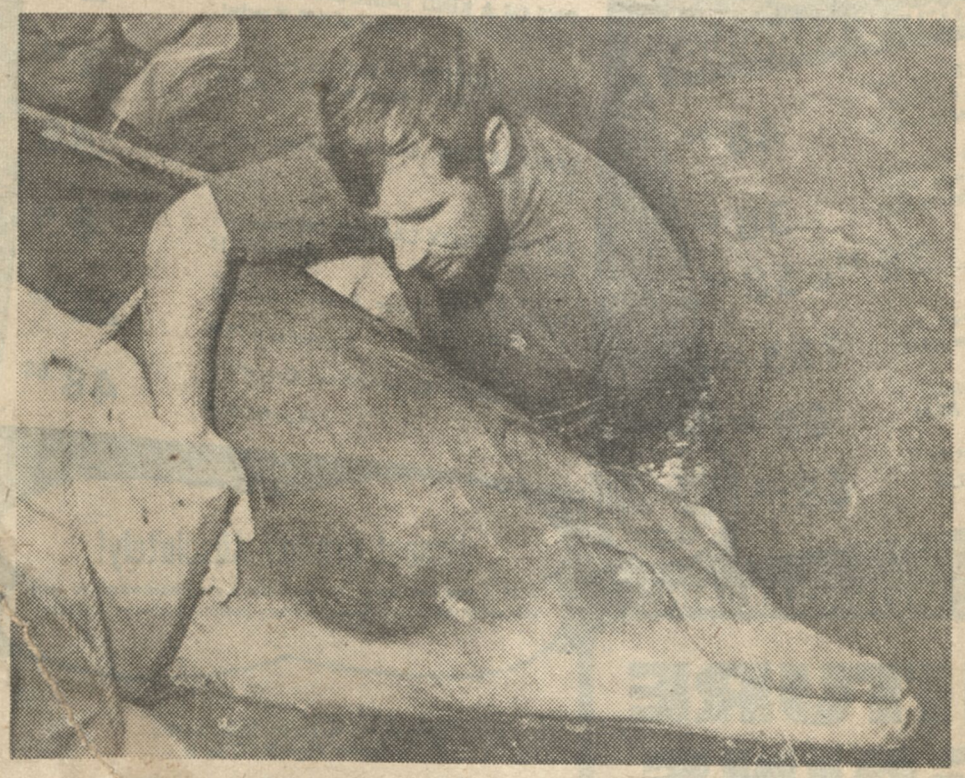
HUNTINGTON, N. Y.—WHALE STRANDED ON BEACH—Crowds gathered on the beach and in row boats to get a look at the 60-foot whale which ventured too close to shore and was left stranded and helpless in shallow Long Island waters at ebb tide yesterday. The whale died in the afternoon and settled so deeply in the sand that heavy hawsers tied to its tail snapped when attempts were made to drag it away. When the tide came in last night a 104-foot Army crash boat and a 63-foot Coast Guard cutter were able to pull it free. The cutter will tow it 40 miles to sea, where it will be blown to pieces with demolition charges, a Coast Guard spokesman said. —AP Wirephoto.

The Wash (DC) Post Wed 3 April 74



Associated Press

A WHALE OF A WHALE—Coast Guard patrol boat stands by dead 50-foot-long blue whale on Norfolk waterfront yesterday. Speculation is that whale was killed by a passing ship. Whale drifted away but was recorraled later.



—UPI Photo

WHALE OF A STORY — A 14-foot Blainville's beaked whale, washed ashore at St. Augustine, Fla., was turned over to Marineland of Florida, where curator Barry McAllister is taking care of the 1,400-pound animal.

Wash (DC) Daily News Thurs 6 June 69

the Independence to sail Tuesday.

Wash Post-
Tues 16 Nov 65

Soviet Ship Disabled By Harpooned Whale

MOSCOW, Nov. 15 (AP) Tass reported that a large sperm whale harpooned by the whaling ship Tsikon whipped around and butted the vessel with such force the engines conked out.

It said the engines could not be repaired and the ship returned to Vladivostok at the end of a towline.

es Galore Offer Winter Warmth for Fr



The New York Times (by Carl T. Gossett Jr.)

HAVEN FOR YACHTSMEN: P. J. McNally's store at 234 Water Street offers a comfortable stopping place for the salt who likes to browse among ship's wheels, figureheads, scrimshaw and other articles. McNally is shown there.

...in Freeport, Me., 04032.

P. J. McNally's at 234 Water Street has no catalogue, but the shop provides a particular treat on a winter day and might tempt the boatman to leave his fireside.

The ruddy-faced McNally's wares are partly antique (scrimshaw, old binnacle cases, sea chests), partly rummage (signs from engine rooms, whales' teeth) and partly straight marine hardware. It's all jumbled together in a well-heated cosy shop just north of Fulton Street. He's there from 9 to 5 weekdays and 11 to 3 Saturdays.

Dec
ember 9, 1968 WASH. DAILY NEWS



Whales' Echo Detector May Falter Near Shore

N.Y. TIMES TVCS 20 JAN '70

Scientist Suggests Failure of Sonic Signal Could Result in Big-Scale Beaching

By WALTER SULLIVAN

The mass beaching of whales at Fort Pierce, Fla., on Jan. 10 may have come about because the echo-ranging equipment of the animals could not detect a shelving shore.

This explanation has been proposed by Dr. J. R. White, a veterinarian at the Miami Seaquarium, in a report distributed by the Smithsonian Institution's Center for Short-Lived Phenomena.

The original report, circulated last week by the center, which is in Cambridge, Mass., described the animals as black pilot whales. However, Dr. White has now identified them as false killer whales. The animals were from 15 to 20 feet long.

Close to 200 of them ran onto the beach. Men in boats towed 30 back to sea, but almost all of them swam back onto the shore. However, the next day the whales headed seaward and remained in the water.

Dr. White noted past proposals that mass beachings by whales occurred when their leader became ill or when the entire herd was suffering from an epidemic infection. Sick whales are thought to seek out beaches. However, blood samples obtained by Dr. White from six whales showed no sign of bacterial infection or anemia.

As an alternative explanation, the report cited experiments showing that echo-locating signals, such as those used by all members of the whole family, whether in the sonic or ultrasonic range, were attenuated when aimed through shallow water toward a shelving beach.

Whales directing their navigation signals at such a beach would receive no echo and would think they were headed into open ocean. In 1966 some 60 pilot whales ran onto a beach on Grassy Key, one of the Florida keys where the beach slope is similar to that at Fort Pierce.

Another explanation by the Miami scientist draws a parallel with human claustrophobia. When whales enter water too shallow for their normal operations they tend to become disoriented.

"Herd instinct may then take over," said the report, "and they go into mass hysteria, which may result in something like a cattle stampede."

The Eve. Star
Friday 10 Jan '47

Glittering Plants and Animals Found in Ice Near South Pole

Hardiest Forms of Life On Earth Discovered In South Pole Pack

By Thomas R. Henry
Star Staff Correspondent

ABOARD U. S. S. MOUNT OLYMPUS, with Navy Antarctic Expedition, Jan. 10.—For a week we have been cruising in a sea of ice which is alive. Little plants that swim, live and multiply in countless billions are inside solid ice.

They wear jackets of translucent glass. They are the hardiest form of life on earth and presumably will be the last living things when the whole planet is covered by an ice sheet like that which now engulfs the Antarctic. At the same time they are so fragile and delicately modeled that jewelers use close relatives of their designs for gem-cutting.

As the icebreaker Northwind has smashed its way through ice 8 feet thick, it has slashed below the surface through large yellow chunks. Today Lt. William Metcalf collected a bucketful of this yellow ice and then filtered the melted water.

Garden of Glittering Gems.

The residue under the microscope was a moving garden of glittering gems. Most prevalent were corethorons. These are plants, but look like gems, worms with hairlike tentacles protruding from their heads. Closely related forms are known as the most abundant life in Antarctic waters, forming the chief food of whales.

One whale will eat a ton a day, and there are a thousand in a cubic inch. They supposedly are confined to water, but apparently great colonies, trapped when ice forms, continue to multiply rapidly as ever. They are found in hard ice, but this ice under a microscope is found to contain very minute air spaces which serve as igloos for the plants through the winter.

Corethorons belong to nearly the most primitive living things. They are advanced forms of slag. They have shells in which silicon, from which sand and glass are made, takes the place of carbon such as forms the outer covering of all other plants. Silicon, instead of carbon life, is most probable at the end of the world, judging from the hardihood of these creatures.

Corethorons propel themselves by some form of jet propulsion, and feel their way with tentacles. More remarkable still, Lt. Metcalf found among the plants tiny animals looking like worms and crustaceans which apparently feed on them, but evidence that they are alive is so feeble as to be questionable.

Plants Multiply Rapidly.

Maybe they are in a state of suspended animation. The plants, to the contrary, are fully awake and rapidly multiplying.

The four ships rest at anchor in a gray lake about 50 square miles in area. This lake is in a white ice universe. Its banks are ice walls 5 to 40 feet high. There is no gap through them in any direction. Rear Admiral Richard H. Cruzen, expedition commander, has flown around the lake and far afield over the pack, vainly seeking a break in the ice walls.

Hundreds of miles southward he saw another lake of equal size. Ice structures far ahead are pictured accurately on the sky, as gray forms against a background of gold. They are enormously magnified as if projected on the sky by a magic lantern and look like the skyline of a great port city.

This is the picture as the Navy's South Pole armada is blocked in every direction, in the middle of the Ross Sea. The lake will be a secure harbor indefinitely, unless changes in wind and drift cause the ice to close in, with billions of tons of pressure, when the ice breaker must quickly cut an escape path.

The admiral is loth to move the fragile ships with the pressure apparent in the pack all around. The progress south to date has been like a minor naval engagement against Antarctic titans, with some ships slightly damaged, and some apprehension among green crews, but this is not shared in the slightest by Admiral Cruzen, the Navy's most experienced ice fighter. The damage is less than normally would be expected in such waters, the admiral assures.

The only apprehension is that the ships might not crash the pack into open seas southward at all this Antarctic summer, which apparently is the worst yet reported. But Admiral Cruzen is confident a weather change eventually will bring thin ice leads.

The fragility of steel ships with half-inch hulls, as compared with wooden ships used in the past, makes taking chances impossible, as bad pressure might crumple them like tin cans. Admiral Cruzen has undertaken one of the most difficult feats known in navigation. With the ice breaker alone, he could reach Little America in a few days.

Flagship Flotilla Forced Back by Ice After Some Damage

By the Associated Press

ABOARD THE U. S. S. MT. OLYMPUS, Jan. 9 (Delayed).—The flagship flotilla of the Navy's Antarctic expedition, which set out for Little America, is moving in reverse.

Temporarily locked in the Ross Ice Pack, the ships are drifting northward — toward home—at the rate of 3 miles a day.

The flotilla moved into its present location—a small lagoon—three days ago. Now the lagoon is beginning to fill up with chunks of ice and a big iceberg is advancing from the southwest. Some light damage has been caused by the ice.

Rear Admiral Richard E. Cruzen sent a scout plane today to look for possible openings in the barrier.

Beaverbrook Quits Hospital

MIAMI BEACH, Fla., Jan. 10 (AP).—Lord Beaverbrook, British publisher and wartime cabinet minister, was discharged from a hospital here yesterday and flown back to Nassau where he will finish an interrupted vacation.

Wash (DC) Post
Sun 16 March '75

SCENE

End of the Light

BOSTON (AP)—"We're a dying breed," says Alfred Fearing, captain of one of the three remaining Coast Guard lightship positions in the United States.

Fearing's 128-foot ship, Relief, stands watch today in waters off Nantucket, while 200 miles to the north the Portland Maine Lightship is being replaced by a buoy.

When the Boston Lightship is removed next month, only two of the fleet of 56 red vessels that stood guard along the nation's coastline in 1909 will remain on station—at Nantucket and off the mouth of the Columbia River in the Pacific Northwest.

"In a way, I'm sad to see them pass," said Fearing, a chief warrant officer. "It's a tradition that's going to be gone."

Because it is so far from shore, 200 miles east of New York City, Nantucket traditionally has been considered the most dangerous lightship position.

It is covered in three-week shifts by two ships, the Nantucket and the Relief.

The Nantucket lightship is the first point of contact in the United States for ships crossing the Atlantic bound for New York. Its flashing light, radio beam and foghorn guide vessels through the stormy, treacherous waters.

The Portland Lightship, also 128 feet long, is being replaced after 72 years on station by a buoy 40 feet across. The buoy is designed to handle most of the duties previously conducted by the lightships and their 17-member crews.

The Boston Lightship, a familiar sight to weekend sailors and European freighters, had bobbed at the mouth of the harbor since 1894. It, too, will be replaced by a buoy.

Buoys and offshore towers—essentially lighthouses on stilts—have been taking over for lightships for several years

"It's a matter of money," said Cmdr. Ransom Boyce of the Coast Guard's Aids to Navigation Division. "The lightships are too expensive. Except for nostalgia, it's not really worthwhile to maintain them out there."

Boyce says its only a matter of time before the Nantucket and Columbia River lightships fade into history as well.

Fearing said the time at sea alternates between stretches of boredom and the violence of storms that kick up 20-foot waves and toss the ship about like a cork. When a storm hits, everything on board, from chairs to salt shakers, must be secured.

Over the years, several lightships have been cut in two by ships whose crews have failed to see them in the fog and dark, and Fearing said this remains the biggest fear of lightship crews.

"When you get them very close in fog, it's kind of tense," he said.

Whale-Products Ban To Protect 8 Species Is Planned by Hickel

* * *

Move Will Force U.S. Industry To Find Substitutes for Oil, Meat of Sperm, Sei, Finback

WSJ. Tues 24 NOV 70

By a WALL STREET JOURNAL *Staff Reporter*

WASHINGTON — As a conservation measure, Interior Secretary Hickel plans to ban imports of products derived from eight whale species.

The action ultimately will force makers of machine oils, transmission fluid, and other items to use synthetic substitutes for the sperm whale oil that normally is an ingredient of their products.

The ban will be activated by placing the eight types of whale on the department's endangered species list. The whales are the finback, sei and sperm whales, currently the only species sought systematically by commercial whalers, as well as the rare bowhead, blue, humpback, right and gray whales.

Last year U.S. industry used almost 40 million pounds of sperm whale oil valued at nearly $2.6 million. Finback and sei meat is imported for use in cat food.

Japan is the leading supplier to the U.S. market, followed by Peru. The Soviet Union is a major whaling nation but consumes its entire catch domestically.

Although the ban becomes effective as soon as the names of the species are published in the Federal Register, the Interior Department said it will issue special import permits good for up to 12 months "if existing importers of whale products can show they will suffer economic hardships." A department official said this is designed to permit the marketing of whales caught during the hunting season that begins next month.

The International Whaling Commission in London is supposed to limit whale catches to prevent overfishing, but its effectiveness has been challenged by conservationists. The commission has an annual operating budget of only $16,000 and must rely on observers appointed by the whaling nations for reports on whether its rules are being met, the Interior Department official said.

Mr. Hickel said he decided not to wait until the finback, sei and sperm whales "are on the brink of extinction" like the once plentiful blue whale before imposing his ban. However, the U.S. also will ask the International Whaling Commission to develop more effective means of protecting the three species, he said. In addition, the department and the Smithsonian Institution will sponsor a conference soon to review ways of restoring the world's depleted whale populations.

Spain's Steel Output Up...

WASH POST
FRI. 5 APRIL 74

Live Whale Sightings in Bay Reported

VIRGINIA BEACH, Va., April 4 (AP)—Sighting of live whales in the Chesapeake Bay were reported Wednesday as a dead whale found earlier in the week lost its head to the Smithsonian Institution.

The Navy relayed to the Coast Guard a report Wednesday afternoon of a sighting of two whales two miles east of Thimble Shoals in the bay. An aircraft had reported the sighting to the Norfolk Naval Air Station tower.

The Coast Guard also received a report from the West German ship Stadt Woldsburg of a whale sighted about 9 a.m. near the quarantine anchorage adjacent to the Hampton Roads Bridge-Tunnel.

The Coast Guard put out an afternoon warning to mariners urging them to stay clear of any whales they might sight.

Thomas J. McIntyre of the Smithsonian Institution and his helpers loaded the head of a dead whale on their flatbed "whale truck" Wednesday to take it to Washington for study.

The head was removed after the Coast Guard tug Mohican towed the 30-ton carcass of the dead finback discovered Tuesday to the beaches of Ft. Story.

A Coast Guard vessel took the rest of the carcass in tow and, with a team of Navy demolition experts, headed out to sea. The plan apparently was to plant explosive charges in it and blow it up.

WASH POST
THURS 5 MARCH 74

Canadians Catch Rare Albino Whale

PEDDER BAY, Brisish Columbia, March 4 (UPI) —An albino killer whale, believed to be the first ever captured, was under 24-hour watch today by officials from Oak Bay's Sealand marina.

The rare, 12-foot whale was taken off Race Rocks on the west coast of Vancouver Island Sunday by a team of aquarium employees.

"It is impossible to put a price on the white whale. There is no yardstick to go by, but it has to be worth more than a quarter of a million dollars," said Sealand President Robert Wright.

CONSERVATION OBITUARY

SUN STAR
21 DEC 69

Mexican Grizzly Bear Joins Rolls of Extinct

LONDON (UPI) — Among those present at the dawn of the 1960s was the Mexican grizzly bear. He will not join the greeting to the 1970s.

After countless eons on earth the Mexican grizzly is probably extinct. "There have been no recent sightings," the World Wildlife Fund said in a formula that has become the obituary notice of a species.

According to some conservationists, one or more birds or animals has disappeared from the wild every year since the beginning of this century. It is a continuing process.

Conservationists hope the 1970s will see a slowing down of this process and the rescue of some species from oblivion — as the American buffalo was saved at the last moment and the Arabian oryx has been rescued from the machineguns of sportsmen in jeeps in recent years.

After long and persistent campaigns by the World Wildlife Fund, the Fauna Preservation Society and others, the mighty blue whale, largest of all creatures who ever lived, is beginning to gain in numbers after being overfished. The beautiful whooping crane is up to a population of 55, the most since 1941 when it was discovered only 15 were still alive in the United States and Canada.

The white rhinoceros has just been taken off the threatened list as a result of conservation measures. But only 20 Javan rhinoceri are still alive, and as long as the myth persists that the horn of the rhino is an aphrodisiac, its continued existence will be precarious.

The "Red Data Book" of the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources lists nearly 40 species as now threatened or in danger of extinction.

Bathers Fail To Save Whales

MARINELAND, Fla. (AP) — The efforts of 50 volunteers have failed to save a mother whale and her newborn baby which stranded on the beach north of here.

The adult whale, about nine-feet long, and the three-foot calf came ashore at Jacksonville Beach Monday and were brought to the research center here alive, thanks to efforts of about 50 people.

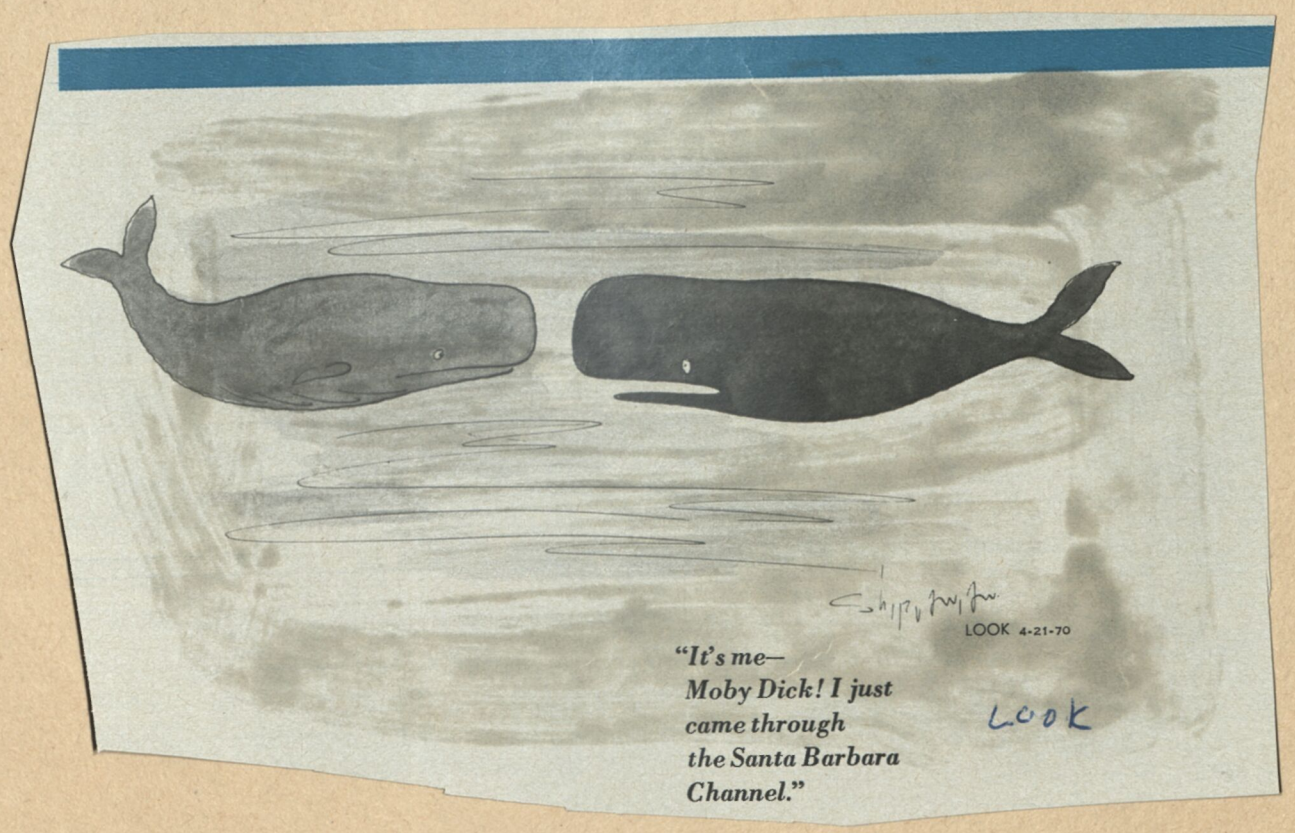
Bathers stayed with the adult whale to protect it from being pounded in the surf and kept her wet while others wrapped the baby in moistened beach towels until a crew with a truck took the pair to the research center. The two whales died yesterday

WASH (D.C.) STAR
WED 12 MARCH/75



"Boy, that sure hit the spot!"

WASH Post Sun 22 FEB '70



LOOK 4-21-70

"It's me— Moby Dick! I just came through the Santa Barbara Channel."

LOOK

The Whaling Wall.

The wall we're talking about is *System Cado*, by Royal System.

And it houses the collection of nautical objets d'art belonging to Captain H.J..

(He's the swinging scion of a notable shipbuilding family that dates back to the great whaling days of yore. Most of the items in his collection are quite old and costly. Except for Stephanie. She's not old.)

System Cado fulfills all of the good Captain's needs. Thanks to Cado's flexibility, storageability, add-on-ability, and if ever necessary, removeability.

And of course, installation is easily arranged for.

Send 10¢ for our great decorating brochure and planning guide.

So you can start collecting your own objets d'art. Both old and young.

DESIGN: POUL CADOVIUS.
ROYAL SYSTEM

Box W, 57-08 39th Avenue, Woodside, N.Y. 11377, or 13850 Saticoy Street, Van Nuys, Calif./In Canada: R.S. Associates, Ltd.



The Whales' Deadly Foe: Man

WHALES, From G16

erman, overcome by the news that they are not fishes, but air-breathing mammals, falls overboard. is rescued by some porpoises he didn't trap.

This is probably the only tragedy ever written in which nobody dies. Everybody lives happily ever after, which is the way Lily and her co-author wanted it. They all make out—the pregnant whale, the baby whale, the porpoises and the bad-guy fishermen. It's enough to bring smiles to your lips.

The exhibit, which opened last week, will run through June. It will be circulated throughout the country by the Smithsonian Institution's Traveling Exhibition Service after its Washington showing. Grade school students from District and suburban schools are represented, side by side with paintings and drawings by young artists from other cities in America and foreign countries.

The children's campaign was launched last June with Walks for Whales in Washington, San Francisco, London and Vancouver, B.C. Children have sent in thou-



By Margaret Thomas—The Washington Post

A closeup of Lindsey Truitt's painting about the threatened species, whales.

sands of letters, poems, short stories and drawings to Project Jonah, Box 476, Bolinas, Calif., and more are wanted, according to the project founder, Joan McIntyre.

According to Project Jonah, more than 2 million whales have been killed in the past 50 years, and all but two species have been hunted to commercial extinction. Three years ago, the United Nations recommended a 10-year moratorium on whaling. Eight out of 14 nations voted in favor of the 10-year halt. They were the U.S., Canada, France, Australia, the United Kingdom, Panana, Mexico and Argentina.

The bad guys, so far as whales are concerned, are Japan and Russia, which account for about 80 per cent of the whale killing each year, says Project Jonah.

Whales are made into machine oil, margarine, shoe polish, transmission fluid, lipstick, car wax, fertilizer, perfume, soap, candles, crayons and pet food. The Japanese eat whale, as a delicacy. But But, says Project Jonah, "there is no product made from whales for which an adequate, inexpensive substitute does not exist."

The United States outlawed whale hunting and banned whale products in 1971, but Project Jonah says our tuna industry is killing many dolphins and porpoises needlessly.

These mammals are all highly intelligent, friendly, peaceful beings, and Project Jonah has little essays about them.

One about the whales goes in part like this:

"You sing whale songs over hundreds of miles, calling to your friends. You grew up drinking your mother's milk, and you breathe air. You live in big friendly families. You easily swim thousands of miles to follow your food. You are so big that you have no real enemies except one: People."

President Showing No Sign of Strain

By Jack Anderson

President Nixon has come through the Watergate ordeal, so far, with no outward sign of strain. This is the remarkable report of aides and visitors whom we have surveyed.

Over the past year, the President's great re-election victory has exploded. One by one, close associates have pleaded guilty to crimes and have accused other trusted aides of crimes. Each day, month after month, has brought news of yet another moral calamity.

The President has been revealed as a tax fudger who would use dubious loopholes to reduce his income tax below that of an ordinary worker, a finagler who would bilk the taxpayers for improvements to his personal property. When crimes and improprieties have been traced right to his door, he has defended himself by claiming the President of the United States didn't know what was going on inside the White House.

The dreary revelations, piled one upon another, might have broken a man of less grim determination. The terrible weight could still affect his policy decisions and cause repercussions around the world.

Therefore, we have interviewed several people who have been in contact with the President—visitors, aides and a few intimates—to find out how he is weathering Watergate. Most asked us not to identify them; a few had no objections to being quoted.

Those closest to the President agree he has gone through agony over Watergate. On occasion, they have heard him erupt with rage and profanity. But most of the time, he has bottled up his feelings and gone off to agonize alone.

His favorite retreat during the lonely struggle with his seventh and greatest crisis has been Camp David in the Maryland mountains. Sometimes his close friend, C. G. (Bebe) Rebozo, would join him for a long weekend.

Sources who visited the retreat during these periods say Rebozo would mix a small pitcher of martinis, and the two men would sit in deep silence seemingly on the same wave length.

The President emerged from his introspection several weeks ago full of confidence. He told aides that the worst was over, that the case against him had been presented in the worst possible light and that hereafter his side of the story would receive national attention.

He scheduled a series of speeches and question-and-answer sessions to lay his case before the nation. He sought invitations from Republican candidates to prove he wasn't a political liability. He also sought to show that, despite Watergate, he is still governing the nation. As a climax, he hopes to hold a triumphant summit conference with Kremlin leader Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow.

Those who have been in touch with Mr. Nixon in recent weeks say he is in excellent spirits, showing no signs of fatigue. His voice is strong and decisive, and he speaks with calm assurance. His eyes are clear and penetrating. He looks his visitors straight in the eye, his own gaze never wandering. His handshake is firm. There is color in his cheeks.

Several people told us he looks better now than ever. Party worker Mrs. Martin Erck, who met with the President for the first time in 12 years, commented wonderingly: "He has held up a great deal better than I have."

He is in good humor, often wisecracking and laughing with those around him. A presidential portrait painter, Graham Yates, showed his portraits to Mr. Nixon the other day. The President shuffled through the paintings and came upon his own likeness. Dead pan, he demanded: "How did this get in there?"

But for all the outward optimism, Richard Nixon sometimes still slips back into his private depression. One subordinate told us he recently was awakened early in the morning by a telephone call from the President. Although Mr. Nixon was coherent, it was obvious he had been drinking.

Government Loot—The Fish and Wildlife Service, as we reported last December, is cracking down on shady dealers who profit from killing endangered animals. Although the campaign has been highly successful, it has created an enormous headache for the federal agents.

They don't know what to do with all the booty, more than $2 million worth, that they have seized from traffickers in illegal animal products. Government warehouses are stuffed with such items as vicuna coats, leopard skin coats, tortoise shell products, whalebone sculptures and polar bear hides.

There is the head of a walrus, the foot of a tapir and a stuffed, three-toed Brazilian sloth. In one seizure alone, agents confiscated 1,200 pairs of shoes made from the hide of the rare Nile crocodile. Another seized shipment netted 20,400 dozen feathers from protected birds. Still another investigation brought in 12,226 cans of barbecued and smoked sperm whale meat intended for gourmet shops.

Normally, seized animal products are donated to museums, zoos and schools. But worthy institutions can use only so many fancy feathers and stuffed heads. And where would they display a vicuna coat or an expensive jewel hewn from the shell of a Hawksbill sea turtle?

Fish and Wildlife officials feel they can't sell the confiscated items or give them away, as this might foster the same dirty business they are trying to wipe out. Some of the expensive items, therefore, may have to be destroyed.

1974, United Feature Syndicate

Publisher Plans to Remove Disputed Sections of Texts

TEXTS, From B1

speakers, only 11 spoke in favor of the textbook's use.

The textbooks, which differ from those that prompted parental violence and demonstration in one West Virginia school system last year, were used in Prince William County's Stonewall Jackson High School last year as supplemental literature texts, the spokesman said.

School Supt. Milton Snyder ordered the creation of a special study group of teachers to weigh the texts' value following reports that some parents were finding them objectionable. That study group was expanded to include citizens and students.

According to the State Board of Education, 46 of approximately 135 state school districts have approved the text for use. That includes all Northern Virginia school districts which use the texts to varying degrees, spokesman confirmed there yesterday. Both Montgomery and Prince George's counties in Maryland also use the text, spokesmen there said.

The textbooks consist of a cross section of modern English literature as well as selected English translations from foreign suthors, Ginn's Erskine said yesterday.

"Profanity and vulgarisms we left in intentionally," he said. "We thought we were not subverting the morals of the children and that the authors used them for other than shock purposes. But we expurgated obscenity," he said, removing completely the works of those authors who forbade the company from cutting out obscenities in their work.

"These books are filthy," said Mabel Turner, wife of the Rev. Denver Turner, a staunch Manassas opponent of the books. "I don't see this as literature."

Among the stories, poems and drama to be dropped from future editons are: William Melvin Kelley's "The Only Man on Liberty Street", Leonard Cohen's "Suzanne"; Jean Toomer's "Karintha"; Erskine Caldwell's "Indian Summer"; and a dramatization of Herman Melville's "Billy Budd" by Lois O. Cox and Robert Chapman.

According to Erskine about 500,000 copies of the series have been sold in Virginia, Florida, the New England states, California, Ohio, Michigan, New Mexico, and Illinois. Objections raised in Virginia, he said, have resulted in some study of the texts elsewhere.

Martin Marty
on Blaise Pascal

Calvin Trillin on
'White House Nannie'

Bernard Hollowood on
the Norman Conquest

BOOK WEEK

APRIL 17, 1966

The Sunday
Herald
Tribune

CALL US ISHMAEL

Lyric evidence of man's solitary search for the meaning of it all

By Loren Eiseley

THE POETRY OF EARTH: A Collection of English Nature Writings. Selected by E. D. H. Johnson. Illustrated. Atheneum. 423 pp. $10.

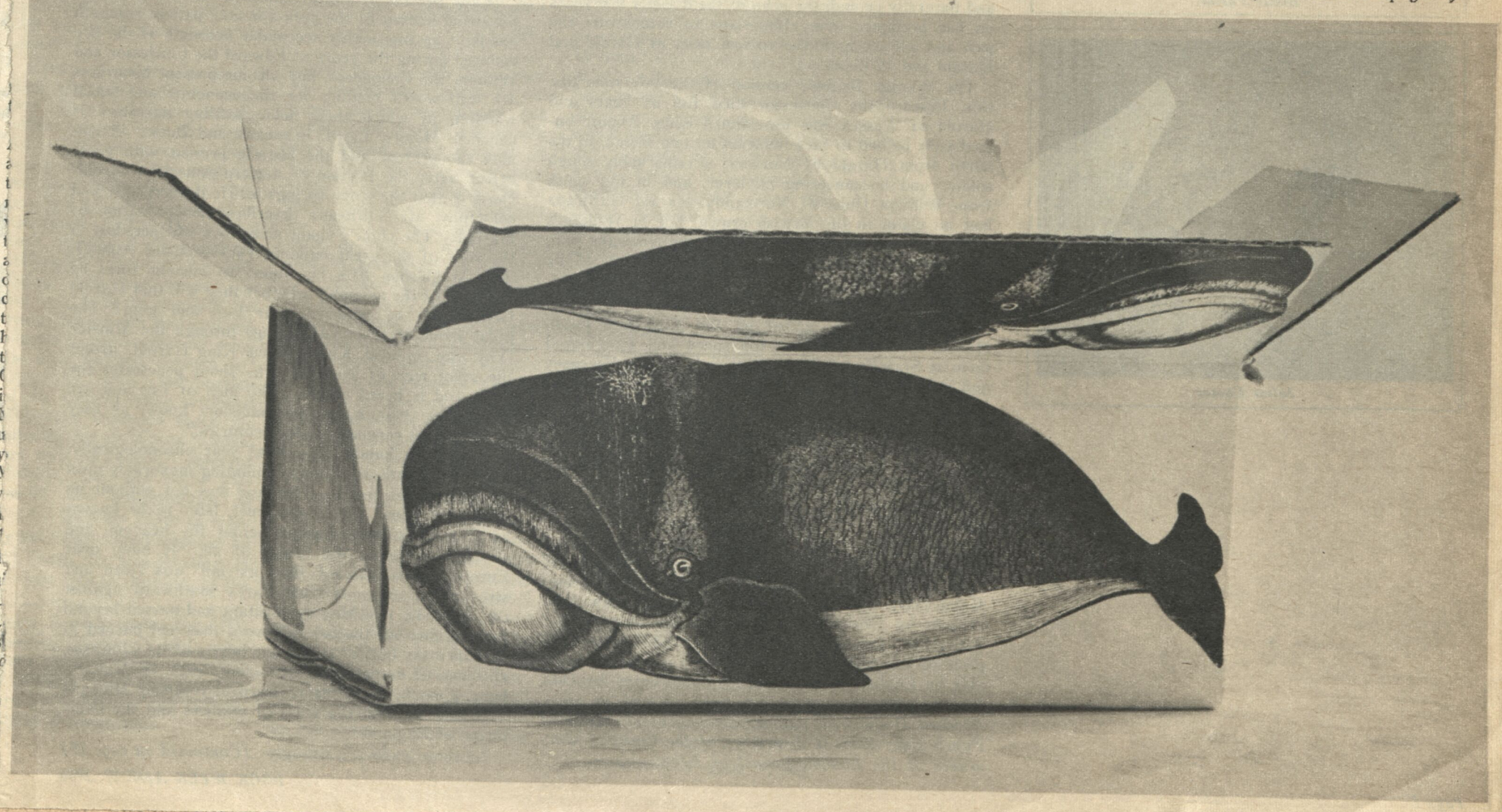
"At night," observed Thoreau in *Walden*, "never a traveler passed my house or knocked at my door, more than if I were the first or last man." Those sportsmen who did come at long spring intervals to fish, the philosopher was shrewd enough to observe, "plainly fished more in the Walden Pond of their own nature, and baited their hooks with darkness." They retreated before nightfall, and showed no enthusiasm for Thoreau's pleasure in being "no more alone than the first spider in a new house."

One does not have to read far to discover that men have entertained many diverse views on solitude. There is, for example, the contained professional reserve of the physician who must constantly confront human suffering. There is the solitude of the artist, writer or musician who hears or sees, and brings out of the silences of his brain, worlds which transcend our everyday reality. There is the lonely knowledge of the anthropologist, deeply aware of the far forest in which we originated, and of the dangerous and uncertain road man has still to travel. There is the weary disillusionment of the archaeologist as he stands amidst the toppled columns that housed the gods of other years.

Before we begin to examine the literature of such an elusive subject as solitude, some effort must be made to establish its boundaries. Otherwise our thought is likely to grow inordinately diffuse. We will become as lost as a collector in some vast Amazonian swamp, wading onward among extravagantly colored butterflies, dangerous reptiles, and vegetation alive with uncanny insects who reproduce their own environment, in the shape of leaves and sticks, upon their backs.

All human existence is, in a sense, solitary. At conception each of us is genetically unique. Though others are present and assist at our birth, we draw our first agonizing breath in the solitude of an alien world. At the moment of death we depart in the same fashion. Between, in the world of life, we experience either the naive, unrealized loneliness of the extrovert who is totally projected outward upon society, or, by contrast, we grasp intuitively the suffering of the great writer whose participation in the experience of others is such as to make him a man

(Continued on page 8)





William the Conqueror



Blaise Pascal



Julius Caesar

Not exactly their finest hour

By Bernard Hollowood

THE MAKING OF THE KING: 1066. By Alan Lloyd. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 243 pp. $6.

INVASION: 1066. By Rupert Furneaux. Prentice-Hall. 288 pp. $5.95.

1066: The Story of a Year. By Denis Butler. Putnam. 328 pp. $5.95.

The last chapter of *1066 and All That,* which was published in 1930 after serialization in Punch, is very, very short. It reads: *A Bad Thing/America was thus clearly top nation, and History came to a.*

The authors of this little gem of typically English nonsense, W. C. Sellar and R. J. Yeatman, made out that the only memorable dates in history are 55 B.C. and 1066 A.D., and that with the emergence of the United States as "top nation" the whole sorry mess of half-digested fact and lunatic misconception broke up and evaporated.

It is curious that the British *do* remember 55 B.C. and 1066 A.D., for these are the only dates associated with invasion and defeat. Were these dates hammered home into the child mind by earnest pedagogues anxious to inculcate the virtue of humility? Or was the object to toughen the membrane of the mind against any possibility of a disastrous repetition—against the acceptance of defeat by the Spanish Armada, Napoleon or Hitler? We don't know. But 1066 rings more evocatively in British ears than any other year or number, and naturally enough the echo of the disaster 900 years on has prompted many historians to reconstruct the past and tell yet again the ancient story of Harold and Harald and William.

The average Briton's version of the tale runs like this. Edward the Confessor died full of years and Harold of Wessex was proclaimed King. Almost immediately he had to face invasion on two fronts, in the north from Harald of Norway, a remarkably tough soldier and buccaneering explorer, and in the south from William Duke of Normandy. Harald Hardrada had no claim to the British crown, but in William's case there was some doubt. Harold, the Normans said, had once promised to stand aside on the death of the Confessor and allow William to ascend the throne. Harold, the British said, had done no such thing.

The Norwegians landed on the Yorkshire coast, Harold marched north at top speed and slaughtered them at Stamford Bridge. William landed at Pevensey and Harold marched south to meet him at the battle of Hastings, Senlac Hill. The British fought superbly, but the Normans, employing a shabby foreign cunning, tricked the British into fatal mistakes. Harold himself was hit in the eye by an arrow and perished. William became William I, the Conqueror.

And that's about it. The hard facts are few, for the historians have little to go on. There is the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle,* the random writings of assorted monks; there are the works, largely imaginative and from hearsay, by Florence of Worcester, William of Malmesbury and Henry of Huntington, a few later records by Norman and Scandinavian writers; and there is the famous Bayeux Tapestry. This remarkable piece of embroidery (*not* tapestry) was worked, probably by English craftsmen from Canterbury, for Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, near Caen. And since it was made within living memory of the great events of 1066 it is easily the most valuable source available. The Bayeux Tapestry is some 76 yards long, 20 inches wide, and in strip cartoon form it depicts no fewer than 626 human figures, 731 animals, and ships, buildings and all manner of weapons. It is amusing and perhaps instructive to learn that the Nazis consulted the pictures more than once when they were preparing to invade Britain in 1940. And (who knows?) they may well have been discouraged by a contemplation of the formidable amount of shipping needed even for the lightest cross-Channel foray.

The books under review here do not agree completely in their estimates of the size of William's fleet, but Alan Lloyd writes: "It is perhaps fair, then, to concede that not less than 500 ships were to participate in William's offensive, a figure which seems more or less consistent with the transportation problem involved. Modern estimates put the number of fighting men shipped at about 7,000, of which perhaps 2,000 were mounted. This gives an average of 14 men and four horses, plus servants, provisions and equipment (including that necessary to build temporary strong-posts) to each ship."

This vast flotilla was patiently accumulated on the Normandy coast throughout the spring and summer, and the local peasantry ached for its departure. The Normans ravaged the coastal district during their long wait, carrying off food stocks and taking their toll of female virtue. War in the 11th century meant incredible hardship for the ordinary guy: at the approach of the army, or *fyrd,* he was apt to retreat to the woods with wife and children and hope for the best. Emerging, he would be fortunate indeed to find his humble property intact. In those days life was nasty, brutish and short and armies lived off the land, always on the scrounge wherever they moved.

If the precise details of battle are hidden from us, the social history of the period is not: patient research has built up thoroughly acceptable accounts of the life endured during the years of Edward the Confessor and William the Conqueror, and all our present historians are well worth reading for the economic and social wadding in which their noble battling narrative is couched. Messrs. Lloyd, Furneaux and Butler all employ the present and the historic present with great effect, after the fashion of modern American chroniclers, so that the story springs to life dramatically and colorfully. Mr. Furneaux describes the coronation of Harold: "The choir's chant sinks to a whisper, lost in the roof of the great building [Westminster Abbey]. The Archbishop lifts his voice. In ancient form he demands of the assembly whether they will that Harold Godwineson be crowned their lord and king? The great shout of acclamation rings through the Minster 'Yay, yay, so be it. King Harold. King Harold,' assent the great men of the land. The shout penetrates the walls and is heard outside. The men of England are acclaiming their King, the onlookers know, as they have done at coronations for centuries."

Mr. Butler handles the fatal year chronologically, month by month, the tension mounting inexorably until the disaster of Senlac. The year was not without its omens. In April, the great comet, later to be known as Halley's Comet, flashed across the heavens and struck terror into the hearts of all. "It hung over Europe like a cross of fire: its 'tail' was riven and streamed in three terrible flares southward against the night. By mid-May the visitant had passed beyond recognition; but the baleful sword that had burned in the April sky burned still in the hearts of its witnesses, an omen of despair, and of violent death. In Malmesbury, a monk, Aethelmaer, lamed in youth by attempts at flight, foretold the tears of mothers and the overthrow of England."

All three books are strongly *(Continued on page 15)*

Bernard Hollowood, author, cartoonist and editor of Punch since 1958, is a member of the Court of Governors of the London School of Economics.

us Ishmael

(Continued from page 1)

apart—a psychic lens through which the ordinary run of us are projected and made to grow aware of our interior fantasies and terrors. The creative genius contributes to our self-knowledge, which is merely another name for loneliness. All great literature is, in the last analysis, the literature of solitude.

In western literary tradition, however, and particularly that of the last three centuries in Anglo-Saxon countries, the literature of solitude has been largely identified with the writings of the literary naturalists. They have encountered the vast and enigmatic face of nature on moor and beach and mountain. Undoubtedly their perceptions were enhanced by the opening of the world through the explorations of the great voyagers. One glimpses this new outlook in the writings of Hakluyt's seamen, in Drake's defiant exclamation, "the wind commands me, I must sail." It entered human hearts in the story of Robinson Crusoe, whose eternal attraction is simply that of man alone confronting nature. It reaches more sophisticated expression in Melville's sometimes cryptic symbolism as when, for example, in *Moby Dick* he writes of the sea, "Do you not find a strange analogy to something in yourself? For as this appalling ocean surrounds the verdant land, so in the soul of man there lies our insular Tahiti, full of peace and joy, but encompassed by all the horrors of the half known life. God keep thee! Push not off from that isle, thou canst never return!"

Even a sperm whale's head is made phrenologically to model that same untamed universe which reduces man to silence. After discoursing on the skull's appearance, Melville, fingering the huge cranium, says, "this man had no self esteem and no veneration. And by those negations, considered along with the affirmative fact of his prodigious bulk and power, you can best form to yourself the truest, though not the most exhilarating conception of what the most exalted potency is." Cryptically, there is left floating in this remark some profound Melvillean innuendo about the universe and its Maker. "Unless you own the whale," observes Melville, "you are but a provincial and sentimentalist in Truth." Melville might as readily have capitalized *whale* as he did *Truth*. He was treating, in his own solitary fashion, of the furies of fallen, unrepentant nature.

"Unless you own the whale," he says to us, and repeats it in innumerable ways, you will never speak truly of man's life in nature or the nature of man. We may take it, then, that Melville, the literary symbolist, has passed from the buccaneer's pragmatic remark that "the wind commands," to the final sophisticated observation allowed us by the sea-rovers, "own the whale." It should be the first great precept of the naturalist of solitude: Acknowledge nature, accept the great beast which must be faced by each of us alone. One must set down, therefore, as the first prerequisite of solitude, a true knowledge of the whale.

But alas, on second thought, where is that knowledge to be gained? How is the white whale to be captured? Sea fog and mist confuse us, and the mariner's beacon lights wink out above unfathomable reefs. Ishmael at the wheel, like a modern astronomer, had the impression that whatever rushing thing he stood on "was not so much bound to any haven ahead as rushing from all havens astern." If not at sea, then in the silent realms of the forest or among mist-wreathed crags must the



search be resumed. Here man has encountered nature in another guise, has known her longer than ever he has known that staring, alien eye-ball of the Pacific. We have come originally from such places and to them some men have returned for solace. These expatriates have, perhaps, a further wisdom to contribute to us, for each, in his own way, has had true glimpses of the whale.

"A man can hardly be a beast or a fool alone on a great mountain," wisely observed Francis Kilvert in his journals. Professor E. D. H. Johnson, of Princeton University, is convinced that a number of penetrating first-hand impressions of nature are concealed in the diaries and other writings of 18th- and 19th-century English writers, some of whom are now obscure, or noted (as, for example, Clare and Coleridge) for other achievements than the ascent of Scafell or wanderings in the fields of Helpstone. Johnson's list in *The Poetry of Earth* runs from such imperishables as Gilbert White, to Cobbett, Gosse, Kilvert and Richard Jefferies. Throughout he has shown a preference for the literature of direct observation, often unintended for publication. There are passages from Thomas Gray's correspondence and the journal of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Several of the writers quoted were afflicted with melancholia; John Clare wrote, in the end, from a madhouse. All were unworldly and drawn by solitude. They wrote before industrial England had submerged the countryside, but to the last of them that doom must have been apparent.

Johnson has prepared a masterly introduction to his book—one which makes clear the historical significance of this neglected field of literature. He has, in addition, provided excellent critical prefaces before each of his selections. The volume is not the usual superficial assemblage of a few well-known names. Pre-eminently it belongs on the shelves of naturalists, poets, and connoisseurs of the impromptu and unusual. The material has been chosen with an eye to each writer's personality, for his insight into living nature, and for that mystic touch, that groping after some transcendent ever-escaping reality which marks the true solitary, the seer. "Will yon mountains *always* be?" asked Coleridge's small son Hartley. Past midnight in another year, Coleridge returns an answer. "I hear only the ticking of my watch in the pen-place of my writing desk and the far lower note of the noise of the fire, perpetual yet seeming uncertain. It is the low voice of quiet change, of destruction doing its work little by little." Or, as in some vision piercing the future, Coleridge saw dim-lit London as "a huge place of sepulchres through which hosts of spirits were gliding." Caught up in the ocean of pure activity he contemplates thistledown "flying about the lovely mountains like life—skimming the lake like swallows."

Not all these wanderers of the quiet English lanes were driven by such demons as Melville succeeded in evoking. Not all of them saw nature in the shape of one vast monster on the heaving sea. Some were devout clerics. Some were gentle people who gazed for a few brief summers on the wold, sighed and departed. If there is one thing they hold in common that deserves to be set beside Melville's flaming challenge, "own the whale," it is an almost equally short statement from an equally far traveler, Charles Waterton, the naturalist. Pausing a moment in his account of the ghostly and at that time superstitiously feared barn owls upon his estate at Walton Hall, he says tersely: "Having suffered myself and learned mercy, I broke

Loren Eiseley, author of "The Immense Journey" and other books, is University Professor of Anthropology and the History of Science at the University of Pennsylvania.

A SALTY NEW MUSEUM FOR AN OLD WHALING TOWN

By NORMAN READER

AMAGANSETT, L. I. — This trim village, just three miles east of modish East Hampton, has all hands on deck for the opening next month of a new Marine Museum. No stranger to harpoons or toggle irons, Amagansett dates its whaling days from the 1640's.

The Marine Museum, a project of the East Hampton Historical Society, is housed in a former Navy barracks. It stands on the Atlantic Ocean side of Bluff Road, between Hand Lane and Atlantic Avenue, and is easily accessible from the village's main thoroughfare. The site could hardly be bettered, for it was here, in the early 1900's, that Amagansett's whaling operations were centered.

Bluff Road, between Montauk Highway and the sea, overlooks a magnificent sweep of dunes, beach grass, bayberry and, in the marshy places, the mauve-colored joe-pye weed.

Well known for its whaling works, the area also knew fame during the early days of World War II. The museum fronts that part of Amagansett's beach where, on the night of June 13, 1942, four Nazi agents landed by rubber boat from a German submarine.



John Hugelmeyer

JUNE DEBUT—The East Hampton Town Marine Museum in Amagansett.

Service Structures

Until a year ago, there were several abandoned Navy and Coast Guard buildings in the area surrounding the museum. However, once tagged for auction, most of them were quickly sold and moved to other ground.

The clearing away of the untended structures added new dignity to an already first-rate setting, and the museum now sits majestically on the dunes, its graceful balcony open to Amagansett's wide stretch of beach and ocean.

During the last year, the spacious museum building has undergone extensive refurbishing, both inside and out. The roof and shingles are new, but beginning to weather. The interior walls, floors and ceilings have been scrubbed, patched and painted.

Newly raised is the traditional black whale weathervane. It swings in the wind where once the cry of "Whale off!" sounded.

To get the museum ready and open by June, some three dozen civic-minded residents are contributing their special talents and services. For example, seven committees are overseeing acquisitions, models, exhibits and restoration.

A wetlands exhibition is in the making for the museum, and historical data are being collected for a community diorama. The diorama will show Fort Bond Bay and the fishing village of Montauk as they looked before World War I.

Amagansett has a large store of whaling history, a good deal of it made on and around the museum's site. For instance, the old Amagansett whale try works stood about 200 yards west of the museum.

It was in February, 1907, that the last big whale was taken off Amagansett and tried out in the plant here. Rendering the leviathan's blubber in try kettles consumed a week of smoky, round-the-clock toil. Try kettles, blubber hooks and other utensils used in the cutting-in process and the trying-out of oil from Amagansett whales will be on view in the new museum.

Salty Yarns

Tales of the many shipwrecks that have occurred along these shores are regularly recalled hereabouts. Even today, sedulous beachcombers find bits and pieces of cargo that had been set adrift by ill-fated ships of old. Still washing ashore are clay pipes from the cargo of the sailing ship Pacific, out of Glasgow. On June 3, 1871, she ran aground in East Hampton, a short distance west of the museum.

The summer visitor comes upon such treasure rarely, because the clay-pipe-finding season is usually at its best in the late fall and winter, when the tides churn up at their strongest. Several of the local residents have picked up clay pipes in almost mint condition, and some of these coveted mementos of a bygone era are scheduled to take their place among the museum's displays.

The once-important whaling industry will receive broad scope in the museum. For example, a whaleboat originally owned by Capt. Joshua B. Edwards has been lent to the museum by his family, who live here; another whaleboat, built by Nathaniel Dominy around 1860, will be installed on the museum's seaside balcony. There will also be comprehensive exhibits of whaling techniques, actual implements used by the whalers and photographs of whaling operations.

Indian Anglers

The Indians who once inhabited this area fished the waters long before the whalers. They left behind techniques and implements that are still a part of the township's fishing lore.

In a special exhibit, the museum will show a collection of Indian relics and tackle, and recount their use and history. An ancient beach boat and beach wagon, actual small craft, models of early fishing boats and descriptive panels done in 19th-century style will complete the museum's first-floor attractions.

The main room on the second floor of the museum will be devoted to modern fishing. Divided into a series of bays, this room will house individual displays pertaining to shell-fishery, lobstering, cod-fishing, trawling, seining, purse-seining, types of local fish and shellfish and the operations of the enarter- and open boat fleets.

Also to be seen on the second floor will be fishing gear, murals depicting their uses, and sketches and photographs. In addition, exhibits of navigational instruments and on the art of netmaking are planned.

The establishment of the museum is welcome news in an area that takes justifiable pride in its seafaring history. The year-round residents, faithful to tradition, plan to keep the new museum "strictly local, strictly East Hampton Town."

Another Gem

As a summer refuge for the executive set, Amagansett is very much a part of the Hamptons' current lively boom and could well become, opportunely placed as it is, the next bright gem in Suffolk County's diadem of popular resort towns. The village is about a half-hour's drive from Riverhead, where the Long Island Expressway will eventually terminate.

The museum's opening next month represents a major stride in the area's program of cultural and historical development. Last year, the Amagansett Historical Society, with an 11th-hour fund-raising drive, rescued from demolition Miss Amelia's Cottage, one of the village's earliest houses. Today, restored to an interesting facsimile of its former charm, the cottage has been placed on public view.

VINEYARD GAZETTE Fri 6 FEB '70

History, Literature, Politics

Hon. Hastings Keith, Member of Congress, must not only have a wary eye to the great issues of the day, hour, and minute, but he must also look out and far to the horizon of the past. Not that the whaleship Acushnet, Valentine Pease, master,—or the Pequod, Ahab, master—is likely to take form slowly against the sky, returning with the fortune of a greasy voyage, but the vessel, by whichever style one chooses to consider it, is always good for at least a three-way controversy in Mr. Keith's district.

Here's a lively one now. The Nantucket Inquirer & Mirror reports that the Post Office Department will issue a six-cent commemorative embossed envelope next year as a salute to the whaling industry, Moby Dick, and the book's author, Herman Melville. The city of New Bedford has been selected for the introduction of the envelope, and the Postmaster General says that Congressman Keith's endorsement "contributed significantly" to his decision in the matter.

The Nantucket weekly says there is still time to adjust this "uninformed decision", and that the envelope should be issued first on that island because the Pequod was a Nantucket ship and Ishmael's stopover in New Bedford was en route to a Nantucket departure.

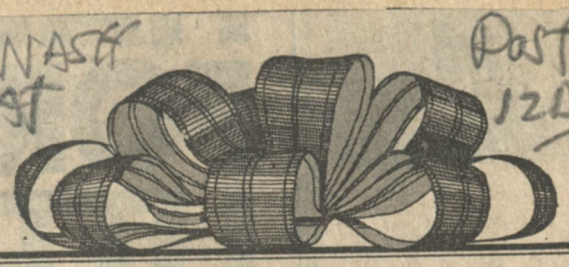
Yes, but the ship of Herman Melville's real voyage, the Acushnet was registered as a Fairhaven vessel, she cleared from that port, and her master was Valentine Pease of Edgartown.

"We might expect the Washington officials to be uninformed," says the Inquirer and Mirror, "but hardly the men who advised them . . . Melville's tributes to Nantucket may be found in the pages of Moby Dick itself, and no stronger evidence of the case for this Island need be presented."

How about the Bethel in New Bedford, the patrician houses, and all the rest? And how about Valentine Pease's historic role? We say let Nantucket and New Bedford fight it out (and good luck to Mr. Keith), but by all means have the first mailing of the new envelope addressed to the Vineyard, preferably to Herman Melville, in care of his granddaughter who for so many years has been a Vineyarder.

WASH SAT

POST 12 DEC 70



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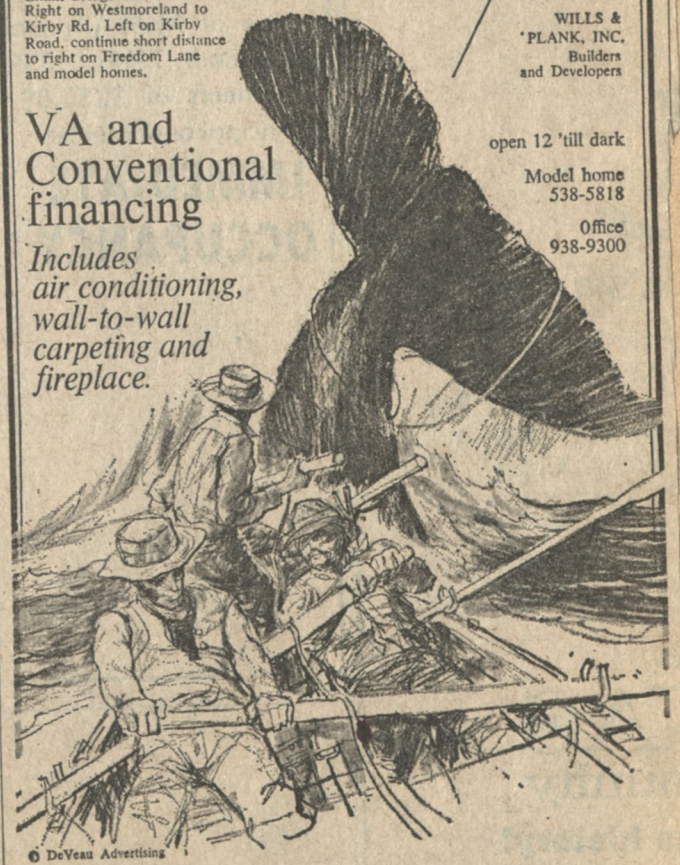
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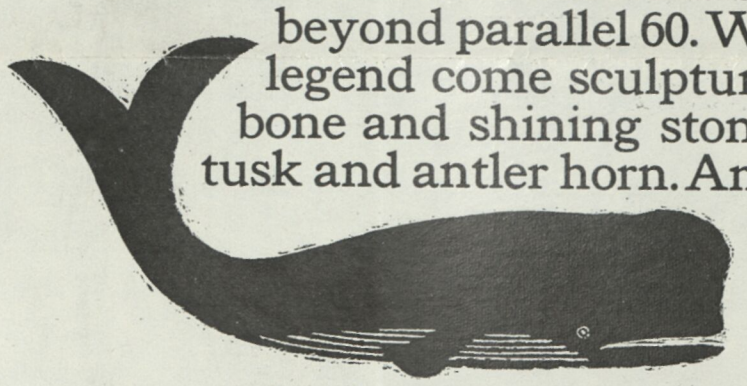
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The hunter from Thule. Ipelee carved it. Carved it of whalebone weathered from a thousand centuries in a land beyond parallel 60. Where life and legend come sculptured now in bone and shining stone; in ivory tusk and antler horn. And in this, our collection of Eskimo Art, just unpacked, the long winter's work of Kakee, Killikagook, Eeyeelone and others. At Field's in Chicago. Our Field's Afar Shop on One. There's nothing like it back home.



Marshall Field & Company

Wash Post

F.Y.I.

Wed 7 June 72

On May 31 we printed on this page an article by Mr. Lewis Regenstein, Washington representative for the Fund for Animals, Inc., criticizing many aspects of the "Marine Mammals Protection Act of 1972" now before the Senate Commerce Committee. Today our Letters section is devoted to responses from two United States Senators and a scientist actively involved in that legislation. All three letters display a remarkable sensitivity to Mr. Regenstein's charges. Because this exchange of views dramatizes problems which crop up in many legislative arguments, especially over complex and emotionally charged issues such as the fate of baby seals, it may be useful—For Your Information--to review some of the attitudes involved and the ways in which we believe politicians and the press can best promote rational legislation.

At the heart of the dispute between Senators Hollings and Stevens and Dr. Ray, on the one hand, and Mr. Regenstein, on the other hand, is a basic disagreement over what should be the aims and therefore the provisions of legislation to "protect" ocean mammals. All parties object, as this newspaper has in the past, to the current absence of controls over the slaughter of ocean mammals, including seals, whales, dolphins and porpoises. Senator Hollings and Stevens and Dr. Ray, along with many interested organizations, support the bill which—as Sen. Hollings outlines in his letter—would impose a moratorium on the killing or capture of all marine mammals, and prohibit imports of marine mammal products, with some exceptions. To its advocates, this bill provides *substantial* protection to the species now endangered in the seas, and they view it as "strong." From his different perspective, Mr. Regenstein measured the bill against the yardstick of *complete* protection; since some killing of mammals would continue under the bill's exceptions, Mr. Regenstein judged it "weak."

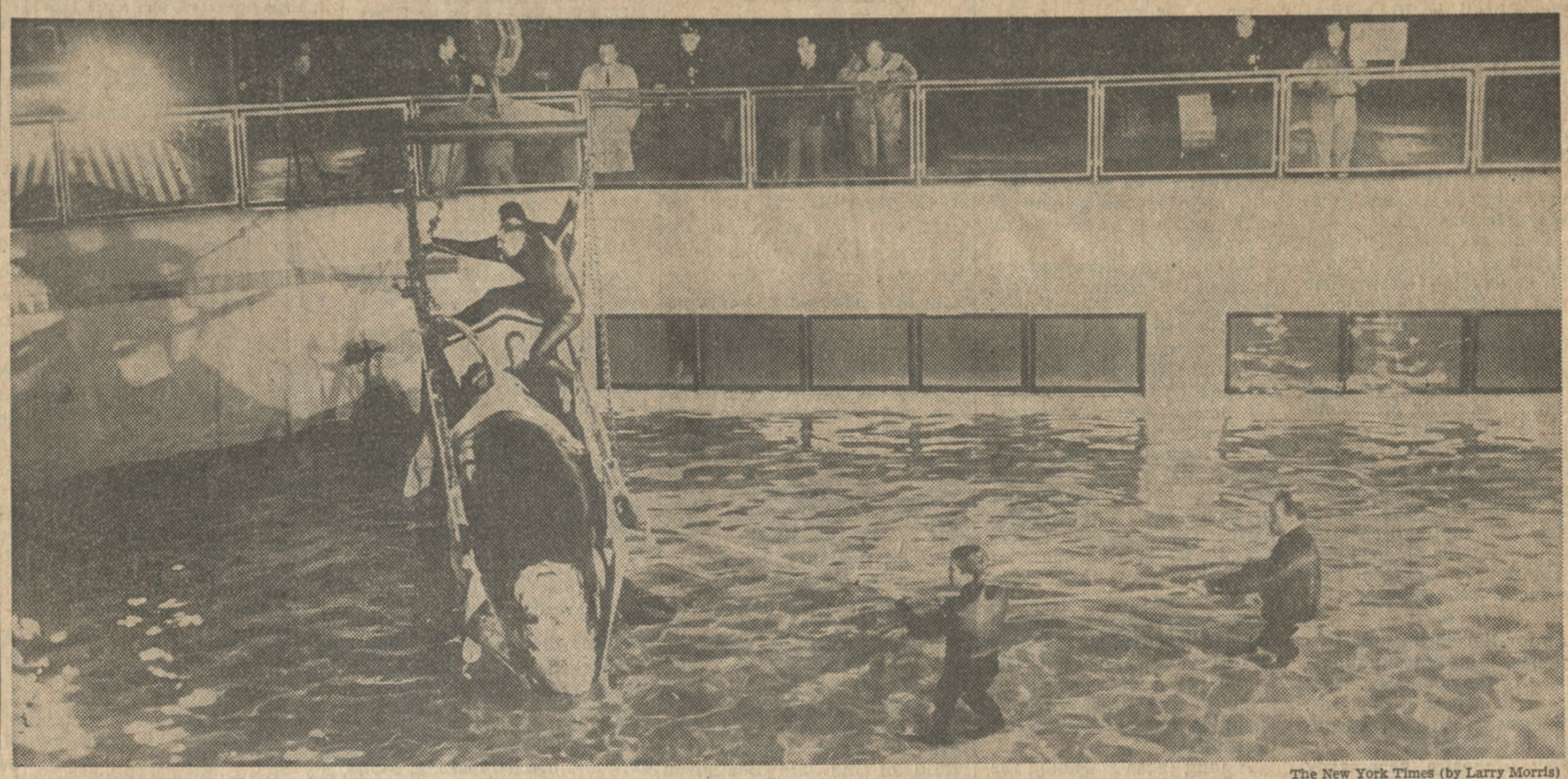
How the bill looks depends on where you stand. This is a common and legitimate debate, akin to those raging constantly over civil rights, taxation and the war—to mention just a few other subjects on which people of differing attitudes constantly hurl value judgments back and forth. What is unfortunate in this instance is that today's correspondents, rather than resting on the merits of their own case, or simply challenging the premises or practicality of Mr. Regenstein's view, felt compelled to burden their responses with free-swinging accusations such as "half-truths," "slander," "absolute lie" and "consistent vendetta." Mr. Regenstein's statement which Sen. Stevens labels an "absolute lie," for example, was firmly grounded in Mr. Regenstein's judgment that the marine mammal protection bill Sen. Stevens backs is *not* adequate. It would have been enough for the Senator to disagree.

There is considerable persuasiveness in the view, underlying Sen. Hollings' position, that the marine mammal bill now under review is a real gain and, subject to certain improvements, may represent the longest step toward stopping the killing of these species which the Congress is willing to take this year. There is also considerable educational value, in our view, in permitting Mr. Regenstein—or another articulate advocate of a "purist" position in another field—to explore on this page the ways in which, from that angle, a relatively progressive measure is less than perfect. We welcome such articles, just as we welcome the substantive parts of today's letters in rebuttal.

It seems to us that the pending Hollings bill reflects the push and pull of many interests, including conservation groups, research scientists, elements of the fur and import industries, and Alaskan natives—all of whom have been actively "lobbying" for their views in competitive and apparently reasonable ways. There may be defects in the result; on the basis of the evidence so far, there is nothing disgraceful about it, and we regret that the architects of the "mainstream" position feel so defensive about criticism from their flanks. Creative compromise is, after all, an essential legislative art. Those who manage to gather their forces under large umbrellas should not be so nervous about the few who choose to stay out in the rain.

Tues. 2 April 68

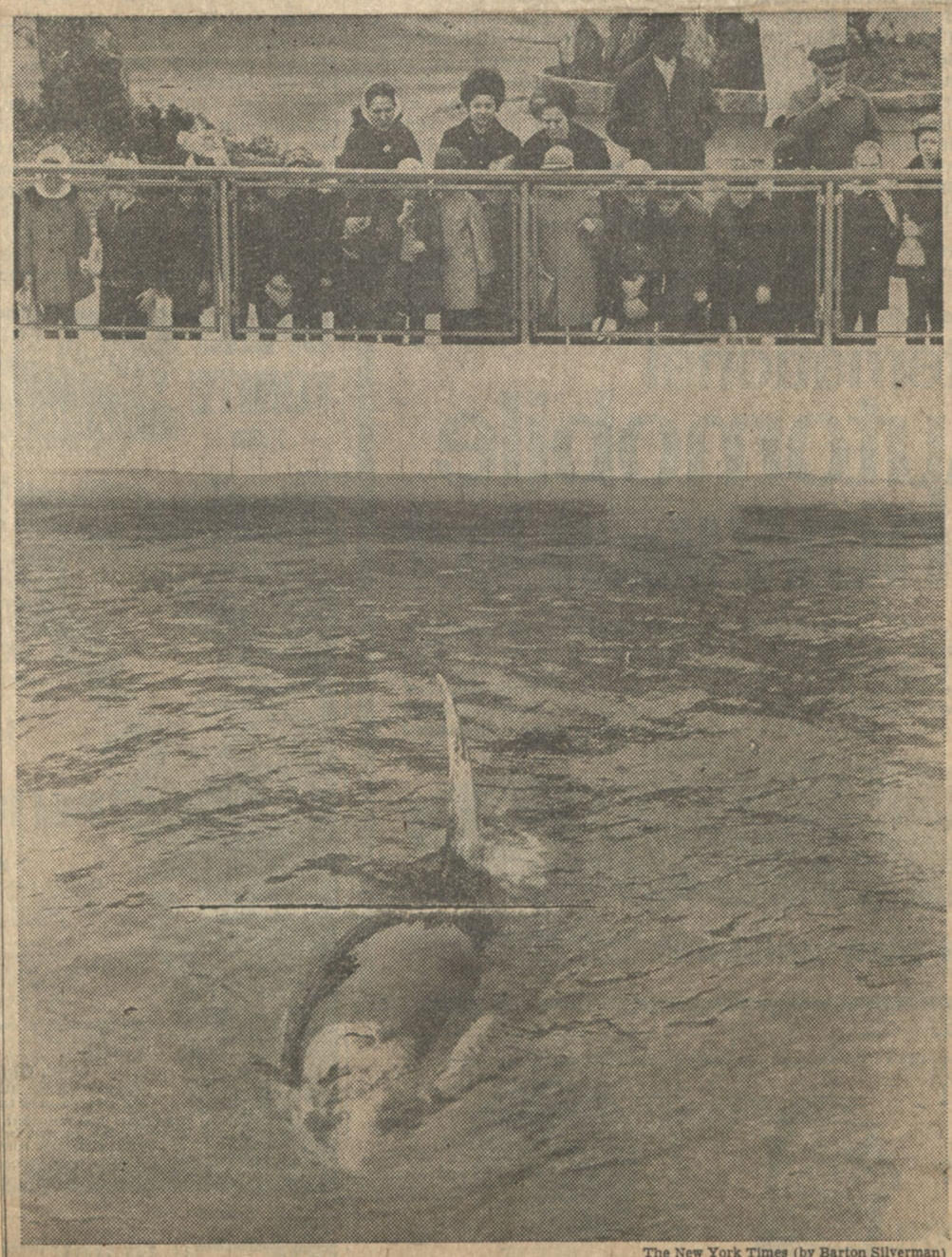
The New York Times



The New York Times (by Larry Morris)

The killer whale, in the sling in which it made its cross-country plane trip, is lowered into a pool at the New York Aquarium. Zinc oxide ointment, used to protect tender parts of the whale, shows light on its head and dorsal fin. The pool into which it was put also holds a white-sided dolphin.

Coney Island Gets 5,800-Pound Guest—A Killer Whale



The New York Times (by Barton Silverman)

Later yesterday, the whale was observed by some young pupils from P.S. 105, in Brooklyn

By JOHN C. DEVLIN

An 18-foot killer whale arrived docilely at the Aquarium at Coney Island yesterday after a jet flight from Seattle.

Although killer whales have a reputation as slaugterers of seals, penguins, other whales and some sea birds, as well as people, the new arrival was completely nonbelligerent as she swam around in her new home.

This was established when frogmen — with fingers crossed—went into the outdoor pool to act as a sort of den mothers to encourage the whale to limber up her muscles after the flight and to start eating her 150 daily pounds of fish.

The whale has been named Lupa, which Aquarium spokesmen said is Latin for "she wolf." Killer whales have been called "wolves of the sea."

Came from Canada

Lupa was captured in a net in Puget Sound by zoologists from Vancouver, British Columbia. They offered it to the New York Zoological Society, which operates the aquarium at Coney Island, and it was purchased at an undisclosed price.

Other killer whales, which are found in most seas of the world, have been captured and exhibited on the West Coast. But the New York Zoological Society said Lupa was the largest whale in captivity, although blue whales grow as long as 90 feet.

Lupa, who flew east on a United Airlines DC-8 freight jet, weighs 5,800 pounds. At air express rates, including the cost for a sling and stretcher that brought the total weight to 6,370 pounds, her delivery cost from Seattle was $2,500.

During the flight, cold water was sprayed over the whale to reduce her body heat and to keep her skin from cracking. Stops were made at San Francisco and Chicago for other cargo, and additional ice was taken aboard to keep the water cold.

Upon arrival at 2:30 A.M. at John F. Kennedy International Airport, Lupa was slid off on her stretcher to a flatbed trailer truck, taken over the Belt Parkway to the Aquarium and lifted and lowered with a crane into the Polar Pool.

Being warm-blooded and thus air breathing, Lupa rested easily en route.

At Coney Island, Dr. Ross F. Nigrelli, director of the Aquarium, said the whale seemed a little nervous because of her flight and new surroundings, but he noted that her respiration quickly became normal—an enormous intake and exhale of air about once a minute.

Dolphin Plays It Safe

In the same pool with the whale was a white-sided dolphin—a species sometimes attacked by killer whales. However, Lupa had been well fed before starting the trip and ignored the dolphin.

Even so, the dolphin, sleek, very fast and very maneuverable, chose to keep to its end of the pool, which is 80 feet long, 40 feet wide and 10 feet deep. The water drawn from deep-sea artesian wells has a year-around temperature of 54 degrees.

The wale has a very dark gray top and a white bottom, and teeth than can chop up such creatures as seals or dolphins with ease.

The airline said the whale was the largest creature it had ever flown across the country, although it has flown heavier cargo.

WASH POST SUN 14 MAY 72

Mammal Protection Alarms Eskimos, Indians

By Lael Morgan
Special to The Washington Post

NOME, Alaska, May 13—"This conference, whatever you call it, is something I don't know too much about," began Edwin Tunguk, 80, a weathered Eskimo hunter from Goloyin who, like many of his people here this week had to struggle with English.

"I deeply concerned when they talk about the seals though. I know that much white man is not a fool. He got big head. Someone outside in United States wants to cut this seal hunting off. They must have seen something I haven't."

Edwin Tunguk was but one of many Eskimo and Indian hunters who laid aside their harpoons and rifles last week to travel by bush plane, dog sled and snow machine to testify before the U.S. Senate Commerce Committee on the proposed Sea Mammal Protection Act.

The legislation, which passed the House in the form of a five-year moratorium on the taking of all sea animals, would permit subsistence hunting by Alaskan natives of all but endangered species. The act would preclude trading and interstate commerce in sea mammal products.

Alaska Sen. Ted Stevens, ranking Republican on Commerce's subcommittee on oceans and atmosphere, said that while it is not customary to take local testimony when Congress is in session, many natives could not afford to travel to Washington and assessment of local impact on the legislation is needed. Alaska Sen. Mike Gravel is also participating in the hearings, which are being held in Nome, and Bethel and Juneau.

"We never waste anything. The meat we don't eat we use for trapping as bait. By carving (walrus tuska) the people buy staples, gas and fuel oil," explained Sharon Orr, a pretty Eskimo housewife representing several families who camp on Northeast cape, St. Lawrence Island.

"For generations, we have been taught to conserve because we live off the environment. If this bill passes we will have to be solely dependent on welfare. The people do not want to live on welfare. It kills their pride in themselves."

"The land claims bill has passed, but we natives have yet to see any money," said Peter Seganna, a King Islander. "Everybody thinks we're rich. We're rich in culture, which we are about to lose through you. But they estimate we'll only get $475 with the settlement."

Robert Willard, a Tlinget Indian representing the Alaska Commission on Human Rights, testified that the only income for 10,000 natives comes from manufacture of arts and craft items, mainly from sea mammals and byproducts. He contended that over half of all Alaskan natives receive some income from this source.

Many Alaskan villages depend on walrus, whale and seal for about 90 per cent of their diet, according to testimony.

"Just as many Caucasians can't get used to eating native food, we can't get used to eating beef and pork," Vern Kugzruk, a Nome native testified.

"We use the blubber to preserve our food because many of us do not have ice boxes," explained Emma Willoya of Grevig Mission. "Our greens and a lot of our meat is put away for later use in seal oil."

And seal oil, it would appear, is as important to health in the Arctic. A sizable trading business has been established between coastal Eskimos and inlanders who trade game and furs for seal oil to supplement their winter diets.

"We have survived to this day with an abundance of sea mammals," observed Frank Degnan, Eskimo leader from Unalakleet. "Our students on return from other parts of the world where our food is not in use ask for it on arrival. Some of our Eskimos get education and need to live outside to improve their status but they still like their muktuk, seal oil . . . Some of them flippers (whale fluke) may be a little stinky, but they like it and kauk, that's a walrus hide we like to eat . . ."

"How do you spell that (Kauk)?" Sen. Stevens asked.

"We don't spell it, we eat it," Degnan replied.

The fur of the seal and skins are also essential for winter clothing. Witnesses said it's unequaled as protection in Arctic weather.

Some Eskimos struggled to find mainland parallels that might explain how limited hunting would affect them.

"It's like telling a coal miner you can only dig enough to heat your house but you can't sell any," one said.

Learning to hunt and carve are equivalent to a Masters in college," maintained Paul Tuilana, a walrus hunter with 35 years experience from King Island. "Now this bill has taken away my diploma."

The status of hunters is like that of football players. In many villages the young people look up to them and sometimes they are village leaders, reported Jerome Trigg, president of Bering Strait Native Association.

Testimony explaining the close tie between tradition and economics of the Eskimo hunt came from David Stone, a whale hunter.

"In Point Hope, our very lives revolve around the migratory cycle of the oceanic mammals," he said, reading haltingly from a speech prepared by his village council. "There are virtually no jobs available in Point Hope. The 1970 manpower survey showed 64 per cent of the population had an average income of under $3,000 and the cost of living is double that of Seattle. Obviously, it is virtually impossible to meet the cost of oil, rent, lights and food without any monetary supplies. Any money that we can gain from our limited use of the sea mammal products is sorely needed."

Although it is the second largest whaling community in the state, Point Hope produced just 2,000 pounds of muktuk (edible whale skin) for sale to other Eskimo villages last season. At $2 per pound for resale, the total return per villager was $23.53, Stone said.

"We have always hunted only for what we need. We have been wise enough not to overkill. Is it fair to destroy our cultural heritage and life style by stopping all our utilization of these mammals?"

Point Hope whalers hunt the bowhead which may be place on the endangered list because some scientists report only 100 remain. Testimony from the Alaskan Department of Fish and Game disputed this, however. According to their men, the bowhead population is between 2,000 and 3,000 and increasing. They also estimated the sea otter population at between 50,000 and 100,000 despite harvesting of 2,460 and the Amchitka atomic test which they claim killed 1,000.

Art Davidson, Alaska representative of Friends of the Earth, pleaded for better resource management and native input in this management.

"People are part of the environment, too," Davidson said. But some of the witnesses wondered if their testimony would do any good. The only Washington representatives present besides their own senators were John Hussey and Dave Clanton, staffers for the majority and minority members of the Commerce subcommittee.

"The representatives from Washington, D.C., they don't even come in Alaska one day yet. Why not send them up to Alaska first?" wondered Bennedict Snowball Jr., of Stebbins Village, who had to pay over $300 to charter a plane for the hearing.

And if the bill passes without additional consideration for Alaskans, "All we do is watch with heartache the Russian boats taking all they want," concluded John Apangalook of Gambell, an island just a few miles off the Siberian coast.

"And one will whisper, why did the U.S. buy Alaska? I would say the one who introduced this bill needs an education in the Eskimo way of living."

Man Who Has Everything Gets a Whale of a Gift

THE WASH. POST - THURS 27 DEC 1962

PRESIDENT Kennedy received a scrimshaw whale's tooth etched with the Presidential seal from Mrs. Kennedy as a Christmas gift.

It is the newest and most treasured addition to his collection of scrimshaw.

Milton K. Delano, a Fairhaven, Mass., artist and engineer, etched the seal on the whale's tooth at Mrs. Kennedy's request and delivered it to her last month when she and the President were at Hyannis Port for the Thanksgiving holidays.

She commissioned him to do the job after a whale's tooth on which Delano had etched the President's likeness was presented to the Chief Executive last summer by the town of Fairhaven at its sesquicentennial celebration. At that time the President met the talented artist.

The First Lady was so impressed by that work and the delight the President showed in it, she decided to give him a bigger piece of scrimshaw for Christmas, and had Secret Service Agent Clint Hill place the order with Delano.

Delano placed an advertisement in the New Bedford, Mass., Times under the name of an associate, Howard Potter, in searching for a large tooth and procured the "giant" he used. Measuring 9½ inches in length and 4½ inches in diameter, the tooth, Delano said ,was the largest he had ever seen.

Delano, a junior partner in the firm of Monjeau Engineering, did the work in his spare time and estimated it took him about 180 hours to etch the seal on the uneven surface, and another 60 hours to polish the finished product. He declined to disclose the pay. "I didn't do it for money," he said.

EVE STAR COL

29 GRAY WHALES WIN REPRIEVE AS U.S. INTERCEDES

Twenty-nine gray whales migrating northward along the Pacific Coast can thank Sen. Alan Cranston, D-Calif., for a new lease on life.

At Cranston's urging, the Bureau of Commerical Fisheries yesterday suspended a permit it granted on Dec. 6 allowing a marine laboratory to kill 50 of the migrating whales for scientific purposes.

The laboratory already has killed 21 of the migrating gray whales under its permit. Cranston asked the bureau to call off the hunt after six other dead whales were washed ashore, presumably killed by oil polluted waters off Southern California.

Until it is known whether the oily waters actually are killing the gray whales too, Cranston felt that it violated conservation principles to permit additional killing — even for science. The bureau agreed.

THURS 30/ MARCH 69

The American Merchant Ma- | Bethlehem Steel Co. will high-

SUNDAY 21 MAY 67 N.Y. HERALD-TRIBUNE

Maritime Museum Opens Its Doors in Philadelphia

PHILADELPHIA, May 20.—The new Philadelphia Maritime Museum opened its doors yesterday to make available to the public one of the nation's outstanding private maritime collections.

J. Welles Henderson started the collection at the age of seven with a small anchor made of iron from "Old Ironsides." It was sent to him in 1927 in appreciation of his contribution to a fund to save the famous ship. Yesterday Mr. Henderson, a Philadelphia lawyer, turned the collection over to his home town in memory of his father, Joseph W. Henderson.

The museum contains a ship model display that spans the years from Henry Hudson's Half Moon to the nuclear-powered merchant ship Savannah being built at Camden, N. J., across the Delaware River from Philadelphia. Mr. Henderson founded the museum as a non-profit trust to further interest in the maritime heritage of the Delaware Valley area.

Figureheads, sixteenth and seventeenth century maps of the "new world," a pair of 1740 cannons, documents concerning the shipping activities of Naval hero John Barry, or Thomas Penn, and Robert Fulton are on exhibit.

Painting in White House

The museum has loaned to the White House a painting by Philadelphia marine artist Thomas Birch of the victory in 1812 of the frigate United States over the British vessel Macedonian. A letter from President Kennedy and a colored photograph of the painting hanging near his desk is on view at the museum.

Other displays include reminders of shipboard life, scrimshaw, an early nineteenth century counting house, a sailmaker's bench, and shipbuilding tools.

'MONSTER'

By Lee Lescaze

Lescaze is day foreign editor of The Washington Post

Judging by the public reaction, United Press International came up with one of the most closely followed news stories of the year when it reported under a Tecolutla, Mexico, dateline that a sea monster had washed up on the beach.

Radio listeners heard of the monster on an hourly basis March 6. Some, catching only a fragment of a broadcast, telephoned newspapers, radio stations and government offices to ask for further details.

"Some tens of experts" quoted by UPI said the monster could have been disturbed in his deep sea cavern by blasting and died when he surfaced.

Most convincing, however, was Dr. Bernardo Villa, chief mammalogist at the National University of Mexico, who UPI quoted saying the creature apparently had been trapped and preserved in an arctic iceberg some 50,000 years and was now discovered because the iceberg had melted.

UPI reported: "Villa said it was 'a shame' that scientists were not able to examine the creature before it was mutilated by superstitious fishermen. The fishermen removed a fin, two porous tusks, the eyes, the teeth and large portions of the hide."

The next day, UPI was somewhat less enthusiastic about its exclusive story, but continued to give it good play on its wires—and thus received continued prominence on radio newscasts.

"Mexican biologists clashed today over whether a 'sea monster' washed up on the Tecolutla beach is a prehistoric creature or merely an oversized sperm whale," UPI said.

It went on to quote the clashing biologists and informed us that "the rare horn and spatula" were the major evidence in favor of the monster theory.

The carcass, now called "putrid remains" despite UPI's assurance the day before that the body had not begun to decompose because it was still in salt water, had been moved to the meeting hall of the Tecolutla Fishing Cooperative, UPI reported.

Later the same day, UPI told us biologists were busily working over the remains and introduced a new theory that it might only be only the head of a large sperm whale.

The Associated Press reported flatly about this time that the carcass was a whale.

On March 8, three days into its story and presumably gratified by the interest aroused by its earlier reports, UPI digressed to tell readers of a large shark caught in the Gulf of Mexico "while scientists pondered over the identity of a 'monster.'"

All the previous reports were rehashed with the new detail that authorities had made local fishermen give back the "one-ton bony structure" cut from the breast. Presumably this was the object called a horn in earlier stories.

Although curious people continued to make phone calls seeking further information about the monster, UPI dropped the story for two days.

Only on March 11, five days after the initial reports, did UPI report that the "monster" was just a whale, and not even a sperm whale.

A rorqual whale has a large dorsal fin which led people to call it a monster, UPI said.

It added that Tecolutla's mayor had decided to keep the skeleton as a tourist attraction.

WASH Post 15 MARCH '69

THE EVENING STAR
Washington, D. C., Saturday, April 27, 1963

Derelict Whale Can Yield Rare Scientific Data

CHICAGO, April 27 (AP).—Finding a whale on the beach is a whale of a problem that scientists are seeking to solve.

"The very rare things that are turning up now on the beaches often are lost to science because the finders don't know how to handle them," Dr. Joseph C. Moore, curator of mammals at the Chicago Natural History Museum, said.

Dr. Moore also is chairman of the committee on Marine Mammals of the American Society of Mammologists.

The society is sponsoring an organized search for derelict whales washed ashore.

Its team of a dozen scientists has organized a costal spy system ranging from Arctic seas to Gulf waters. They haev enlisted laymen to keep sharp eyes alert for stranded whales or whale-like creatures.

The aim is to get accurate reports on unusual discoveries for identification and scientific analysis.

Call Nearest Scientist

Dr. Moore advises a person finding a whale or anything resembling a whale to get in touch with the nearest scientist by telephone. Meanwhile he should make photographs and measurements.

"The main thing is to identify the critter," Dr. Moore said. "If we can identify it we would know if it is a specimen worth saving."

The scientists seek data on reproduction, food habits and parasitism among members of the whale family. Data and measurements are recorded on a standardized form, designed to aid zoologists who have had little or no previous experience with marine mammals such as whales, dolphins and porpoises.

Although a finder may not know a right whale from a wrong one, if he finds a stranded male whale, a measurement of the elongated tusk is in order.

The right whale, according to the Basque whale-hunters of a 1,000 years ago, was the one that yielded the most oil to burn in their dip-wick lamps.

Skull Can Be Preserved

If a skull or skeleton is found, it sometimes can be saved by being buried for two or three months on the beach. The burial should be marked for later recovery. When the animal is exhumed care should be taken to recover all loose teeth and pelvic sections.

Dr. Moore himself was introduced to the whale and its fascinating history when, as a biologist interested in the fox squirrel and its propogation, he investigated a beached whale in the Florida Keys in 1951.

"The person who can organize a team of helpers to record observations of a stranded school of pilot whales, false killer whales and other may discover a great deal that no previous investigator could guess," Dr. Moore said.

NASH (DC) POST
SUN 17 MARCH '74

OUTDOORS

To Save a Whale

NATURALIST, From E14

portion of the quota to be taken in one region. The quota on Minke whales was held at 5,000.

In September 1973, Japan then announced it would disregard the IWC's action and set its own quotas in line with "Japanese interests." Russia subsequently announced that it too would not observe the IWC quotas.

In recent years, Japan and Russia have killed 85 to 90 percent of the whales slaughtered. With highly efficient ocean fleets, Japanese and Russian whalers have pursued the great mammals to their last refuge, the Antarctic seas. With spotter aircraft, sonar-equipped pursuit craft, factory ships and tankers, the carnage has been carried on with devastating efficiency.

In justification of their "right" to exterminate these great mammals, the Japanese say that they need the meat to feed their people. The Russians make no apologies, not even the profit motive, for their rapacious greed.

The fact is that whale meat has constituted less than one percent of the protein in the Japanese diet. Until stopped in early 1971 by our endangered species and marine mammals laws, the Japanese exported some 12 million pounds of whale meat to this country as pet food. The Russians have used much of their whale meat to feed mink and sables on fur farms.

The Animal Welfare Institute (P.O. Box 3650, Washington, D.C. 20007), in association with Friends of the Earth and other conservation groups, has now launched a boycott against Japanese and Russian products. For this initiative, I have sent my first conservation contribution of 1974 to AWI and I am going to display their bumper sticker: "Stop the Whale Killers. Boycott Japanese Goods."

SAVE OUR WHALES

A SLIM brunette from California is putting up a whale of a fight to save the world's largest mammals.

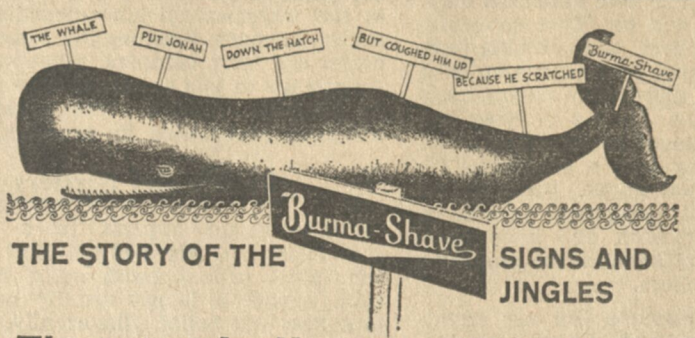
Every 14 minutes of every day, says Jean McIntyre of Bolinas, Calif., a whale is being slaughtered.

Miss McIntyre's efforts are largely credited for last year's majority vote in the International Whaling Commission for a moratorium on whaling.

But the vote fell short the necessary two-thirds needed for passage. And the fight — dubbed "Project Jonah" — goes on.

As part of it, the California crusader is editing a new book — "Whales Weep Not."

THE NATIONAL STAR 9 MARCH '74



THE STORY OF THE SIGNS AND JINGLES

The VERSE by the SIDE of the ROAD

including all 605 Burma-Shave rhymes actually used
(and some others that couldn't be!)

Imagine! After decades of enlivening motor travel the Burma-Shave signs and rhymes have gone the way of the ice wagon, the steam locomotive whistle, and other sights and sounds that set American heartstrings vibrating with more than ordinary nostalgia. Book by FRANK ROWSOME, JR., tells the behind-the-signs story of how Burma-Shave's "roadside sell" became a national institution, and *it includes all 605 jingles* actually used (so everyone's favorites are here somewhere)! With drawings by CARL ROSE. $3.95

"The whole lively history of the roadside rhymes . . . delightful reading!" — Vincent Starrett, Chicago Tribune.

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NATIONAL OBSERVER
MONDAY 21 FEB '66

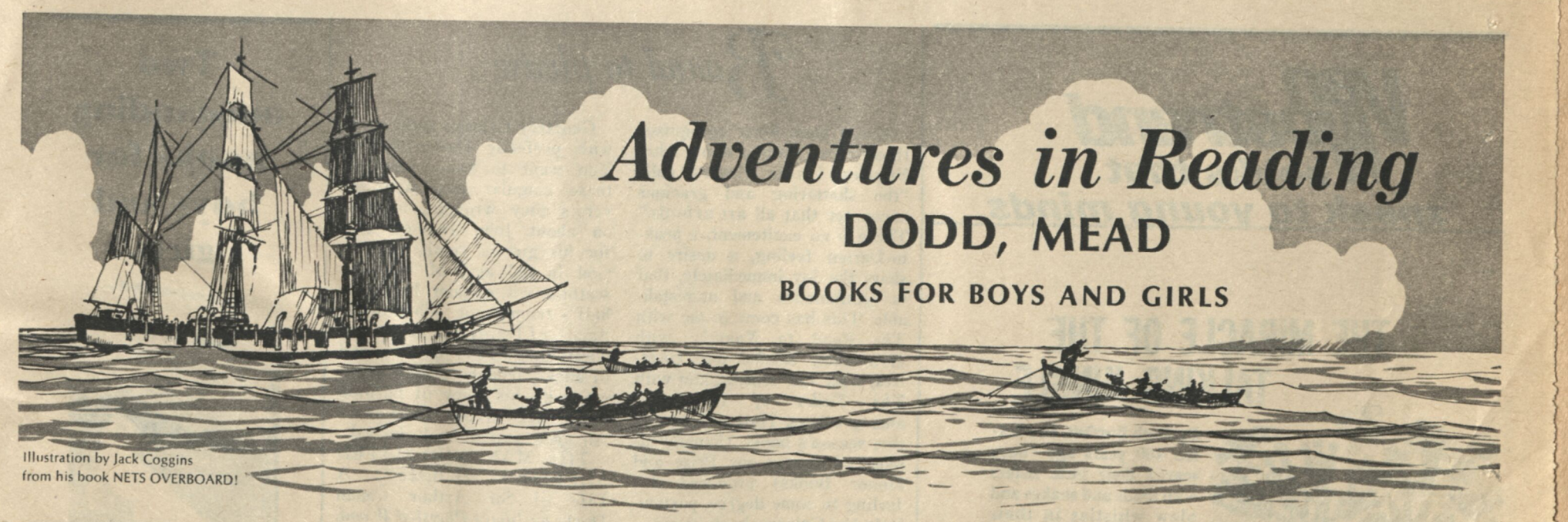


Illustration by Jack Coggins
from his book NETS OVERBOARD!

WASH Post
FRI. 11 APRIL 75

SCENE

Contraband Souvenirs

When members of the White House staff, reporters, and photographers who accompanied President Ford to Vladivostok last November accepted whalebone souvenirs from the Soviet government, no one expected the gifts would turn into federal cases.

Letters headed, "Subject: Wildlife Violations," were sent this week by the Customs Service to members of the White House press corps and White House staff informing them that "possession of whalebone violates the Marine Mammal Protection Act of 1972 and the Endangered Species Act of 1973."

Those having the whalebone souvenirs were asked to surrender them to the nearest office of the Customs Service or the National Marine Fisheries Service. A total of 80 letters was sent out.

The souvenirs took the form of a wing-like plaque advertising Vladivostok. The Customs Service said the objects, about two feet long, came from the mouths of finback whales.

A White House spokesman said members of Mr. Ford's staff who brought back the contraband were advised some time ago to turn them in. He said he did not believe Mr. Ford himself had brought home a whalebone.

WASH (D.C.) Post Sat 23 FEB 74

He Killed the Whale, Got the Girl

By Alan M. Kriegsman

The version of "Moby Dick" on the "Cinema Club" series tonight makes ludicrous hash of the novel, but it's such an intriguing curiosity of motion-picture history that it's well worth watching. Despite the literary mayhem committed by this 1930 Warner Bros. feature, it has a great deal of pictorial strength and manages to salvage much of the mood, if not the meaning, of Melville's great allegory of the white whale. The air time is 11:30 p.m., on Channel 9 (WTOP).

The first screen version was the 1926 silent movie, "The Sea Beast," which starred John Barrymore and Dolores Costello. Its success led to this second, talking version again featuring Barrymore, this time with Joan Bennett, Lloyd Bacon (mostly noted for Busby Berkeley musicals like "Footlight Parade") directing. John Huston's big color remake in 1956, with Gregory Peck, shows some influence of the Bacon film on the visual side.

"The Sea Beast" turned the novel into a love story garnished by a spectacular whale hunt, and the 1930 "Moby Dick" followed suit. Ahab (Barrymore) is a boozing skirt-chaser who falls in love with a preacher's daughter (Bennett). The couple is effectively kept apart, however, by two things: Ahab's jealously scheming brother Derek (Lloyd Hughes), and Moby Dick, who has the discourtesy to bite Ahab's leg off.

All ends happily, though, when Ahab kills the whale and gets the girl. In the final frames, if you can picture it, Bennett looks up at Barrymore and exclaims, "Why, Ahab Ceely, you're crying!"

Countering all this claptrap are the splendidly photographed scenes at sea, projecting a sense of cruel and tempestuous drama wholly compatible with Melville's verbal imagery. And in just these scenes, Barrymore's haggard look and maniacal demeanor finally do make him a believable Ahab.

WSJ. THURS 22 MAY 69

Whale Inc. Terminates Plan For the Acquisition of Aseco

NASHVILLE — Whale Inc., announced that its directors decided against proceeding with the previously proposed merger of Whale and Aseco Inc., Novi, Mich.

The plan, announced last November, called for Whale to issue 480,000 shares, on a two-for-one basis, for Aseco's 240,000 shares.

Aseco is a fabricator of metal products. Whale is a diversified manufacturer.

DAILY NEWS (DC)
WED 23 APRIL 69

ENTERTAIN

That Awash Whale Finally Blown to Bits

After one unsuccessful try, the Navy has blown to bits a whale on Virginia Beach.

After the whale was destroyed, a Navy spokesman said the bits and pieces were so fine . . . "the sharks and the seagulls and the tides and the insects will take care of them."

Two 60 pound explosive charges were implanted in the whale last Friday and it was towed to sea where it was hoped it would be demolished. Instead, it washed ashore Monday in heavy seas. Earlier, a Smithsonian Institution biologist had removed its head.

23 APRIL '69

WASH POST WED

Navy Team Blows Up Dead Whale

VIRGINIA BEACH, April 22 (AP)—A headless whale was blown to bits today on the beach near the North Carolina line by a Navy demolition team after earlier efforts failed to destroy it.

Explosives used by the team blew the 33-foot whale into thousands of pieces so fine that . . . "the sharks and the seagulls and the tides and the insects will take care of them," said an official with evident relief.

The whale's head had been removed by a Smithsonian Institution biologist after the whale came ashore April 13 and died.

Last Friday the Navy team implanted two 60-pound packages of explosives in the carcass and it was towed out to sea. A faulty timer failed to detonate the explosives and the whale disappeared in heavy seas. It was washed ashore again Monday morning.

N.Y. TIMES MON 3 MAR 69

Nantucket Weather Bureau May Be Moved to Cape Cod

Special to The New York Times

NANTUCKET, Mass., March 1—Although official announcement has not been made, there are indications the Weather Bureau here will be moved to Cape Cod. It was first installed here in 1886.

Senator Edward M. Kennedy, Democrat of Massachusetts said: "I have been informed that the final decision has been made, primarily due to recruiting problems the Environmental Science Service Administration has experienced in staffing the Nantucket office.

"These problems were related to the higher cost of living on Nantucket and the difficulties experienced in finding suitable housing for their families. In fact, over the past six months the Weather Bureau office has had three vacancies which they could not fill."

Eskimo Canapes Are His Big Dish



The New York Times Studio (by Bill Aller)

Erich Hofmann arranges Arctic lake trout on platter. In chafing dish are cocktail fish balls, while another Eskimo food, marinated muktuk, is in patty shells.

By JEAN HEWITT

CLOSE to 300 people squeezed into the Amron Gallery, 228 West Fourth Street, and around the 55-gallon tank of goldfish yesterday afternoon to preview a new collection of Eskimo sculpture, prints, toys and artifacts and to nibble on whale meat in Spanish sauce, arctic char, and marinated muktuk in mustard sauce.

The three traditional Eskimo foods are among a group of 12 specialty items being processed at Rankin Inlet in Keewatin, west of Hudson Bay in Canada's Northwest Territories. They have been selling in Canadian markets and specialty stores for two years.

Supervises Preparations

The project was begun in 1962, according to Erich Hofmann, specialty foods officer with the Canadian Government's Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development. Mr. Hofmann has been in New York for three days to supervise the preparation of the canapés and hors d'oeuvre served at the gallery.

The processing plant was established to provide familiar food for year-round consumption by the Eskimo, who lacks means of preservation during the summer months. The joke about selling refrigerators to the Eskimos may not be so far off after all.

All the foods processed by the plant are purchased from Eskimo hunters, and all employes of the plant are Eskimos.

White whale meat, which is meaty in flavor and texture, arctic char (a cross between a salmon and a sea trout), arctic lake trout, muktuk (skin of the white whale) and muktuk sausage were among the first foodstuffs canned and sold to the Eskimos. The sausage, without casing, is a mildly salted, sage-seasoned minced product with head skin, heart and flipper added. It is a favorite with Eskimos out hunting or whaling.

The average white whale weighs 1,500 pounds and provides enough edible meat for 3,000 eight-ounce cans. The plant deals in a number of side products from the blubber and a fine oil obtained from the head. The idea of the specialty food products to appeal to the non-Eskimo came later.

Mr. Hofmann, who spends five summer months in the Arctic every year, took four years to develop them. It is hoped that income from their sale will finance expansion of facilities and development of new varieties.

A German-born and trained chef, Mr. Hofmann worked in France before joining the Foreign Legion in 1949. He spent five years in Indo-China developing food products from local ingredients for French troops. He emigrated to Canada in 1956 and has worked for the Canadian Government since 1958.

Because of lack of facilities at the gallery, Mr. Hofmann supervised the preparation of foods for the preview at the Party Box, a catering establishment at 535 Columbus Avenue. There were hot spicy cocktail fish balls (another cannery product) with mustard sauce and marinated muktuk with mayonnaise in patty shells.

He arranged mild-flavored Arctic lake trout, caught in the inland lakes 100 miles north of Churchill on Hudson Bay, on salad greens and garnished it with lemon, cherry tomatoes and black olives. Canapés of whale meat pêté were made by draining a can of whale meat, Eskimo style, and mixing it with one-half cup soft butter, seasoning with salt and pepper, and spreading on toast rounds.

Gallery guests ate whale meat in sea food sauce, too, as they browsed among Eskimo caribou antler carvings and soapstone sculptures.

Ookpiks and Seagrass

Seven to eight-ounce cans of the Eskimo foods (about $1.50 each) will be available at the gallery, along with fur ookpiks (arctic owl toys), dolls with caribou horn faces and traditional costumes and baskets made from a special seagrass.

The collection will be on display through March 29.

"People purchase a piece of Eskimo sculpture or art and they become interested in the people," said Mrs. Martin Dain, owner of the gallery. Mrs. Dain makes frequent trips to the frozen North in search of handicrafts and artifacts.

The label on each can lists a simple method of preparation and a more complicated suggestion for serving. Serving muktuk at a cocktail party might be quite a conversation piece.

N.Y. Times
MON 10 MARCH 69

Oil Area Yields Dead Whale

WASH Post THUN
13 MARCH 69

SAN FRANCISCO, March 12 (UPI)—A third whale washed up on a beach near San Francisco today in what may signal a major catastrophe to marine life resulting from the Santa Barbara oil slick.

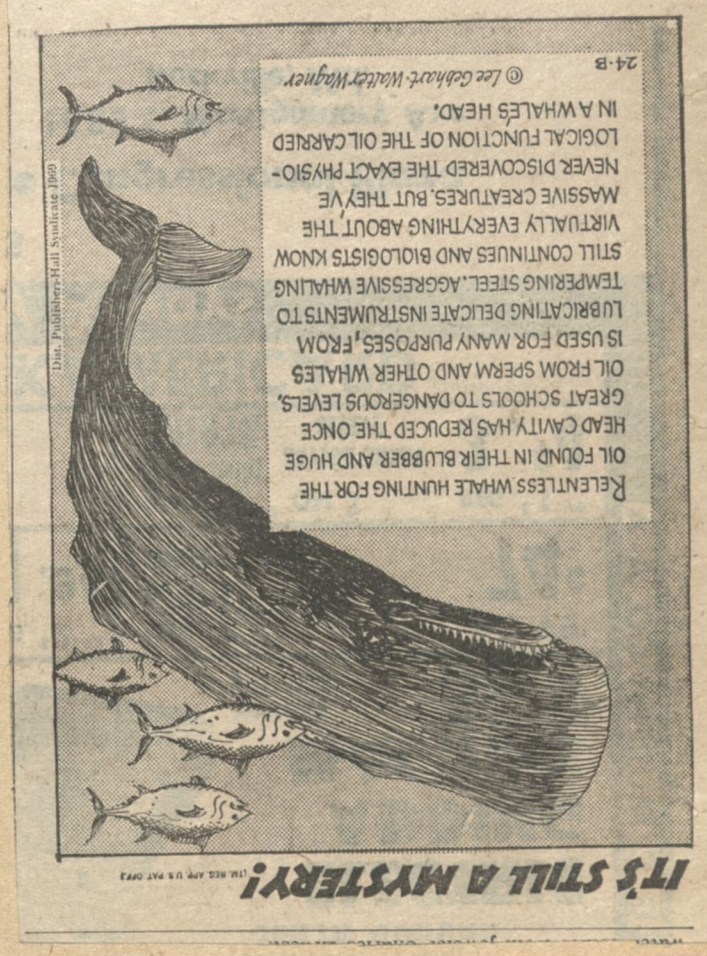
It washed in at Pacific Manor, about five miles down the coast from where a 30-ton whale washed onto the San Francisco beach Tuesday. The first whale washed ashore near Half Moon Bay, farther south, a week ago.

Dr. Robert Orr, of the California Academy of Science, an expert on whales, said he found oil in the mouth and baleen of the one found on the beach here. The baleen is the "whalebone" ridges inside the mouth through which the whale strains seawater to gets its food—tiny shrimp.

Orr said the oil could have caused the death of the whale.

"It seems significant," he said, "that three dead whales have been found just now when the gray whales are beginning their migration north through the oil slick at Santa Barbara."

Normally dead whales wash up on the beaches here very rarely.



WASH Daily News - WED
12 MARCH 69

Eve Star D.C. Mon 10 March 69



—Associated Press

SEAL PUP PET

Canadian Fisheries Minister Jack Davis pauses in his tour of Northumberland Strait sealing grounds to pet a seal pup. Davis found that hunters were complying with regulations in their slaughter of the animals.

Murder on Ice

N.Y. Times Tifuns 13 March 69

Since seals bear their young in February and March, now is a time of birth and a time of killing in Canada's waters. Men have hunted the harp seal off the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland for two hundred years and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence for a lesser time. Baby seals several days old are preferred because their pelts are softer and thicker. They are easily captured because a blow on the head kills or stuns them, and they are quickly skinned.

Although this seal hunting is an ancient trade, its cruelties and its very existence are now in question. A recent television program made millions aware that some seals are skinned while still alive—a depiction of barbarism that has aroused the public's conscience.

The seal killing now under way raises some questions. The seal population has traditionally been large, but is the annual quota set for hunters based on an accurate, up-to-date count of the seals? Are young seals being killed off more rapidly than they can be replenished? To stun the seal is usually but not always easy. Can the Canadian Government not prescribe and enforce humane methods?

Finally, is this killing necessary? These seals are not the fur-bearing seals hunted under controlled conditions in Alaskan waters. They are hair seals whose pelts are in competition with leather and whose natural oils are used in the manufacture of hand lotions and margarine. There are other natural sources which can amply meet these needs.

Jack Davis, the Canadian Minister of Fisheries, has temporarily halted the seal hunt in the Gulf of St. Lawrence because of adverse ice conditions. He has expressed interest in a permanent ban in order to save the seals as a tourist attraction. Compassion and economic common sense are both on the side of a permanent ban. Canada could go further and negotiate with other fishing countries in the North Atlantic for a gradual end to this murderous and obsolete trade.

Third Whale Found Dead Near Oil Area

Eve Star (DC) TH 11 March '69

SAN FRANCISCO (UPI) — Another huge whale has washed up on a beach near San Francisco in what may signal a "major catastrophe" to marine life resulting from the Santa Barbara oil slick.

The whale was washed in yesterday at Pacific Manor, about 5 miles down the coast from where a 30-ton whale was washed onto the San Francisco beach Tuesday. It was learned that a third large whale washed ashore near Half Moon Bay, farther south, a week ago.

Dr. Robert Orr of the California Academy of Science, an expert on whales, said he found oil in the mouth and baleen of the one found on the beach here. The baleen is the "whalebone" ridges inside the mouth through which the whale strains seawater to get its food — tiny shrimp.

Orr said the oil could have caused the death of the whale.

"It seems significant," he said, "that three dead whales have been found just now, when the gray whales are beginning their migration north through the oil slick at Santa Barbara."

Normally dead whales drift up on the beaches here very rarely.

Rescuers Fail To Save Whale

GROTON, Conn. (AP) — A 30-ton finback whale that beached itself died yesterday, after an unsuccessful attempt by humans to drag it back into Long Island Sound.

A veterinarian said the 40-foot-long whale probably was sick.

Wash (DC) Star Thurs 29 Jan 76

Indians Are Paid for Attack by Navy—Yes, the Navy

NAtl. Observer 17 Nov 73

By Edward J. Fortier
FROM ANCHORAGE

In the Tlingit Indian village of Angoon on Admiralty Island south of Juneau, even every school child knows the bizarre story of how the Navy's U.S.S. Favorite shelled and destroyed the village.

It happened more than 90 years ago. The Angoon version is that while fishing with two white men in October 1882, an Indian was killed by the premature explosion of a whaling harpoon charge. The two whites were not injured.

In line with past policy and practice, the Angoon Indians asked the trading company for whom the three men were working to pay 200 blankets for the Indian's death. The company manager balked and instead sailed to Sitka. There he reported to Federal officials that the two white men were being held hostage.

So two Navy ships were dispatched to Angoon and, while the astonished Indians watched, landed about 100 Marines and sailors. Payment of 400 blankets was demanded of the Indians, or their canoes would be destroyed and their village shelled.

The Indians evacuated. Four days after the harpoon explosion started the trouble, the Navy kept its word. No witness of the Navy's deed is alive today. There is no record of Indians killed in the shelling, although local tradition holds that six died in the attack.

Four years ago the Tlingit-Haida Central Council filed a claim with the Indian Claims Commission for damages for property destroyed in the shelling. Nine days before the case was to go to trial, Federal lawyers offered to settle the old grievance.

In October many of Angoon's 300 villagers met and voted to accept Uncle Sam's offer: $90,000 in cash. Perhaps not a huge windfall, but money wasn't the only objective. Before the settlement. Clarence Jackson, president of the Central Council, told the Associated Press: "Basically all we want is for the U.S. Government to admit that they did a serious wrong to the Angoon people."

THE WASHINGTON POST
C 10 *Saturday, Nov. 27, 1971*

Jay Smith Buys Whalehead

E. Jay Smith Construction of McLean, has announced purchase of the 1,500-acre Whalehead Club on a sector of the North Carolina Outer Banks.

Located at Corolla, Currituck County, N.C., the land was purchased from J. Kenyon Wilson Jr., Carl White and Stuart Hume.

The property, about 25 miles south of Virginia Beach, and 20 miles from Kitty Hawk, N.C., was originally settled by small communities of hunters and fishermen.

In 1922, an original club was sold to Edward C. Knight, railroad magnate, who built a 35-room, 5 story-high, French styled mansion at a cost of $500,000. Subsequent to Mr. Knight's death, the facilities were used as a club and private boys' school.

Development plans for E. Jay Smith Construction are being prepared by Robert Wilson Mobley AIA. Edward R. Thompson of Lyn Thompson Realtors of McLean handled the transaction.

Solely for Shellac

A brush used for shellac should be kept for that material alone. No matter how well it is cleaned, there is likely to be some residue within the bristles, a condition that will interfere with a good result if the brush is later used for varnish or paint.

...pound tackles.

N.Y. TIMES SUN. 25 Dec 66

Dear Diary

One of the damnedest of the damned gift books for the season was an unusual something called "The Millionaire's Diary for 1967." A fancy-bound and gigantic tome, this was brought out by Putnam at $25 and in 5,000 copies—that being an estimate of how many millionaires might be interested. Along with the days of the week and month, this gives data on where about the world you can hunt elk, play polo, hunt whales or stock a private zoo. Item: under Lawyers, New York, it lists best selling author, Louis Nizer ("My Life in Court" "The Jury Returns") as "Divorce." Boy, will that one burn. The most important millionaire in New York, it says here, is Nelson Rockefeller; good bodyguards in London can be hired at Security Guards. On each page of data, the diary has a box in which you can list personal preferences, and it's a dare to stick in Chock Full O' Nuts rather than The Colony as favorite restaurant. Altogether, quite a tome for millionaires to lug with them as they flit about the world, following the sun and one another, somehow passing the time away until the invitations are in the mail for Truman Capote's next party. Oh yes, who buys the Diary? "Snobs," said a Washington bookseller, without couth.

A Shark For Christmas?

ARLINGTON, Tex. (UPI) — Have some last minute Christmas shopping left? The city of Arlington has a deal for you. Take your pick from two snapping turtles, nine sharks or Newtka, the killer whale.

The whale, priced at $100,000, can jump through hoops and bound over poles 15 feet above the water level. You can even ride on it.

Newtka, along with the sharks, the turtles and thousands of Japanese koi fish, are being made available through Seven Seas Amusement Park, which folded this year after losing $3.3 million during its three years of operation.

WASH (DC) Post Tues ~~Dec~~ 24 Dec/74

NY TIMES TUES

Hovhaness Composition Uses 'Songs' of Whales

17 FEB '70

The "songs" of whales will be used in an orchestral work to be given its world premiere on June 11 during the New York Philharmonic's eighth season of "Promenades." The piece, by Alan Hovhaness, is called "And God Created Great Whales."

The whale songs—the term is used by scientists for the sounds by which the creatures communicate while under water—were taken by the composer from tapes made in the Atlantic Ocean by Dr. Roger Payne of Rockefeller University, for the New York Zoological Society.

The 19-concert "Promenades" series, conducted by André Kostalenetz, will run from May 27 through June 20. Soloists making first Philharmonic appearances include Alirio Diaz, guitarist, Earl Wild, pianist, Carol Neblett, soprano, Sherrill Milnes, baritone and Edward Villella, dancer.

WASH (DC) Post SAT 13 APRIL 74

Helping Whales Survive



Whales, giant ocean mammals that evolved over 30 million years ago, are nearing extinction. Man is destroying these curious, gentle, intelligent creatures without attempting to understand them or their place in the ocean's ecosystem.

We think of whales merely as huge globs capable of being rendered into so many barrels of byproducts. Yet, whales are very much like ourselves. They descended from land-dwelling mammalian ancestors. They breathe air. They bear live young and suckle them. They display affection. They live in families. They communicate by sounds. They aid each other when in distress and will not desert a wounded fellow.

Whales are being slaughtered simply for money. Their bodies provide nonessentials like crayons, shoe polish, transmission oil, lipstick, pet food and margarine. There are substitutes for all ingredients originating from whales. There is no need for the killing. Little whale meat is used for human consumption. Still, whales are dying at the rate of one every 14 minutes. Torturous delayed-action harpoon heads are exploded within their bodies. More have been killed in the past 50 years by man than in the previous four centuries.

The Animal Protection Institute is seeking an end to the killing. We hope to convince nations still whaling to stop for at least a 10-year period. This would allow the depleted animals to begin to recover and man to better understand and study them. We need everyone's help. Write WHALES, API, P.O. Box 22505, Sacramento, Calif. 95822, for a Whale Campaign Packet.

BELTON P. MOURAS,
President, Animal Protection Institute.
Sacramento, Calif.

Letters to the Editor should be signed and must include the writer's home address and home and business telephone numbers. Although we are unable to acknowledge individually those letters we cannot publish, we appreciate the interest and value the views of those who take the time to send us their comments.

Many Face Death Wash Post MON 12 JAN 70

200 Whales Swim Ashore in Fla.

FORT PIERCE, Fla., Jan. 11 (AP)—Black-skinned pilot whales, apparently obeying their follow-the-leader instincts, swam ashore by the dozens along a 15-mile stretch of coast today.

St. Lucie County administrator Weldon Lewis said 200 of the whales, ranging up to 15 feet and weighing several hundred pounds each, lined the beach near Fort Pierce and defied rescuers' efforts to return them to the sea and safety.

State conservation officers said the whales faced death from exposure if they remained on or near shore well after dark, facing a night of near-freezing temperatures.

Lewis said some sections of the beach were littered with dead whales tonight.

Hundreds of residents and fishermen joined the conservation officers in trying to tow the big mammals back into the Atlantic, tossing and tying ropes around their tails and then dragging them by boat.

Most of the whales shook off the rope after the tow was released and immediately returned to the shore.

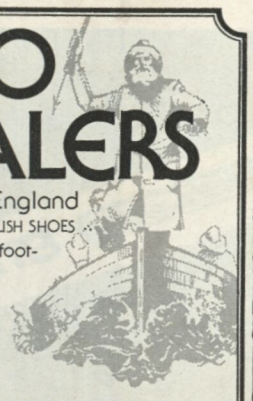
Tom Bishop, a conservation officer, said pilot whales travel in herds, following one or more leaders. He theorized that the leader became beached and the entire herd followed him.

READING
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New Yorker 28 APRIL 75

98

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NATL. CATHEDRAL SCHOOL (DC)

NEWS FROM WHITBY HALL

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CAPE LION

The Cape Lion lives in heaven. Whenever a person or an animal dies, he has to be a slave of the Cape Lion. One day a mouse committed suicide because his mother had died. When he got to the Cape Lion he said, "Please go down to earth, for there are no more Cape Lions down there, and my brothers and sisters would get a kick out of seeing you. And I really miss them."

The Cape Lion became furious. He thought, "How can a tiny mouse make me go down to earth-- me, the great Cape Lion?" But he said yes anyway.

On their journey back to earth, the mouse and the Cape Lion saw fairies, tinkers, and flying horses. Once they had arrived on earth people crowded around the Cape Lion to get a glimpse of him. They all wondered where the Cape Lion had come from, and pestered the mouse with questions. The Mouse answered the questions until all the people understood where the Cape Lion had come from, and how he got down to earth.

(to be continued in the next issue)

--Karen Sexton and Kathryn Washington

SAVE THE WHALES

On Thursday, February 20, 1975, Mr. Matthews, an Upper School science teacher, presented the Lower School chapel service. He talked about the world's endangered whales, left a book on whales in the Lower School library, and played a record of songs of the humpback whale. The Lower School enjoyed it, and urged Mr. Matthews to come back again.

In a later chapel service it was announced that Mr. Matthews had decided to sponsor a contest on making whales out of clay or drawing them. He would like to add the first prize whale to his collection. There will be first, second, and third place prizes. The first prize will be five dollars donated in the winner's name to the Save the Whales fund. The second place prize, four dollars, and the third place prize, three dollars, will also be donated to the fund in the winners' names.

--Anne Fisher

MRS. FORBES: A TRIBUTE

Mrs. Charles S. Forbes is the director of music for the Lower School at NCS, her activities are many and varied. She is a church soloist and a member of many music organizations.

She is a graduate of the University of Colorado and, in addition to graduate work in voice and music education, she had an organ scholarship with Dr. Robinson of King's Chapel and Boston University. Mrs. Forbes has also taught in other fields: science, art, dancing, swimming, and was a life guard for many years! She taught Upper School music at Sidwell Friends before she was married, and helped coordinate the dance, music and art program for the Sidwell Friends Day Camp.

Although her main interest in music, she enjoys painting in watercolors and oils when her family vacations in Maine. She specializes in training children's choruses. For example, last year the Lower School participated in the *Mahler 8th*, under Dr. Calloway, and the Berlioz *Te Deum* the previous year. She is also involved in music theraphy, and is currently helping an army officer who lost his memory due to a war injury.

Mrs. Forbes has appeared in over twenty operas including such favorites as *Carmen, Cosi Fan Tutti, The Magic Flute, Madame Butterfly, Falstaff,* and *L'D Sortileges.* She has also appeared in premiers of *Erode the Great,* LaMontaine; *The Unicorn, The Gorgon, and the Manticore,* Menotti; *Romeo and Juliette* and *Koanga,* Delius; and the opening opera for the Opera House of the Kennedy Center, *Beatrix Cenci,* Ginastera.

Mrs. Forbes helped form the Art and Music Departments of Endicott College, Beverly, Massachusettes, designed the college seal, and wrote the ALMA Mater. This fall her portrait was done in oils, and will hang in the new Arts Building.

Mrs. Forbes's parents were musical as are her children. Her son, Doug, is Director of Music at the Advent School, and assistant choir master and organist at the Church of the Advent in Boston, and is engaged to be married this fall. Her daughter, Meg, is a senior at NCS, and will major in American History at Hood College next year. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes have just celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Mrs. Forbes is Head of the Voice Department at NCS. Her classes in the Lower School learn choral work, basic theory and appreciation. Each of us can play either a song flute or a recorder. Her work helps in other areas such as history, math, and the languages; muscular control through the work in notation helps handwriting and art. She likes to teach voice and capabilities. There is so much music literature in all languages that is fun to explore. Poise and confidence is gained by performance in addition to invaluable ear training, reading and technical skills. The voice repetoire is built around college entrance requirements for singers, and audition requirements for work in the entertainment fields and theater.

-- Winnie Mabley



– S. Heartfield and A. O'Hagan

Mrs. Forbes coaches voice student.

Force and Navy Reserves.

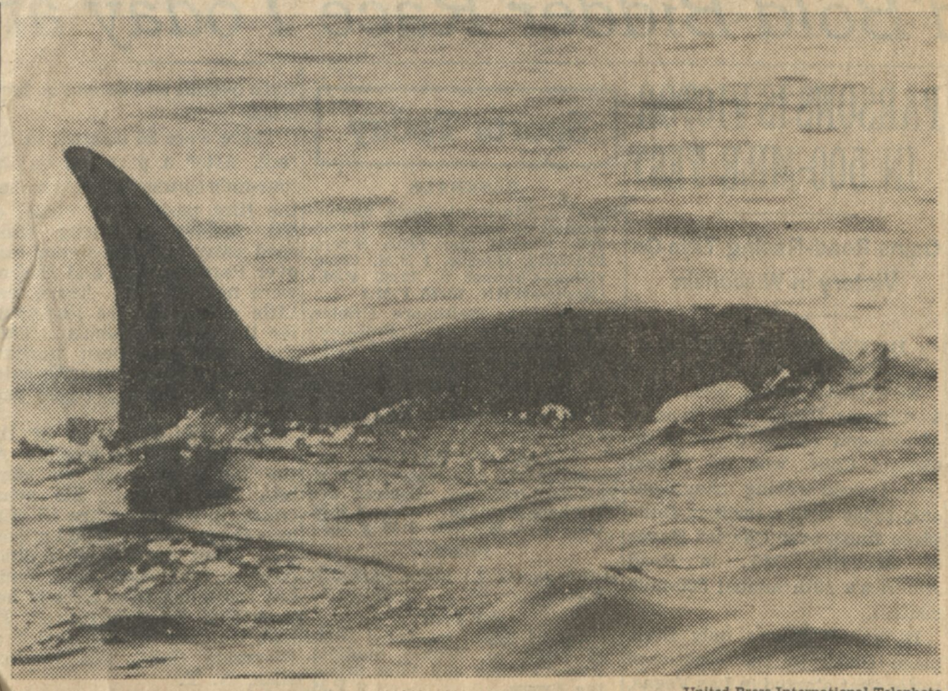
Whale Is Not Trojan Horse

SALISBURY, Rhodesia (AP) — With the Trojan Horse in mind, Rhodesian security police opened up Jonas, a 56-ton, 67-foot preserved whale in a traveling sideshow near the border of Zambia, where black African terrorists infiltrate at times. All the police found was a tubed refrigeration system and an odor.

N.Y. Times, SUN) 7 MON 11 68

MONDAY 5 Sept -'66

THE NEW YORK TIMES, M



United Press International Telephoto

VISITOR TO PROVINCETOWN: This killer whale was among 25 seen in waters off the Cape Cod resort Saturday. Some of the creatures were estimated to be 30 to 35 feet long.

Antiques Shop With That Old Magic

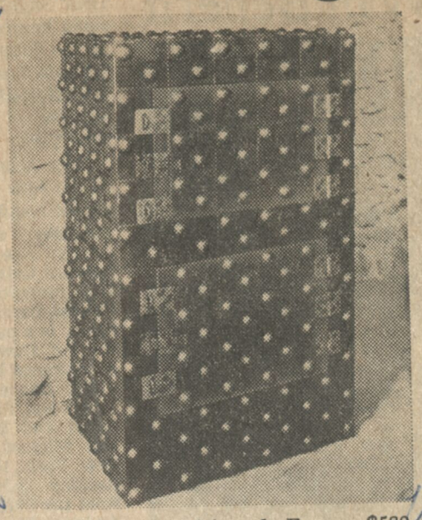
By RITA REIF

IF there is any magic left in the 18th-century, glittering glass globes hung in a corner of Henry Algan's French Renaissance kitchen, it was not operating last week.

Mr. Algan, a French antiques collector-dealer and manufacturer of furniture reproductions, brought his grapefruit-size globes along from Nancy, France, for the opening of his showroom here. Called Les Vieux Métiers de France, the rustic looking furnishings establishment, catering to decorators, architects and their clients, is at 306 East 61st Street

The 34-year-old Frenchman, whose sideburns sprout like weeds, would not say whether he believed in the magical powers of the glass balls as French farmers have for centuries.





Louis XIII fauteuil, left, reproduced in oak by Les Vieux Métiers de France. $580. Ship's trunk, right, copied from antique design, conceals a refrigerator. $3,000.

Magic in His Hands

"If there was any magic at work here, it was in Mr. Algan's two hands," said Claus J. Knauf who, with his wife, Nancy, heads the showroom here. They are Mr. Algan's partners.

Mr. Knauf credited Mr. Algan with the selection of all the furnishings, the design and execution of the showroom interiors and the creation of the concern's catalogue, a boxed pack of tarot-like cards giving the measurements, history of the designs and descriptions of the carved details.

Following his arrival here last week, Mr. Algan transformed the austere showroom with the furnishings shipped in a 20-foot container into the intimate interiors now on view.

"Three days before opening, we still had bare windows," said Mrs. Knauf, a petite French brunette. "Then Henry sat down at the sewing machine and made yards and yards of linen curtains."

At the champagne opening held under the patronage of the French Consul General Michel Legendre, the decorations were complete. The glass doors opening into the showroom groaned under the weight of a latticework of ancient wood. A wine press and furnishings of a vintner's cellar filled the entryway.

In the areas beyond, a 17th-century kitchen, monastic dining setting and Louis XIII study were created with the boldly carved, massive furniture pieces. At first glance it would be difficult for all but connoisseurs of the French Gothic and Renaissance style to know that the furniture designs are copies. The scale, carving, joinery and hardware are faithfully reproduced from period designs in the 40 benches, chairs, armoires, desks, cupboards and tables.

As for accessories, there is a mixture of old and new. Iron chandeliers, ceramics and glassware are reproductions of 17th-century and earlier styles. But there is also a large selection of copper and brass, woven grass, wood and iron antique appointments for sale. The showroom also offers a substantial stock of fabrics for chair, window and wall coverings suitable for use with the outsize primitive furnishings.

Mr. Algan, a self-schooled artisan, taught his craftsmen at the factory, an old brewery in Maxeville-Nancy, the early methods of joinery, carving, finishing and execution of hardware. In the future, when the finishes deepen with waxing and normal wear leaves its mark, even experts may have difficulty knowing the reproductions are 20th-century pieces.

Save for the chairs and sofas, all furniture designs are exact copies of pieces in Mr. Algan's farmhouse home or in his four antiques shops located in Nancy, Metz.

Besancon and Mulhouse. None of the antiques shops show reproductions. The copies are sold through a showroom at the factory.

The patina, a low-keyed waxy glow, is the result of a long process involving 14 operations and beginning with oak that has been aged for 10 years, he said. Chemical baths and beeswax applications make the furniture impervious to warping, suggest aging and create the low luster on the surface.

A collector of antiques for the last 15 years, Mr. Algan began restoring his own acquisitions, later became a dealer.

Prices for the designs in this collection are comparable to fine quality reproductions offered elsewhere, but would be considered expensive by the average shopper. A two-seater bench derived from a salt-box bench is $540. A buffet with shelves above is $1,300. Dining tables are $950 and a desk is $1,580. The glass balls are not for sale.



The New York Times (by Arthur Brower)

Henry Algan discusses 17th-century, iron-spiked shoes with partner, Nancy Knauf. Shoes were used to shell chestnuts. Kitchen setting arranged by Mr. Algan displays copy of an old plate rack ($400), dresser-buffet ($1,300), refectory table ($950). Glass, ceramic, brass, and iron accessories, old and new, are also offered.

EVENTS THREE-QUARTERS OF A CENTURY AGO

From the Vineyard Gazette of Jan. 24, 1895:

Mr. Daniel Vincent of Chilmark has purchased of the Continental Steamboat Company of Providence the steam launch Riverside and will run her between Roaring Brook, Chilmark, and New Bedford to freight fish from Mr. Vincent's fish pond during the season. He will make some alterations in her, moving the wheel further aft, so that her carrying capacity will be 40 barrels.

Dr. C. F. Lane has a gang of linemen, in charge of B. P. Nickerson, erecting a substantial telephone line from Cottage City to Vineyard Haven, thence to West Chop and Makonikey Heights, Lambert's Cove, North and West Tisbury. He intends next season to continue the circuit to Edgartown and Edgartown and Gay Head, thus taking in the entire Island. He will use instruments of an approved pattern, on a metallic circuit.

The middle of January and the outdoor flowers in bloom. Violets were picked on the grounds of the Orswell residence yesterday.

Representative Foss last week presented the petition for an additional District Police officer, to be appointed for Dukes and Nantucket Counties. Mr. Foss also last week introduced a bill providing for the Manual of the General Court to be furnished to all high and grammar schools in the State.

A letter received in New Bedford from San Francisco states that the officers of the Pacific Whaling Company will require, the coming season, all persons shipping on their vessels bound for the Arctic ocean to sign articles for a cruise of 60 months or five years. This looks as if it were intended to have all whaling vessels belonging to the company which go North to be prepared to be prepared to winter for several years in the Arctic ocean.

The Chadwick shop, located just below the Sea View House, near the coal office, will be moved to the lot on Winter street corner North Summer, which lot Mr. Chadwick has this week purchased of Mr. Charles Mayhew. Mr. Chadwick will have the building fitted for tenement purposes.



The New York Times/Chester Higgins Jr.

WHALE OF A HAIL: Alex, an 18-foot-long, 2,000-pound Beluga whale greets his trainer with a kiss during show at aquarium in Coney Island marking World Whale Day. Event was staged to publicize zoologists' concern over the killing of whales by Japan and the Soviet Union. Five species of whales are in danger of extinction.

Conservation Can Go Too Far

Why Destroy Whaling and Redwood Industries?

From the Richmond *News Leader*

With the exception of man himself, it might be argued poetically if not plausibly that the two most special creations in the order of nature are whales and redwood trees. At any rate, this is a difficult season for both.

The plight of the whales of the deeps has been personified recently by the dispatches concerning Moby Joe, an 80-foot whale that became entrapped in a salt water pond on the coast of Newfoundland. Moby would have had a very good chance of making it back to blue water except that the crazed inhabitants of the area commenced pumping rifle bullets into him, which produced killing infections. The last thing reported is that Moby weakened and lies dead on the bottom of the pond. A companion whale that had maintained a patrol offshore swam away to sea.

Throughout the world the whale is said to face extinction like the rock pigeon and Carolina parakeet. The whaling nations cannot get together on an enforceable hunting quota because of greed and distrust of one another and, second, the modern techniques of taking whales have become deadly effective beyond the dreams of Capt. Ahab.

To extinguish the whale species would be an uncommon sacrilege and, seemingly, a particular affront to the Creator. The whale is marvelously endowed with human qualities and, more than that, is the largest mammal God ever made. And finally, the whale is one thing unlikely to be surpassed no matter what else is found in outer space.

The redwood tree, like the whale, staggers the imagination. It would be a tree of phenomenal excellence and diverse usefulness even if it were no taller than a Georgia pine or a Virginia sycamore. But it grows to be hundreds of feet tall; just how tall is not easy to say because a redwood taller than the previous tallest is always being found.

Yet the height of the redwoods is not the foremost attribute, nor the one that must give it special place in the considerations of men. The attribute that mauls the imagination is that there are California redwoods waving their ferntops in the Pacific sky that were standing 2,500 years and more before the birth of Christ. That timelessness duly excites awe and reverence.

Naturally the redwood groves and their preservation have devoted partisans and they inspire national concern like the proposed monkeying with the Grand Canyon. And just as naturally the federal royalty in Washington wants to over-reach the continent and intervene as savior.

In short, the D.C. foresters may or may not be right in seeking to create a National Redwoods Park in California of 45,000 acres and in representing themselves as the only reliable shield against the lusts of saw timber barons. There are many challenging contentions.

The National Forest Products Association is, of course, a special interest: It represents California lumberers. However, that special interest does not disqualify its arguments against the sequestration of more California redwood woodland by the federals. If the NFPA's arguments cannot be felled, then the federal park cannot be justified. Perhaps the arguments can be felled.

The NFPA emphasizes that the federal government already owns 45 per cent of the total land area of California; state and local governments, 2.8 per cent. Nine million acres of government land are already set aside for recreation.

The NFPA adduces that the *Sequoia Gigantea* redwood grows along 500 miles of coastal land into Oregon and all such are already in national parks or on public land; they are not to be cut. Of the great *Sequoia Sempervirens,* 25 per cent are in California state parks.

Timber producers have 815,000 acres devoted to trees managed to reproduce themselves in the shortest possible time. It is brought out that, contrary to the general impression, a redwood can attain 90 per cent of its height in less than a hundred years. Redwoods are most determined growers and reseeding action commences almost as soon as they are cut.

"The rate and volume of redwood growth has been constantly on the increase for more than 100 years," the NFPA claims. It is submitted that total redwood regrowth will equal removal by 1975, and already does so among large commercial operators.

Most notable of all, however, is the statement the director of the National Park Service, Newton Drury, made 20 years ago:

" . . . The fact is that the best and most representative of these [redwood] forests are now in the California state parks."

All such contentions should be answered; meanwhile, they suggest that the plight of the redwoods may have been exaggerated. Assuredly it is dogma with us that whales and redwoods must be preserved as wonders of the world, but this does not mean ruthless opposition to managed whaling and logging and the destruction of those industries.

□ □ □

U.S. AT WAR WITH USSR—The United States keeps pressing for accommodation with Moscow, but Soviet Russia is becoming the chief supplier of Viet Nam. *U.S. News & World Report* recently quoted a top American military officer as saying: "There no longer is any question about it—the Russians are at war with us in Viet Nam in a very real sense. . . . Most of the trucks that move the needed supplies . . . come from Russia or her satellites. Many of the automatic weapons that we capture from North Vietnamese troops are of Russian manufacture. Most of our plane losses have resulted from the use of Soviet Russia's anti-aircraft guns, missiles or MIG jet fighters."

ments on earth.

WASH DAILY NEWS WED. 8 FEB '67

Animals

The Death of Moby Joe

THO authorities allocated $1000 a month to feed Moby Joe, an 80-ton finback whale trapped in a salt water pond near St. John, Nfld., the animal died after being badly wounded by gunshots fired by unidentified "sportsmen."

•

Helicopters rounded up and saved a group of cattle stampeding as firemen fought an 800-acre brush fire near Ft. Worth, Tex.

The Poetry Islands of the Caribbean

By MARGARET Z. LENCI

CASTRIES, St. Lucia — There is a six-foot-tall model snail on the beach at Marigot Bay on this island. It was left there by Dr. Dolittle (Rex Harrison), the man who talks to the animals. Such a snail, were it abandoned on a more tourist-conscious isle, might long since have become part of an amusement park, but this one just sits.

After all, in its time St. Lucia has seen many changes of control, mostly passing between the British and French, and perhaps those struggles represent too many invasions for the island to be concerned by that of a model snail — or a movie company.

During one skirmish in these waters, British frigates decked themselves with palm fronds and hid from the French in Marigot Bay. Today, the bay sees more peaceful activity—that of visiting yachts anchoring in the protected harbor.

French Influence

Although the 238 square miles of St. Lucia have been British since 1815, the French influence remains strong. The traveler senses it in the native patois, the place names and on Remembrance Day, when French sailors from Martinique join St. Lucians for ceremonies.

St. Lucia is one of the few islands in the Caribbean where the visitor can walk from airplane to beach. Vigie Airport, the smaller of St. Lucia's two airports, is situated on the western shore's lovely, curved Vigie Beach, the site of two of the island's dozen hotels.

Most of St. Lucia's hotels are concentrated in the area north and south of Castries, also on the western shore; this includes a new Holiday Inn, which already has marked its place beside the St. Lucia Beach Hotel on the northern flank of town. As for Castries itself, it has a new residential and shopping area carved around a hillside at the water's edge. The southern part of the island will come in for its share of attention when the other airport, Beane Field, is extended for the jumbo jets.

One of the most interesting developments in recent years is that of a once-private, 2,000-acre estate on the northern tip of the island. This English development, called Cap Estate, consists of rolling hills, homesites for sale at $10,000 up and the island's first 18-hole golf course.



UNSPOILED—The island of Bequia in the Grenadines, a Caribbean retreat that is still largely undeveloped.

To reach Cap Estate, one heads north from Castries to the end-of-the-road fishing village of Gros Islet, with its fishermen's nets strung along the beach. A rustic route continues north to the estate's entrance gates. From there, the vista of cattle grazing on rolling, white-fenced fields is not unlike the Virginia countryside, except for the fringes of blue Caribbean on three sides of the point.

From the thatched lookout at the northernmost peak of Cap Estate, the visitor scans over the length of this verdant, agricultural island to the Pitons, two peaks rising from the sea to more than 2,500 feet in the mountainous south.

Since St. Lucia, St. Vincent and the neighboring Grenadines have time to plan for visitors before the great hordes intrude, it is hoped that they will master the awesome task of holding onto the many qualities that make them magical.

St. Lucia, for example, talks about, and plans for, the eventual supersonic status of Beane Field, which the United States built for use in World War II. St. Vincent says, "Good. We'll shuttle from your airport and let you have the noise."

One Day's Journey

Visitors to 133-square-mile St. Vincent already can arrive there the same day they leave New York by taking a morning, nonstop flight to Barbados and then hopping to St. Vincent by way of Leeward Islands Air Transport. The 17-day excursion fare is $199.

St. Vincent's residents are industrious, and the island's self-help program has polished up the capital of Kingstown. Volunteer labor pitched in to paint the public and government buildings there, lending an air of tidiness to a town whose liveliest activity, except for the pre-Lenten Carnival, is the weekly banana boat loading.

Fort Charlotte, the lighthouse and Coast Guard station for St. Vincent, was built in 1806. The drive to the fort follows one of those typical Caribbean roads where "one good turn deserves another" as the motorist winds his way to the top. The narrow bridge leading to the fort stands over a sharp gully. It was once a drawbridge that could be pulled up just in time to dump invading hordes into the breach.

The fort is now used as a prison, and the inmates do productive work for the island, such as tending a hillside farm or baking bread for schools, hospitals and public buildings.

Modern facilities are reaching into the poetry islands of the Grenadines, some 30 of which are under St. Vincent's direction. Only seven of those are inhabited.

It is hoped that the Grenadines will take a page from the book of Young's Island, some 200 yards off the St. Vincent shore and connected by a small ferry service that comes in response to a passenger's presence on either dock.

Idyllic Setting

There, the best of Caribbean living has been melded into an idyllic setting, with pools etched from the shoreline and filled with fish and the local rock lobster in preparation for the table. The island's white-sand beach is fringed with hammocks.

From St. Vincent and Young's Island, the visitor can head south to the island of Bequia, one of the few still-untouched retreats in the Caribbean. Many hope that Bequia will stave off the hand of tourism and settle for a few modern facilities, such as the electricity cable that was connected recently and brought power to the island for the first time.

The cable was greeted with a notable lack of enthusiasm by some residents. While acknowledging the fact that food will keep better with refrigeration, the owner of one guest house proclaimed stanchly that candles would continue to be used for illumination at the evening meal.

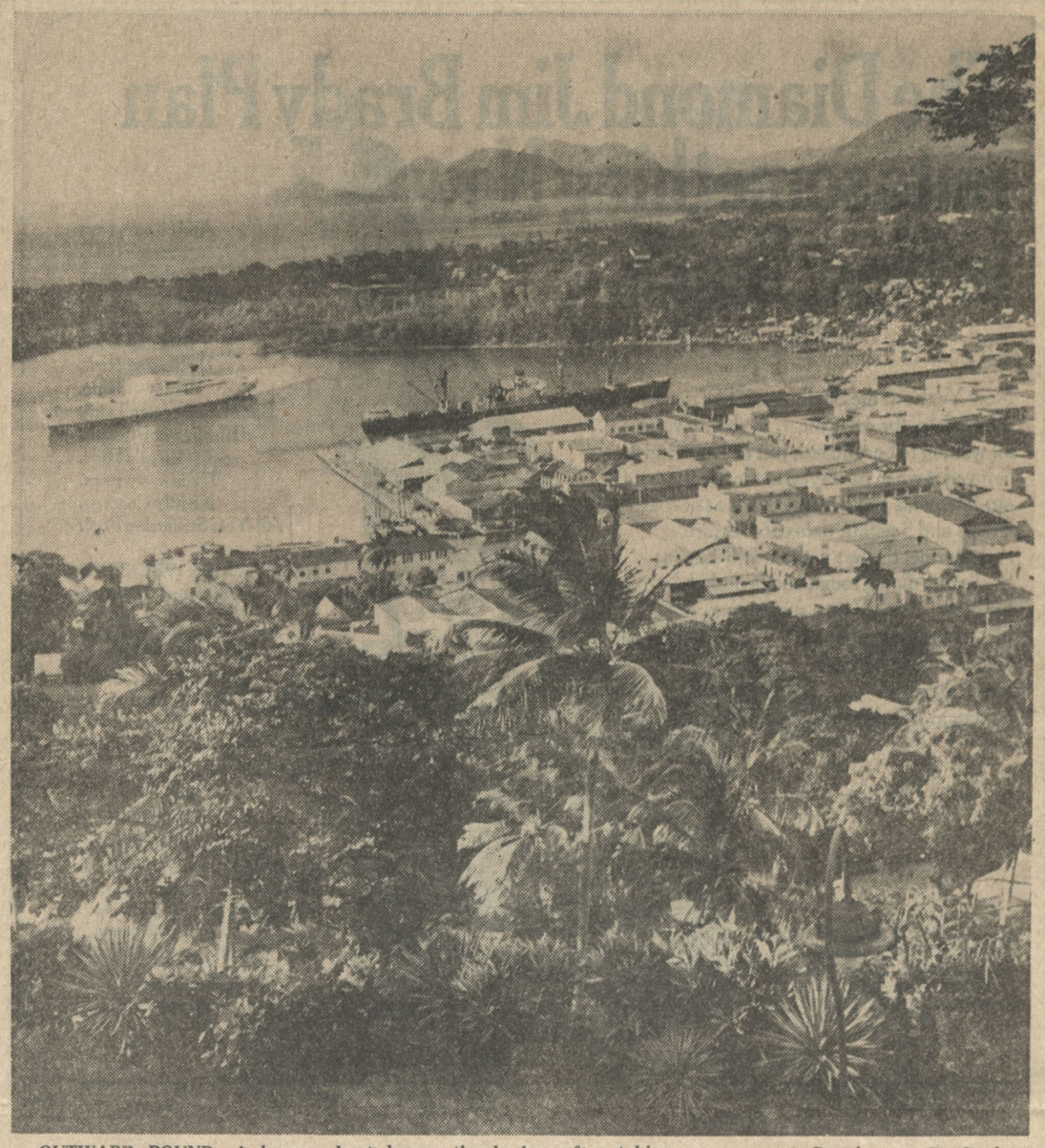
Bequia is one of the few areas in the world where whaling boats go out to their task with a ritual reminiscent of "Moby Dick" and where a main social event is the launching of a home-built boat.

Poetic Names

The names of the Grenadines make a sort of poem. From Bequia, the traveler proceeds down island to Baliceau, Battawia, Isle de Quatre, Canouan, Mustique, Mayreau, Palm Island, Petit St. Vincent and Union Island. Only Palm, which was formerly called Prune Island, and Petit St. Vincent have seen much in the way of development.

Palm Island's 110 acres have been resort conscious for two seasons, and guests can be brought to the island by charter plane if they prefer not to travel by boat. The new Petit St. Vincent Resort is open this year for its first full winter season; its individual stone houses provide luxury accommodations, and a desalinization plant takes care of the lack of natural springs.

This islet is 10 minutes by boat from Palm, and both are just a short trip from Union Island, an official port of entry.



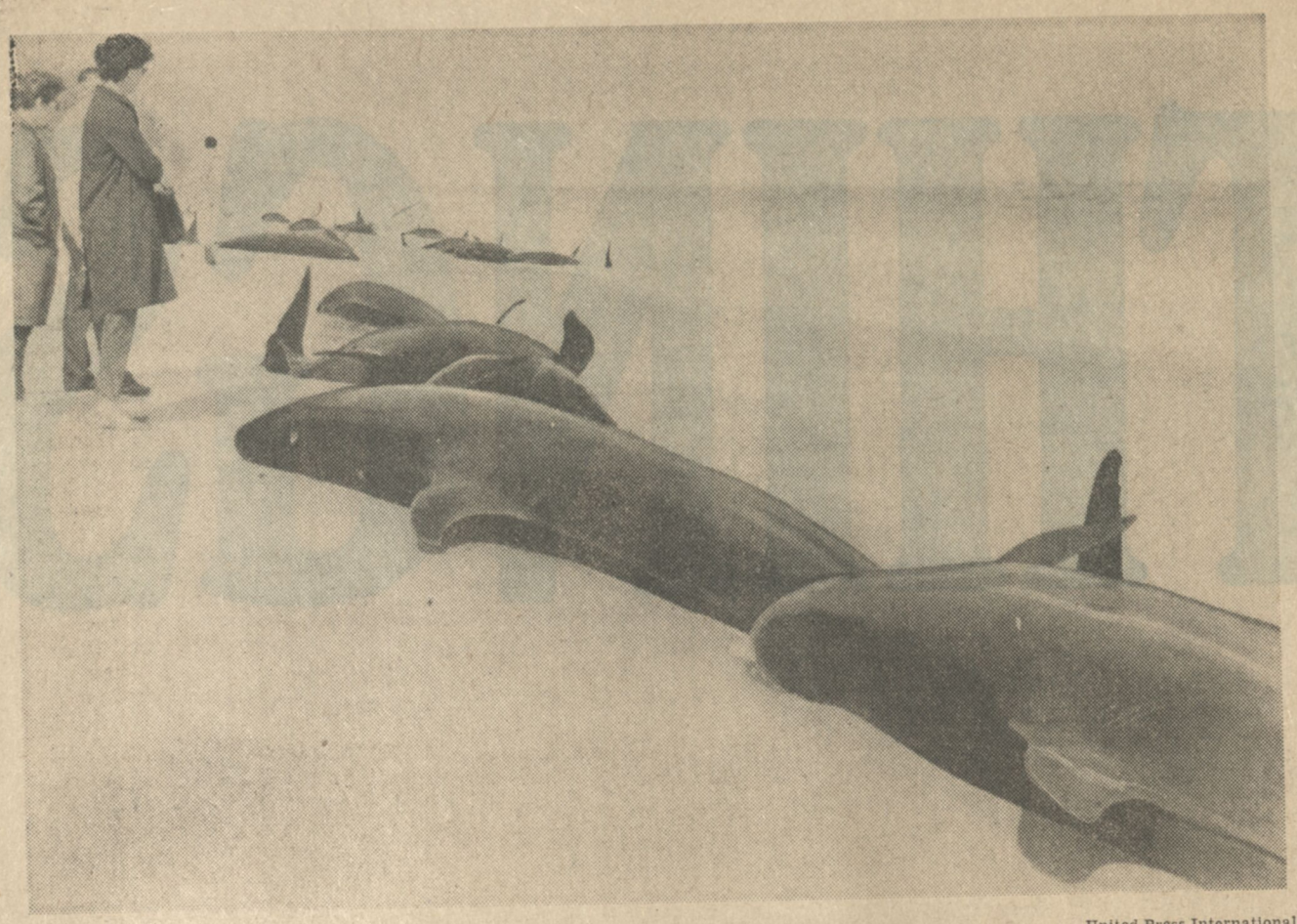
OUTWARD BOUND—A banana boat leaves the harbor after taking on cargo at Castries on St. Lucia.



Monkmeyer Press Photo Service; Nancy Palmer Agency

BECKONING—The sparkling waters of the Caribbean lap the white-sand beaches of the island of St. Vincent in the Grenadines, and lofty coconut palms sway in the background.

WASH Post TUES 13 JAN 70



United Press International

SUICIDAL WHALES—Pygmy whales lay dying on Florida beach after evading efforts to save them. More than 100 of the pilot whales mysteriously swam ashore along a 30-mile strip of beach. When rescuers tried to tow them out to sea, they repeatedly returned to shore. Whales, though they breathe air, cannot live out of the water.



WASH (DC) POST FRI. 29 MAY 70

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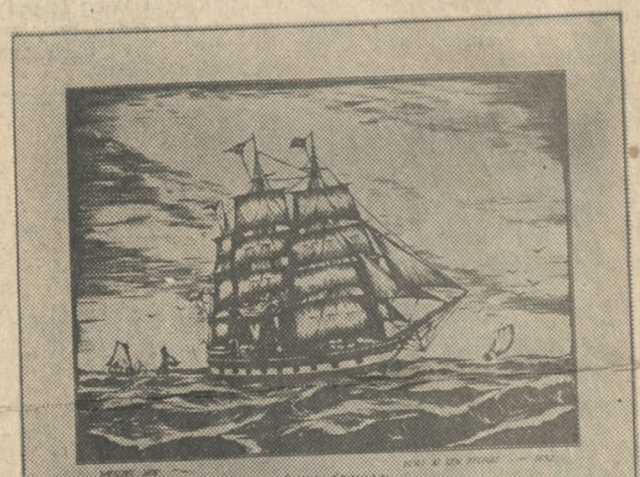
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N.Y. Times SUN. 21 JAN '68

"Antique Art of Whaling"

Fabulously Beautiful

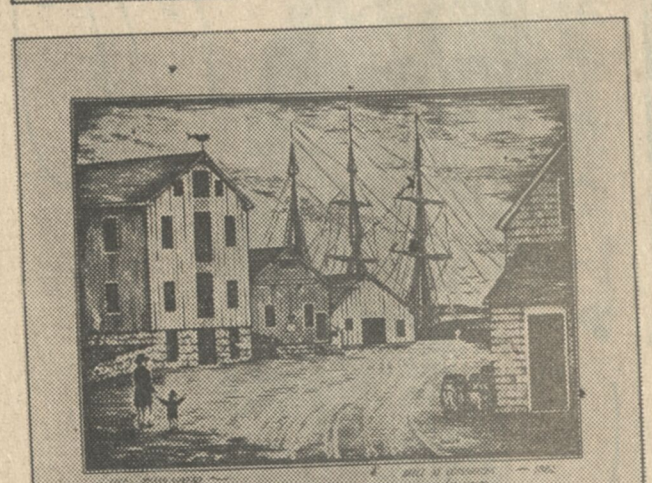
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METRO AREA

The Evening Star

WASHINGTON, D. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1964

Metro Area News, C-1-4—Weather, C
Obituaries, C-5—Business, Stocks, C-6
Classified, C-9-22—Comics, C-23-25



Courtnay Maton, 3, of Falls Church gets a preview of the historic Clermont, this country's first successful commercial steamer.

250 Historic Ships Find a Harbor in Smithsonian

By HERMAN SCHADEN
Star Staff Writer

From the Santa Maria to the Nuclear Ship Savannah, the navigational history of this country is anchored in a snug harbor of the Smithsonian's Museum of History and Technology.

Next Thursday the Hall of American Merchant Shipping in the northeast corner of the first floor will open. The leisurely strolling landlubber, or the most ardent sailor, will be rewarded with row on row of perfect scale models illustrating almost every phase of the nation's maritime experience.

Arranged in specially designed glass cases, and extending in orderly rows for hundreds of feet, the fastidiously styled replicas look real enough to steam or sail through the room like miniature flotillas.

There are elaborately rigged 18th and 19th century schooners and clipper ships, their sails white and full; steamers from the day of Robert Fulton's Clermont; all manner of small and deep-sea fishing and whaling vessels, grouped chronologically to tell the story of marine progress.

Freighters, ferries, famous river boats with stern and side paddles, excursion boats, tugs, diesel-powered trawlers, 19th century buoy tenders, pilot boats, and even rum-runners are among the 250 models that fill the hall.

The proud skipper of the whole fleet is Howard I. Chapelle, the Smithsonian's curator of transportation, and for many years before that an internationally known naval architect. There isn't a model or its prototype that he can't spin a yarn about, and in many instances he furnished the basic design plans for the model.

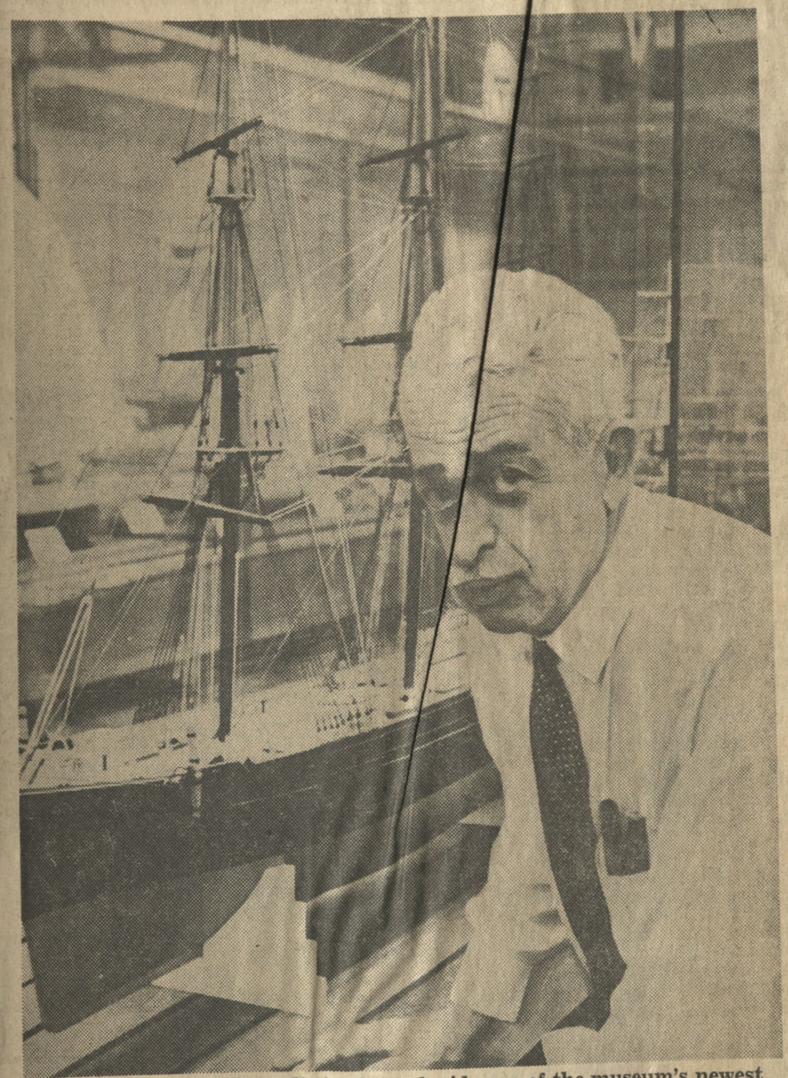
"Almost every thing here is American," he says. "That's the way we want it. There are a few ships like the Mayflower, Santa Maria and the Mauretania that are not. Some day we expect to replace even the few foreign ships."

While it is still there, the Mauretania is worth seeing. Largest of the models, she is 18 feet long and is a gift of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who had no mantel large enough for it.

But Chapelle and his model-maker, James Knowles, are happier with smaller models such as the St. Ann, a 1736 schooner and the earliest American-built ship for which the plans were found. Chapelle located them in a Danish museum.

Visitors to the hall will appreciate the models if they realize the time and money that goes into them. Even in its low-cost day, the Mauretania model cost about $70,000. The clipper, Challenge, recently was built (at a loss) by the Arthur Henning Co. for $5,000. Five men worked on it.

It all represents marvelous craftsmanship, shared by Smithsonian technicians and 27 members of the Washington Ship Model Society who build and repair many of the models.



Curator Howard I. Chapelle is shown beside one of the museum's newest models, the 1851 clipper ship, Challenge. Models range from a few inches to 18 feet long.—Star Staff Photos by Joe Silverman.

EDITORS' NOTE

The Lindberghs at the Cape

In January, right after the Apollo 8 astronauts returned from their trip around the moon, we got a phone call from Charles Lindbergh. He and his wife Anne Morrow Lindbergh had been at Cape Kennedy, where they had camped 20 years ago, before the space age. They had found the launch tremendously exciting. They had also visited the Merritt Island Wildlife Refuge at the Cape, and had been struck by the strange juxtaposition of the sophisticated space frontier and the wilderness preserve. There were some interesting philosophical questions, Lindbergh said, and his wife would like to try an article on the subject. We discussed the best timing for publication and agreed that the week preceding Apollo 9 would be perfect, if Mrs. Lindbergh could finish by then. Meantime, Lindbergh suggested, LIFE could shoot some pictures of birds and animals at Merritt Island to have in hand when the article was ready.

The Lindberghs' interest in wildlife is longstanding. For many years they have camped out with their children, often in remote and rugged wilderness. Lindbergh himself is a dedicated conservationist, a director of the World Wildlife Fund. He spends much of his time traveling around the world, persuading governments to set aside virgin wilderness areas and to protect endangered animals. He was influential in protecting the blue whale from extinction by getting the whaling countries to ban the killing of blues. In recent months he has made wildlife trips to Alaska, the Philippines, Indonesia and Brazil. In 1967 he helped LIFE prepare its special issue on the Wild World and wrote an eloquent introduction to it. His son Jon, an oceanographer and diver, contributed an article on whales to the same issue.

Mrs. Lindbergh professes to be "more people-oriented," but one of the central themes in her work is the profound interconnection between the human spirit and the natural world. It was at the heart of her book *Gift from the Sea*, and it was reflected in an article she wrote for us about a trip to Africa, "Immersion in Life" (Oct. 21, 1966). She is a slow, meticulous writer. Ordinarily she likes to put work aside, think about it, return to it again and again until it satisfies her and her husband, who serves as both critic and editor. The Apollo 8 article would have to be written much more quickly than usual, and she was not sure she could get it done.

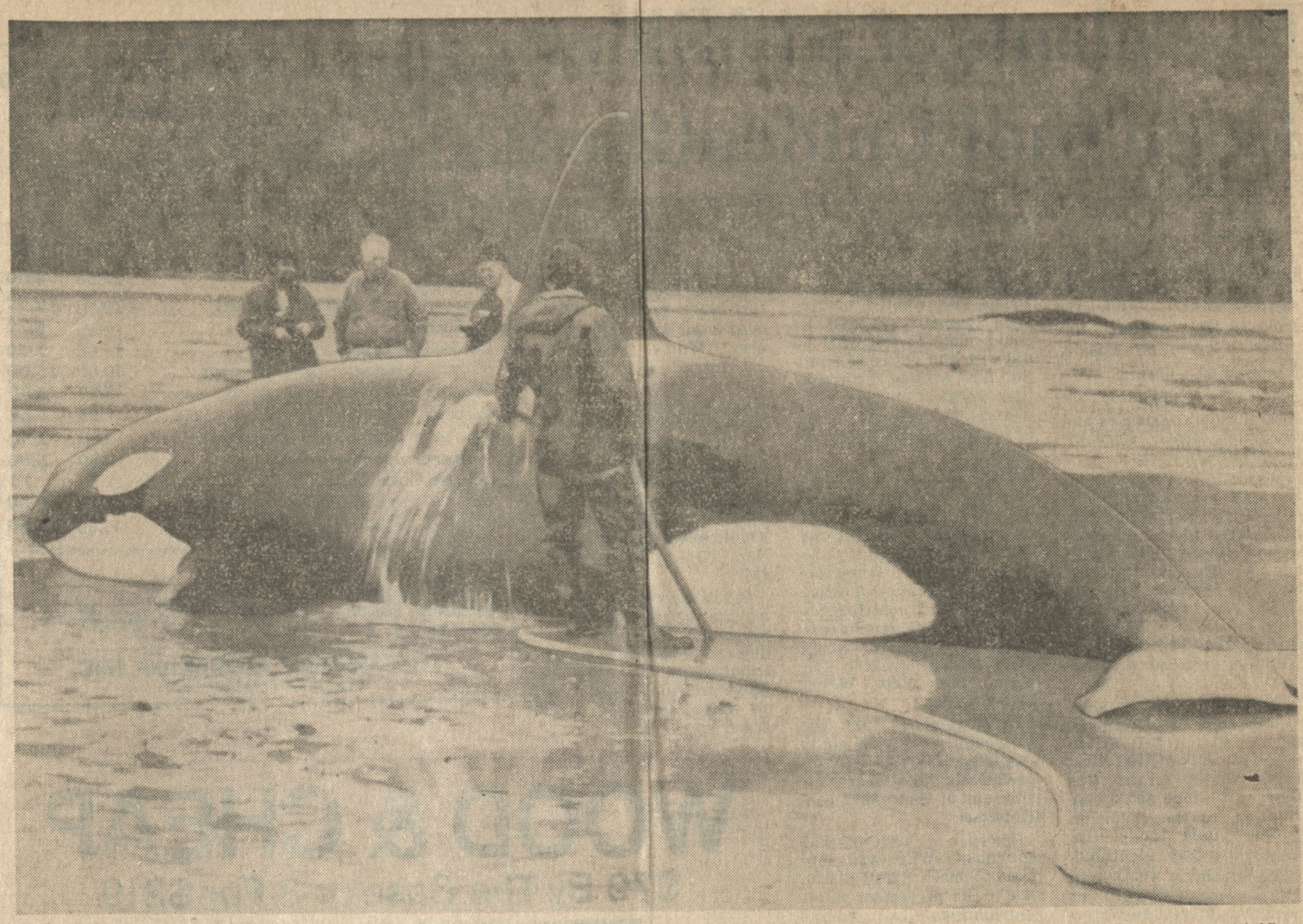
Two weeks ago Lindbergh called to say that the article had been through several drafts and was going well. But it was longer than they wanted it to be, and Mrs. Lindbergh was not satisfied with the way she was expressing her conclusions. She was still in Hawaii, working on it, and now there was the added complication of the East Coast blizzard with the New York airports closed down. He thought it was "extremely doubtful" that she could finish in time. A few days later Mrs. Lindbergh called. She had finally made her way home to Connecticut, she was exhausted and conditions were still "extremely doubtful." However, she thought she had something important to say and promised to try.

She worked through the weekend, and Lindbergh postponed a scheduled trip to Africa to help her. Because they were discussing the piece almost line by line as she worked, a professional typist would have been useless, so Lindbergh typed up the various versions, using his two-index-finger system. As you will see on pages 14-26A, Mrs. Lindbergh made it—although by that time her husband's index fingers had had it.

George P. Hunt

GEORGE P. HUNT,
Managing Editor

WASH (DC) Post WED 14 April '76

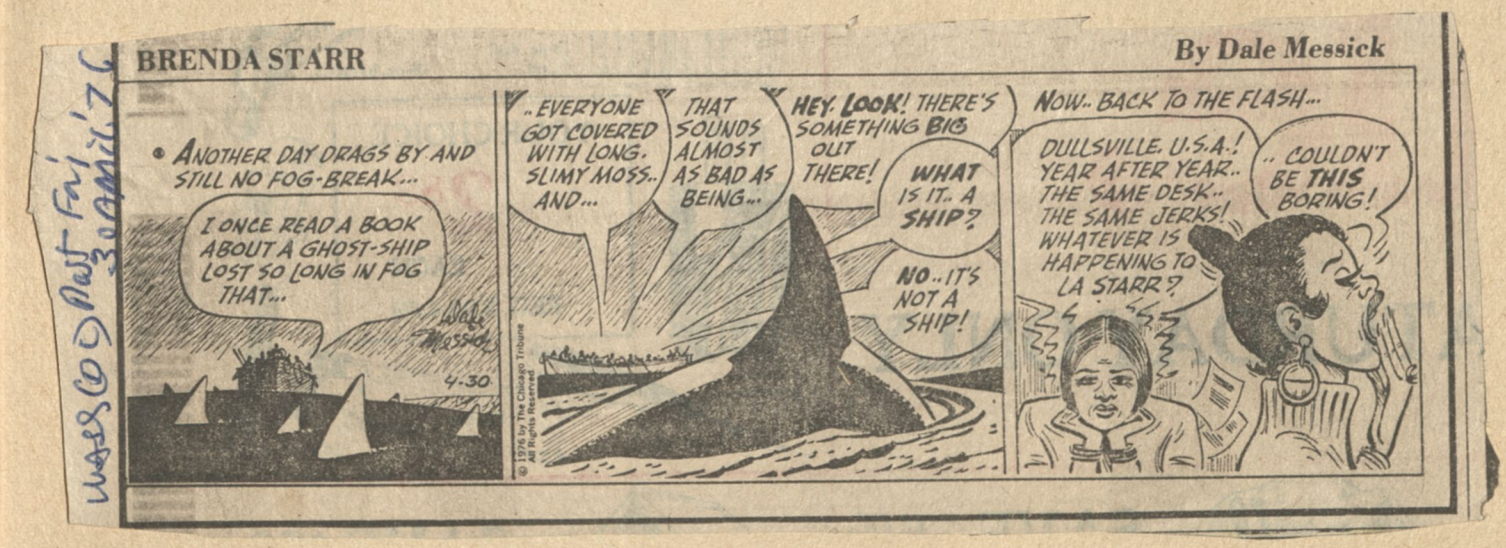


Associated Press

HELP FOR A WHALE—Residents of Vancouver Island try to help a beached whale by keeping it wet while waiting for high water to return to the inlet. The 27-foot whale was found Friday afternoon in 3½ feet of water. Despite the help, the animal died.

WASH (DC) Post Fri 30 April '76

BRENDA STARR — By Dale Messick





A FENCE IN MIDVAAG, ONE OF DENMARK'S FAROE ISLANDS, MADE FROM HUNDREDS OF WHALE SKULLS

...de NANGIS (1682-1742) LED HIS REGIMENT OF ROYAL MARINES INTO BATTLE WITH THE RANK OF COLONEL *AT THE AGE OF 8* - HE SERVED IN THE FRENCH ARMY 52 YEARS AND DIED A FIELD MARSHAL

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WASH Post SUN. 18 JAN 70

"I'M ALL LATHERED UP ABOUT THE POOR WHALE!"



declares Ralph Taylor PhG. President, Caswell-Massey Co. Ltd.

"For over a century, Caswell-Massey has been making superb soaps from a specially prepared extract of whale oil — soaps unrivaled for richness, unmatched for the sheer luxury of their lather. Today, the demand for Caswell-Massey Whale Oil Soaps has never been greater. And it is precisely when these leviathans of lather are at their peak of popularity that we have decided to make no more. With this public notice, we are ceasing production of Caswell-Massey Whale Oil Extract Soaps. What prompts this unprecedented action on our part? The real fear that the whale, if unprotected, stands in mortal danger of extinction. And far be it for us, America's oldest chemists and perfumers, in any way to encourage the hunting down of these noble giants of the deep, nor to precipitate their demise! Hopefully, by stopping the manufacture of Whale Oil Soaps, we may encourage others in commerce to follow our example and thus Save The Whale.

REALIZING THE INCONVENIENCE SUCH A DECISION MIGHT GIVE OUR LOYAL PATRONS, WE HAVE WORKED LONG HOURS PRIOR TO THIS ANNOUNCEMENT TO FIND A REPLACEMENT WHICH WOULD DUPLICATE THE NATURAL QUALITIES OF WHALE OIL. What we have now come up with is a surprising substance derived from a natural, vegetable source which chemically and physiologically duplicates our former whale oil extract and which we have named in honor of our friend, the whale, Vegesperm. So, providentially, we can continue to supply a bath soap of remarkable beauty, with the same abundance of rich lather and gentleness rare even amongst the costliest of soaps. Each hefty oval of our new Caswell-Massey Vegesperm Bath Soap weighs approximately 6 ounces. It bursts into billows of creamy, skin-drenching lather the moment it touches water. And our fragrances—superb! Nine different scents, including one that was actually favored by George Washington and dates from our founding in 1752. These intense fragrances last till the very last sliver. And for each one there's a lovely color to add beauty to your bathroom. You'll find our new Vegesperm soaps at some of the best stores and shops. They cost some $5.00 for three large ovals neatly boxed. And you have my personal assurance they're remarkably like our Whale Oil Soaps of yore. Except that there's a whale of a difference between them!"

Caswell-Massey Co. Ltd.
114 E. 25th St.

Before: Last of the Whale Oil Soaps.



After: First of the new Caswell-Massey Vegesperm Bath Soap.

N.Y. Times MAGAZINE 26 Oct 69

115

SUN. WASH POST 11 MAY 75

NUTRITION

There's Protein In Them Krills

SANTIAGO (UPI)—Small, greenish crustacea named krill that look like shrimp but taste like lobster are drawing more and more scientific attention to their icy habitat near the South Pole.

Some scientists optimistically claim the krill could provide a seemingly endless supply of protein to help feed the world's hungry millions.

But the trouble with fishing this small invertebrate, with the scientific name of *euphasia superba*, is that it lives in freezing water surrounding the Antarctic continent.

Named krill by Norwegian explorers, the matchbook-size crustacea come in immense quantities. Studies by American experts during the decade of the 1960s have claimed that there may be at least 5 billion tons of krill in the Antarctic zone.

Discovered by British sailors in the late 19th century, the krill in recent years have been extensively studied by Norwegian, American, Japanese, Russian and Australian scientists. West Germany is planning to send an expedition.

The Chilean scientific vessel Valparaiso is scheduled to return soon from a three-month study of the krill. Chilean economists in 1973 predicted that an annual harvest of 5 million tons of krill could earn Chile some $500 million a year.

The krill's normal length is about 1½ inches. It has been said to be rich in amino acids, the structural units of proteins vital to human metabolism. It is known to contain vitamins and a calcium-rich crust.

Japanese scientists have ground the krill into an "oceanic paste"

The "oceanic paste" has been described as "sweetish" with a marked resemblance to lobster meat.

Ways to harvest krill on a large scale are under study. An important factor to be considered is the hostile region where the krill lives and breeds. Antarctic waters are virtually unfishable for several months of the year because of gale force winds, rough seas and deadly snow and ice storms.

The krill is known to decompose rapidly after being taken out of the freezing waters. It must be processed or frozen soon after being netted.

Studies show the krill can be lured in large schools by low-intensity red lights lowered below the surface of the water. But the difficulty of lowering nets to catch the schools in the rough Polar seas remains one of the biggest handicaps in making the krill a nutritional and economic bonanza.

Jack Anderson and Les Whitten

Cracking the Univac

Some of our most sensitive national secrets could be tapped by a few bright computer experts with access to a telephone.

A startling government report, declassified but not released to the public, tells how Navy scientists cracked a Univac 1108 computer system using a telephone. The system was supposed to be "secure."

The 1108 is in widespread use throughout the government. The White House, all the military services and several federal agencies use this system to store sensitive information. Not only top defense secrets but personal details that the government gathers about private individuals are contained in 1108 computers.

The Navy scientists write that they inserted "trap doors" in the system. "At the user's expense, we were able to covertly copy their files. Had we wanted to, we could have destroyed or selectively rewritten them."

What an enemy could do with this access to highly classified information is alarming.

The government now claims to have plugged the holes described in this report. The scientists claim "that no individual can understand such large and haphazardly constructed systems and, the systems are bound to have holes."

The General Accounting Office, in a private study, found that some government employees have turned their knowledge of these "holes" to their own profit. The GAO investigated 69 cases of criminal computer fraud, that cost the government more than $2 million in losses.

A clerk discovered, for example, that she could introduce fictitious food stamp claims into a computer on behalf of accomplices. They collected more than $90,000 in fraudulent benefits before they were caught after an anonymous tip.

Footnote: Rep. John Moss, (D-Calif.), who has learned about the computer spying, has alerted the House and Senate Armed Services committees, urging an investigation.

Whale Hunt: For centuries, the arctic sea mammals, particularly the whale, have provided the Eskimos with most of the food, clothing and shelter needed to survive in the most hostile environment on earth.

We sent our reporter, Hal Bernton, to the northernmost town on the continent, Barrow, Alaska, to spend a week with the Eskimos. His assignment was to report the effect of the Alaskan oil fever upon the Eskimo culture.

The highlight of Bernton's stay a whale hunt. The Eskimos told how white intruders were scaring off the great whales, whose blubber is one of their staple foods. One hunting party waited on the ice nearly a week for a whale to appear in the open water, they said, only to see it frightened away by a low-flying plane.

The Eskimos took Bernton with them on a whale hunt. He trotted alongside a sealskin boat lashed to a wooden sled.

They raced over the ice as Eskimos have been doing for hundreds of years. Yet there were evidences of the encroachment of the white civilization. The sled was pulled not by a team of Husky dogs but by a Skiddo snowmobile.

The Eskimos also tired sooner than their forebears would have and stopped for coke breaks.

After refreshing themselves with coke and orange pop, they tossed the empty cans on the ice.

As they approached the edge of the ice, a party of returning hunters warned that the ice by the open water was treacherous. So Bernton and the Eskimos pitched their canvas tents a safe distance from the open water. The tents, introduced by 13-century whaling ships that sailed out of San Francisco, were lined with wooden racks and then were filled with caribou skins.

Inside the tent, a Coleman stove was lit and they dined on Spam, bread and hot tea. They slept until 3:00 a.m.

An approaching storm ended the whale hunt before it got started. By dawn's eerie Arctic light, they headed back to Barrow—the roar of their snowmobile shattering the frozen stillness.

Killer Whales' Capture Fought

SEATTLE, March 11 (UPI)—U.S. District Court Judge Morrell E. Sharp handed down a temporary restraining order Wednesday night prohibiting the captors of five killer whales from removing the mammals from Puget Sound.

The order prevents Sea World, Inc., from moving some of the whales from Budd Inlet near Olympia to Seattle—and later to aquariums in California, Ohio and Florida.

Gov Dan Evans, Attorney General Slade Gorton and **Darrel Peeples**, a Thurston County resident, had filed a lawsuit seeking the injunction.

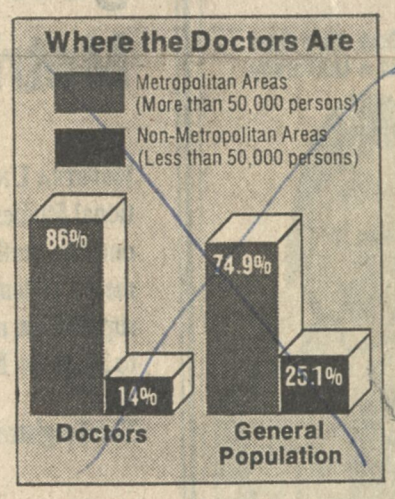
The purpose of the restraining order sought by the state is to buy ime, get Sea World officials into court, challenge the legality of their permit and eventually set the whales free.

440 Pounds Hashish



...nds

...icine



struments by paleolithic man. Previous evidence of the use of music generally has been dated at roughly 5,000 years ago, although many paleontologists believe musical form probably existed much earlier.

The mammoth bones, along with a "castanet bracelet" made of mammoth-tusk ivory, were found during archeological excavations in the Ukraine, at Mezin. The Soviet experts believe the bracelet was used to accompany dances.

Examination of the way in which parts of the bones were deformed, compacted and polished led investigators to conclude that the bones were crude musical instruments, according to a Soviet historian, Sergei Bibikov. He reported the discovery in The Courier, a publication of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization.

It thus appears, Mr. Bibikov says, that Cró-Magnon man was familiar with the elements of music, and probably danced to the accompaniment of percussion instruments. The discovery could lead to further clues to the culture and behavior of paleolithic man, Mr. Bibikov adds.

One Family's Disease, Always Fatal

The descendants of a Portuguese whaling man who jumped ship in San Francisco in 1845 to settle in the American West share a rare medical condition: a propensity to a fatal genetic disease.

So far as is known the disease is restricted to members of the family.

The illness, formally named striato nigral disease, began with Antone Joseph. He apparently received as part of his genetic endowment not a normal but a mutated copy of a gene critical to the growth of cells in the area of the brain that coordinates muscle tone and strength. In striato nigral disease, for reasons that are not yet fully understood, those cells die early. Members of the Joseph family who inherit the gene begin, sometime between the ages of 15 and 45, to lose motor function. Ten to 20 years later, they die.

Last weekend, under the auspices of the National Genetics Foundation (the organization was instrumental in tracing the disease and Antone Joseph's descendants), 100 members of the family met, many for the first time, for neurological examinations and counseling.

The defective gene is a dominant one. That means that children of people with the disease have a 50-50 chance of inherting it and of passing it on. Over a third of the 64 members of the seventh generation of Josephs, those now in their twenties, are at risk; they must decide whether to have children without knowing if they will pass on the defective gene. There is not yet a way of detecting the disease before the onset of symptoms; there is no treatment for it.

How many families have what are in effect private genetic illnesses is not known, partly, some experts say, because hereditary disease is often not diagnosed as such. Between two and three thousand genetic conditions due to a single gene defect have so far been identified. They have a range of seriousness; few, however, have been traced to a single ancestral couple.



Photo APN, Moscow, from The UNESCO Courier, June 1975

The "castanet bracelet," made of flattened rings of mammoth-tusk ivory, the first Paleolithic instrument of its kind ever discovered.

A Big Old Sound

Soviet scientists are reported to have concluded that mammoth bones dating back 20,000 years were used as percussion in-

Dr. John C. Lilly, a specialist on dolphins, commenting on his efforts to have dolphins and whales declared an intelligent species, hence falling within the purview of the UN Bill of Rights, and further applications of this idea, as quoted in New York magazine:

Dr. Christopher Stone, a law professor at USC, believes that trees also should have certain legal rights. One of his colleagues argued that trees can't talk, but Stone said that the Fourteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution gives corporations the same rights as individuals, and that if you listen very, very closely, trees make exactly the same sound as a corporation.

NYS - Fri 12 Dec 75

The Washington Post

For and about WOMEN

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1965



Associated Press

ENVOY BRUCE

. . . a dreamy idea from the deep

Ahab Would Approve

By Maxine Cheshire

Washington Post Staff Writer

U.S. Ambassador to Great Britain David K. E. Bruce has come up with a WHALE of an idea.

This distinguished and knowledgeable connoisseur of the decorative arts, we are told on good authority, dreams about a bed built with the tusks of the Arctic Ocean's narwhal whales.



Mrs. Cheshire

These protrusions of polished ivory, which grow in a spiral that often exceeds nine feet in length, are at the moment a very chi-chi collector's item. And Ambassador Bruce's design for a four-tusker bed is the ultimate in this "In" home furnishings fad.

I swear in the name of Captain Ahab. It's true.

The only person we know who already owned a narwhal tusk went upstairs to the attic recently and brought it down to the drawing room.

Alice Roosevelt Longworth's Moby Dick souvenir was a keepsake someone sent her father when he was in the White House. The javelin-shaped treasure stands taller than basketball giant "Wilt The Stilt."

Mrs. Longworth decided to send Bruce a cable boasting about the size of her resurrected chunk of ivory.

"My tusk is seven feet, six inches long . . . " she dictated over the telephone to a communications expediter who interrupted her in midsentence.

He couldn't believe this message was headed to a top U.S. diplomat abroad.

"Your *what*, madam?" he inquired suspiciously.

"My *tusk!*" she replied haughtily.

"Very well, madam," he conceded placatingly. "*Your* tusk *is* seven feet, six inches long . . . "

Bruce was so impressed he is bringing her a special display stand for Christmas.

MRS. LONGWORTH, subject of the widely-quoted, tape-recorded interview in the Current Saturday Evening Post, has bought herself a voice-scriber. She has already written her memoirs once, but she is having such fun thinking out loud electronically no one would be surprised if she started on volume two.

At the moment, all she intends to do is preserve her volatile observations for posterity in what she calls a kind of "time bomb in a time capsule."

THE POST article, by zany-brainy socialite Jean vanden Heuvel, is going into a book she has been putting together since her days on The Paris Review.

Writer William Faulkner was the subject of one segment. Sculptor Giacometti (who was interviewed while Jean posed for him in his studio) is another. And barrister Edward Bennett Williams is also on the list.

Tux Goes Traveling

DON'T get the wrong impression, but there is a former Miss America around town these days who wants to ask Hubert H. Humphrey if that was really his tuxedo she found hanging inexplicably in her closet.



United Press International

ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH

. . . pish tush, she really meant "tusk"

It's too late now to do anything but apologize. Not even suspecting the owner's identity at the time, she gave the spiffy black dinner suit away. So far away, in fact, that there probably is a Swiss headwaiter going to work every day in an Alpine hotel attired in the sartorial hand-me-downs of the Vice President of the United States.

Miss America of 1951, the former Yolande Betbeze of Alabama, moved to Georgetown last May. Her late husband, motion picture mogul Matty Fox, was a longtime HHH booster. Humphrey, always in and out of New York making speeches, once used the Fox apartment to shave and change clothes.

The tuxedo in question was discovered by Mrs. Fox one day as she sorted through her spouse's wardrobe. Since his weight fluctuated regularly, he owned three sets of clothing in three sizes. His wife thought nothing about packing the well-worn tux into a crate of garments she was dispatching to a maid's relatives in Switzerland as a kind of personalized international goodwill gesture.

Too late, she learned her error.

Hint to Royalty

AFTER all the skeletons Women's Wear Daily found in Princess Margaret's closet last week, there is no reason to rattle the dry bones in a prolonged post mortem.

We will be willing to let the matter rest in peace after resurrecting only one excerpt from a surprising sermon preached to us personally by a British staff member.

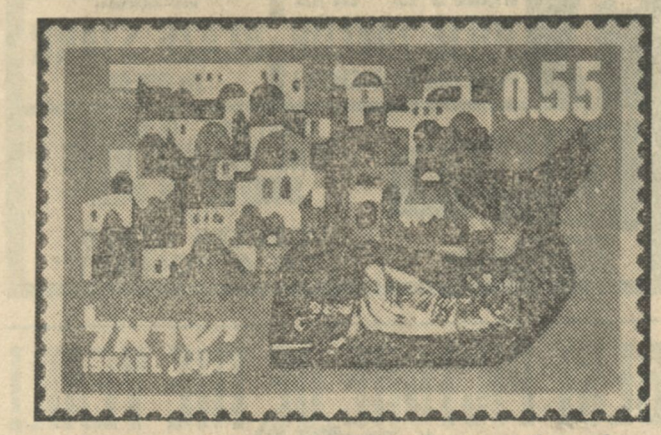
We, too, had written a mildly uncomplimentary evaluation of Her Royal Highness's attire on just one particular day early in her tour.

You might suppose that loyal Britons in our midst would consider an insult to one empire waistline an insult to the empire itself.

Not at all.

There are many of her influential countrymen, it seems, who were hoping secretly for just such a reaction from outspoken members of the U.S. press.

They hope there will be enough criticism to bring on a revolution in the royal wardrobe.



The Biblical story of Jonah provides the subjects for three Jewish New Year stamps to be issued by Israel on August 21. The 0.55 denomination shows the prophet in the belly of a "great fish," obviously a whale in Jean David's design, off the seaport of Jaffa. —Woodward & Lothrop.

PHILATELIC NEWS

Navy Again Offering Antarctic Cancels

By BELMONT FARIES
Star Stamp Editor

The Navy is again offering collectors an opportunity to have covers postmarked in Antarctica and by ships participating in Operation Deep Freeze during the 1963-64 season.

One cover per person will be accepted for cancellation at Byrd Station and South Pole Station. Ships will accept not more than three covers per person.

Two addressed envelopes bearing 5-cent United States stamps may be sent to: Deep Freeze Philatelic Mail, U. S. Naval Construction Battalion Center, Davisville, East Greenwich, Rhode Island 02818. They must reach there by September 1. One will be sent to Byrd Station, the other to the South Pole. If only one cover is sent, the postmark desired should be indicated lightly in pencil on the lower left hand corner.

The covers probably will be postmarked during the long Antarctic winter and will be returned between October 1964 and April 1965, though some may be sent back earlier on a space available basis.

Collectors of U. S. Navy ship cancels may send not more than three stamped and addressed envelopes to any or all of these ships, addressed to Deep Freeze Philatelic Mail:

USS Hissem (DER-400), FPO, New York, N. Y., cutoff date August 15.

USS Atka (AGB-3), FPO, New York, N. Y., cutoff October 1.

USS Burton Island (AGB-1), FPO, San Francisco, Calif.; October 1.

USS Glacier (AGB-4), FPO, New York, N. Y., October 1.

USCGC Eastwind, (WAGB-279), FPO, New York, N. Y., December 1.

Covers should be mailed to reach the ships not more than one month before the vessel is scheduled to sail from the United States. They will be returned when the ships return, about May 1, 1964.



A whale also is featured on this South Georgia 2-pence stamp, one of a definitive set of 15 issued July 17 for the South Atlantic island group formerly included in the Falkland Islands Dependencies.—Crown Agents.

* * * *

Tagged Stamps Thursday

Phosphor tagged 8-cent air mail stamps will get their first field test at Dayton, Ohio, starting Thursday. They will go on sale at the Philatelic Sales Agency here Friday. The stamps glow under ultra-violet light but under normal conditions can be distinguished from regular stamps only by the somewhat more reflective surface caused by the phosphor, actually a colorless overprint applied to the entire sheet.

Addressed envelopes for cancelation on the first day of use may be sent to the Postmaster, Dayton, Ohio 45401, with remittance of eight cents for each stamp.

* * * *

Picture Air Letter Forms

Britain's General Post Office, long noted as one of the world's most staid and conservative, has come up with a colorful idea for catching the eye of tourists —pictorial air letter forms.

The new forms, a jet-age version of the picture postal cards issued by many countries, will go on sale Thursday in the London area. They will cost 10 pence, including the six pence postage, and will carry a message anywhere in the world except Europe. Initially there will be a choice of two 7-by-4-inch views, one of the Houses of Parliament across the Thames from the Albert Embankment, the other the Tower of London with the Tower Bridge in the background.

The pictures are printed by four-color lithography on the half-page which is folded under when the form is prepared for mailing. The six pence stamp with a portrait of Queen Elizabeth and Westminster Tower is of the same design and color as the ordinary air letter form but is lithographed rather than printed by photogravure.

If the experiment with the pictorial air letters is a success in the London area it will be extended to other parts of the country.

* * * *

Ambassador Album

From H. E. Harris & Co. comes a completely revised edition of the world-wide Ambassador album, enlarged to provide spaces for more than 18,000 stamps. This moderately priced loose-leaf album (it sells for $3.95) has illustrations of the same quality as the more expensive Standard and Citation. To simplify the problem of keeping it up to date an effort has been made to see that active stamp-issuing countries end on a left-hand page, making it easy to add extra pages. A supply of these, quadrille ruled, and a stock of gummed country titles are provided. Annual supplements will be issued starting in the fall of 1964.

* * * *

Music on Stamps

The "Encyclopedia of Music Philately" by Niels A. Miller covers the field of music on stamps with a full listing by country and indexes to composers, writers, musicians, compositions, instruments and national anthems. Sample pages are shown for many of the topics. The 92-page book, published by the American Topical Association, 3330 North Fiftieth street, Milwaukee 16, Wis., sells for $3.

* * * *

New Issues

NETHERLANDS — Five semipostals with an additional charge for the benefit of The Netherlands Red Cross will be issued August 20. The designs stressing the varied activities of the Red Cross are the work of R. J. Draijer of The Hague.



The stamps have been printed in two-color offset by Enschede of Haarlem.

STAMP CLUB MEETINGS

THURSDAY

Capitol View Stamp Club, 8 p.m., Room 2040, HEW Building, Fourth street and Maryland avenue S.W.

Abused by the Tuna Fishing Industry . . . WASH. POST TUES. 11 JAN 72

Dolphins and Porpoises Face Threat of Extinction

By Lewis Regenstein

DOLPHINS and porpoises are among the most intelligent and highly evolved of all the world's creatures. It is easy to see why these friendly and fascinating animals have captured the imagination and interest of a large segment of the American public, for they have become the subject of countless movies, television programs, and children's stories, as well as the star attractions at oceanariums. Unfortunately, they have also become the major victims of a new type of fishing technology invented and utilized by the U.S. tuna industry; and in recent years, over a million dolphins have been killed by U.S. tuna fishermen. As a result, schools of dolphins and porpoises are decreasing in size and numbers at an alarming rate; and several species of these animals may shortly be threatened with extinction.

The writer is Washington coordinator for the Committee for Humane Legislation, a group which attempts to conserve wildlife and save endangered species.

There are about 80 different types of dolphins and porpoises, and they belong to the same biological family as the whales, the mammal order *cetacea*. These animals exhibit many qualities that we like to think of as "human": they are warm blooded, air-breathing mammals which nurse their young and usually bear a single calf every three to four years.

Man has traditionally enjoyed a friendly, cooperative relationship with dolphins; and in some areas such symbiotic arrangements, celebrated in local folklore, still exist. Some aboriginal tribes living along the coastlines of Australia, New Zealand, and the Mediterranean have for generations utilized the help of dolphins to drive fish into their nets. Naturalist Tom Garrett, a wildlife consultant for Friends of the Earth, has described how tribes in the Amazon basin cultivate the friendship of fresh water dolphins to protect them against such dangers as piranha fish.

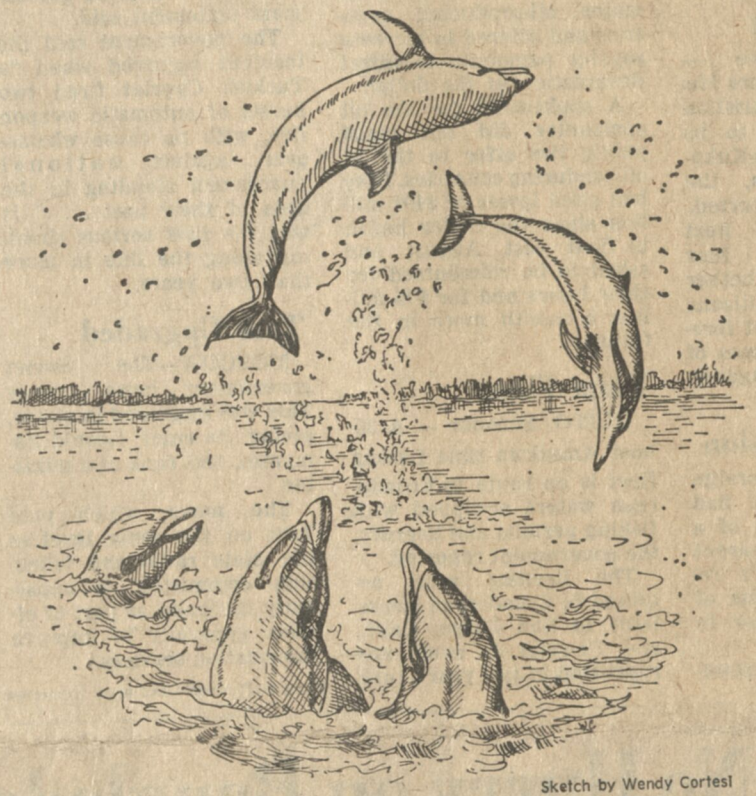
Some natives reportedly refuse to enter the water without first "calling" a friendly dolphin by knocking on the side of the boat. Moreover, the countless sea legends of dolphins saving the lives of drowning people may have some scientific basis, since these animals instinctively swim under their young and buoy them up to the surface so that they will not drown during their infancy period.

THE ancient Greeks had a deep and frequently awed appreciation for dolphins. Aesop, writing some 600 years B.C., made favorable references to these animals; and Oppian, in the second century A.D., called the killing of dolphins "an offense to the gods . . . as execrable as the murder of a human." Pliny the Elder has described how the Greeks used dolphins to lead them to schools of fish and then shared their catch with these friendly cetaceans. According to him, the dolphins even waited in the area until the following day, to be rewarded for their efforts with bread dipped in wine.

Aristotle has written that "this creature is remarkable for the strength of its parental affection"; and females do indeed show great concern for their young, nursing them until they are about 18 months of age. This mother-young relationship lasts for several years, and dolphins 4 to 6 years old have been known to seek out their mothers

Interestingly, the Soviet Union not only studies dolphins but has also banned the killing or capture of these animals; the Minister of Fisheries, Alexander Ishkov, calls them "marine brother to man." In urging that worldwide protection be accorded these creatures, Ishkov pointed out that "the teeth of a dolphin could turn him into a dangerous enemy. But, no dolphin has ever attacked or molested a man, even in self-defense."

YET THESE fascinating creatures are rapidly being wiped out, in large part by the American tuna fishing industry. The fishing practices in U.S. tuna fleets are similar to that of the ancient Greeks in that dolphins are used to locate and follow schools of tuna. However, after leading the fishermen to the tuna, the dolphins are entrapped in



Sketch by Wendy Cortesi

the tuna nets and killed. In 1970, in one area of the Eastern Tropical Pacific, between 250,000 and 400,000 dolphins are estimated to have perished in the huge "purse-seine" tuna nets which only recently came into widespread use. These nets sometimes entrap as many as 2,000 dolphins at a time along with the yellow-fin tuna with which they are usually found. After being netted, the dolphins usually swim about wildly in a desperate effort to escape. They then huddle together "singing" in one corner of the net; those that instinctively "sound" or dive to the bottom usually become ensnared in the meshing and drown. Other dolphins become so frightened that they go into a state of shock and also drown. The rest make little attempt to jump out of the nets and escape, since they will not, as a rule, abandon their infants or desert a fellow dolphin that seems to be injured or in distress. The majority of dolphins killed in this manner have been females and infants, primarily of the spinner *(Stenella longirostris)*, spotter *(Stenella graffmani)*, and common dolphin *(Delphinus delphis)* species.

which would protect ocean mammals. While claiming (without convincing evidence) that new nets and techniques have been developed which will reduce dolphin mortality, the industry has been successful in obtaining legal permission to continue their wasteful fishing methods. A marine mammal "protection" bill, originally introduced by Rep. Glenn Anderson (D-Cal.), whose district includes the port of Los Angeles where most of the tuna boats are based, was reported out of Rep. John Dingell's Wildlife Conservation Subcommittee in December, 1971. The act contains provisions which give the Secretary of Commerce broad discretion to allow the tuna industry to continue killing dolphins, including the use of "general" or blanket permits which may be issued to the fishermen for the "taking" of these animals. Such language was reportedly insisted upon by the Nixon administration, acting through the Commerce Department and the Republican members of the subcommittee, whose senior member, Rep. Thomas Pelly (R-Wash.) represents a district which includes the builders of the tuna fleets as well as many Commerce Department bureaucrats based in Seattle.

Representative David Pryor (D-Ark.) and other congressmen plan to offer strengthening amendments to this bill when it comes up for a vote this month or next. However, the Senate has not yet taken any action on the ocean mammal legislation pending before it; and Senator Ernest Hollings (D-S.C.) subcommittee of the Commerce Committee has so far refused to even schedule hearings on these bills. In the meantime several conservation groups are threatening to launch a boycott of tuna products unless the industry takes immediate steps to solve the problem.

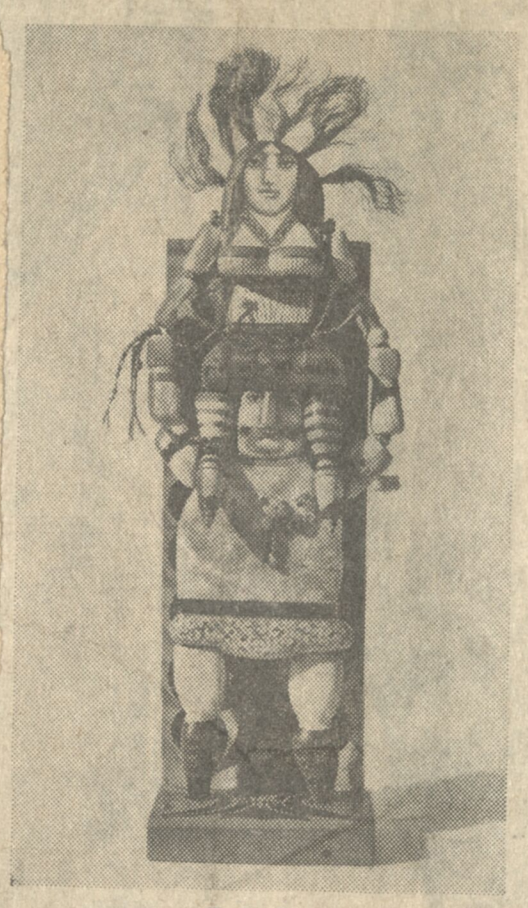
Because of the limitations of human intelligence, man may never perceive the real nature, the true significance, of these unique creatures that he is so needlessly destroying. A hint of this vast and untapped wealth of knowledge is contained in the writings of a Russian delphinologist, Professor Yablakov:

> "Dolphin societies are extraordinarily complex, and up to 10 generations coexist at one time, If that were the case with man, Leonardo Da Vinci, Faraday, and Einstein would still be alive . . . Could not the dolphin's brain contain an amount of information comparable in volume to the thousands of tons of books in our libraries?"

Dolphins play an integral if little understood role in the health and stability of the oceans' ecology—ecosystems that are fundamental to the survival of man's own environment. If we allow selfish men to destroy or alienate the dolphin before we have had a

N.Y. Times - MON 28 NOV 61

To Sea on Madison Avenue



The New York Times (Gene Maggio)

Nautical accessories, books, clothing and model ships, left, are sold at the Captain's Quarters, 967 Madison Ave. *Above:* Painted, hand carved figures by Sam Smith, an English artist, are in a collection from $70 at DR International, at 53 East 57th Street.

By RITA REIF

Shop Talk

EVERYTHING was almost shipshape when the Captain's Quarters opened recently at 967 Madison Avenue (75th Street). The nautical shop, on the site of a former supermarket, had been under construction since last spring. But visitors prior to the official opening hardly noticed gaps in the stock, according to the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Lewis. Most shoppers who followed workmen through the door out of curiosity left with purchases, Mrs. Lewis said, noting that prices ranged from 35 cents for a one-inch-high ship in a bottle to $2,400 for an antique model of the Niagara, a ship under Oliver Hazard Perry's command during the battle of Lake Erie in the War of 1812.

To effect the appearance of a ship's hold, Mr. Lewis, who will serve as interior design consultant at the shop, lined the walls with columns and the ceiling with crossbeams. The interior is carpeted in nautical blue broadloom and is divided into six boutiques.

The decorating section at the front is decorated like a ship's cabin and can furnish any size of vessel from a cabin cruiser to an ocean liner.

The book and art department offers old and new books (from $1), prints and graphics (from 65 cents) and original paintings ($200 to $250). About halfway between fore an d aft is the ships models area. A boutique for marine accessories is stocked with tablewares, lighting devices, ship's decanters ($8) and old or new campaign chests. The shop will execute new campaign chests to order. Old ones are about $385.

Two other sections are devoted to a display of antique tin soldiers and to clothing. In the latter area a complete foul weather gear outfit (trousers, jacket and hat) is $29.95, Irish knit sweaters are from $48, and middies used by sailors of the United States Navy during World War I are $35.

Below decks is a basement workshop staffed with artisans ready to assist those with minor repair problems on ships models and to advise neophytes on how to make them.

•

Sam Smith, a British artist with a whimsical bent, is responsible for the extraordinary wood carvings of men in boats, old-time music hall dancers, and prehistoric-looking couples standing one on top of each other like a miniature totem pole that are currently on view at D/R International, 53 East 57th Street.

The carved people are vaguely Victorian in the way Mr. Smith paints their faces, hair and clothing. The carvings, called shelf pieces, cost from $70. Many of the pieces have movable parts to permit the owner to "discover new relationships," Mr. Smith says.

•

The demand for turn-of-the-century furnishings, a specialty of Joel Wolf's shop called Things Antiques, is now focused on children's furnishings. Mr. Wolf found that the few rockers, chairs, cribs and strollers he had were selling so well that he moved all the adult furnishings out of his shop at 2186 Broadway (between 77th and 78th Street) to 250 West 77th Street.

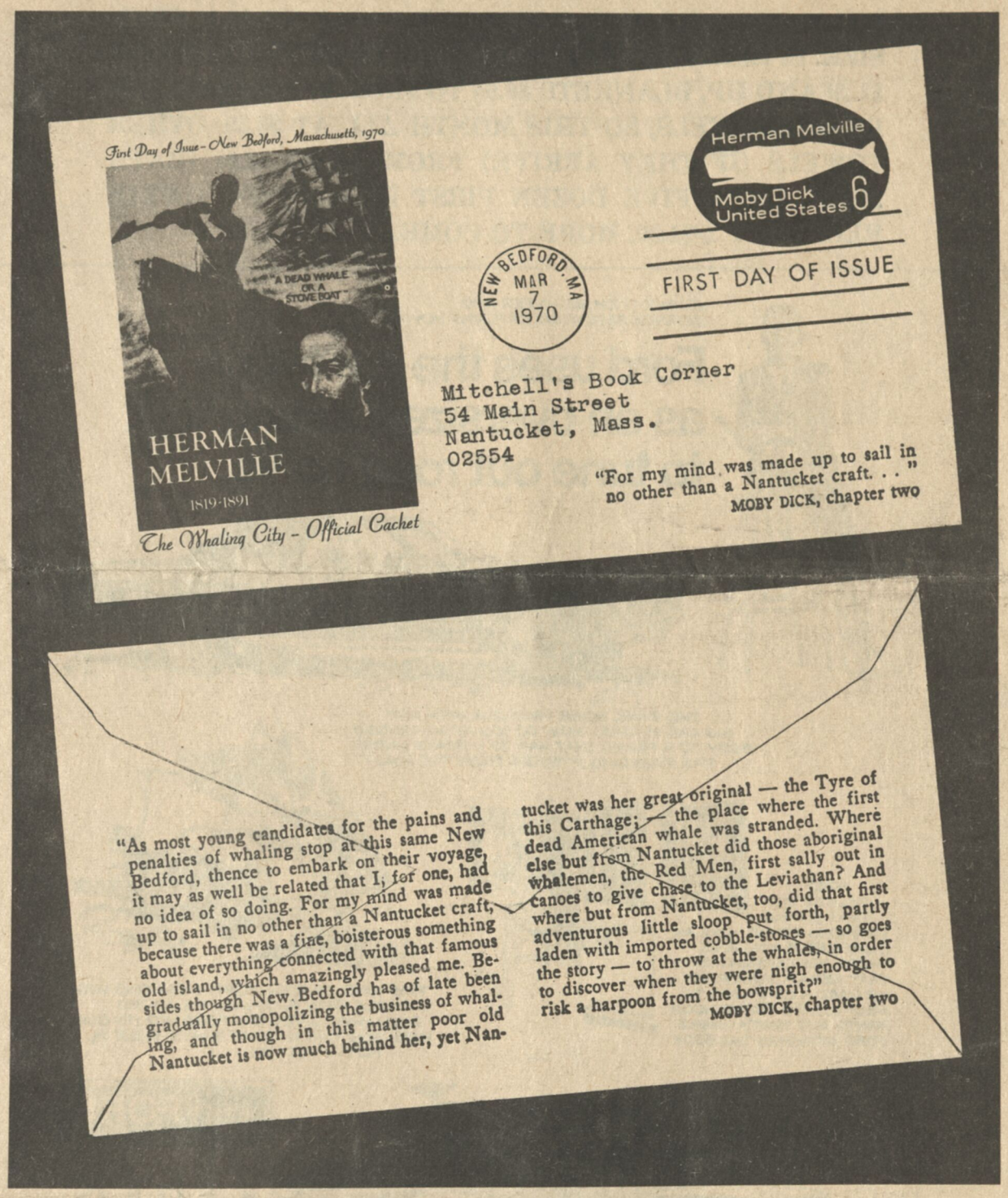
The latest shipment of furnishings for the renamed Broadway establishment, Children's Things Antiques, includes collapsible high chairs ($25), a combination stroller and high chair ($49.50), rocking cradles ($85), a brass crib $95), a rattan high-wheeled carriage with a green sunshade ($65) and a "belly-whopping" sled ($29.50).

•

Kits for making rya rugs are now being imported from Sweden by Coulter Studios, one flight up at 138 East 60th Street. Grace Weber, a professional weaver, and Ruth Coulter are partners in the enterprise, which also stocks kits for making pillows and bed coverings. Pillow kits in 20 patterns and 3 sizes are $9.95.

More than 75 designs are available in the rug kits, which cost $27 for a 24-by-37-inch size, $48.95 for a 32-by-51-inch size, $279 for a 79-by-118-inch size.

Nantucket Nov 1970
Thurs 2 Annual



THE MELVILLE STAMP

MITCHELL'S BOOK CORNER

"Poor old Nantucket" was outmaneuvered. And so was Pittsfield, Mass., where "Moby Dick" was written. First Day honors for the stamped envelopes went to New Bedford.

about in angry frustration. Anyway we thought it would be more constructive (and more fun) to let the words of Melville himself speak in our defense. So we purchased some "First Day Covers" and had our own cachet printed on them. Just one paragraph from "Moby Dick", Chapter 2. That's all there was room for. If you still have doubts concerning Melville's f e e l i n g s about our Island, read Chapter 14, entitled "Nantucket". Better still, read it aloud.

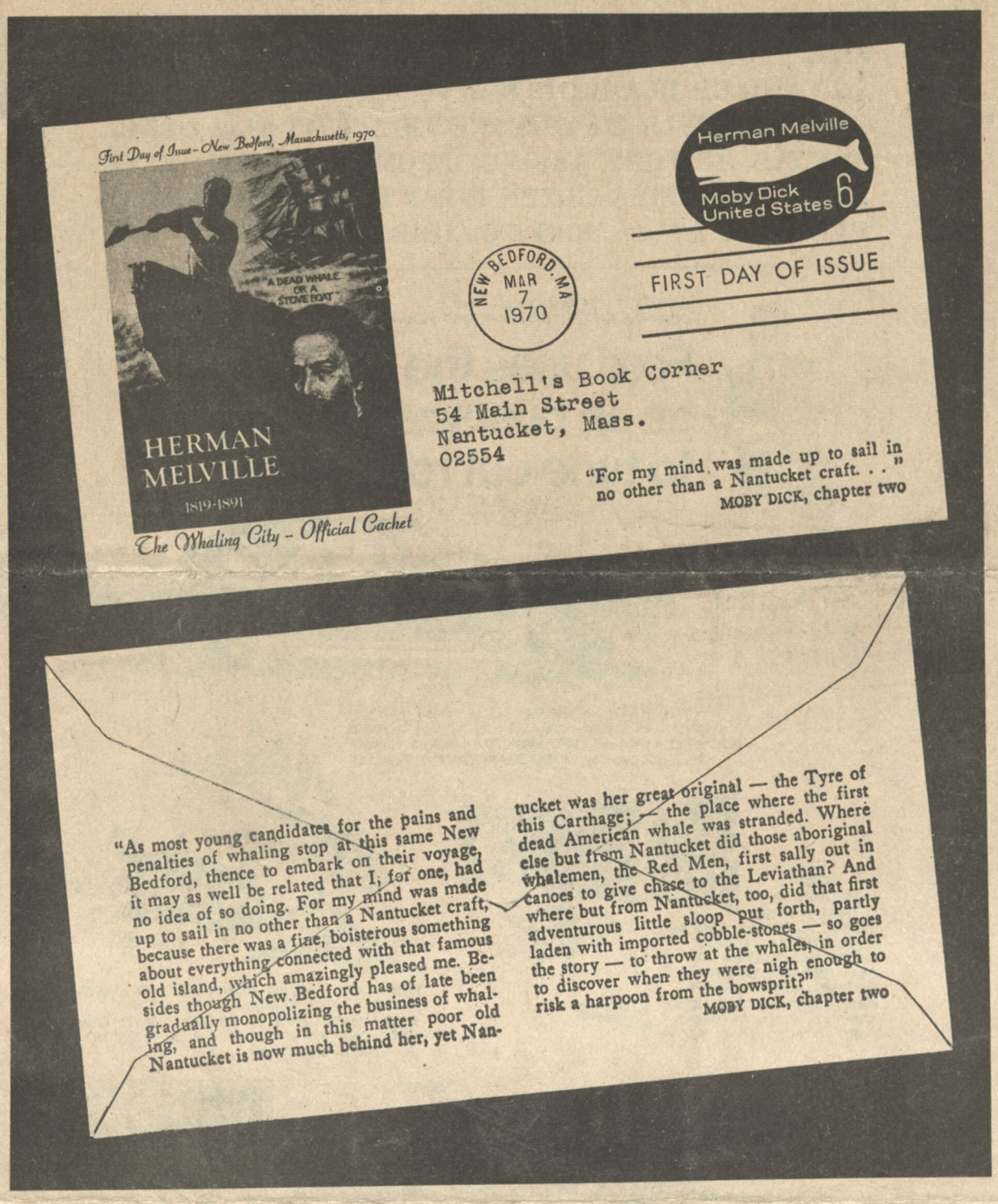
Our cachets came off the press Thursday and sold so fast we got in touch with New Bedford immediately, in an effort to ob-

able to move to Nantucket. We will, however, accept orders to the extent of putting a copy on our Hold Shelf, to be saved for the customer until he reaches The Island.

We almost forgot the price. They're one dollar apiece. As our supply gets low, we plan to raise the price and turn over the amount of increase to the Nantucket Historical Association. We suspect that they may have been unhappily surprised by New Bedford's coup.

Meanwhile we plan to mail copies of this ad to appropriate people and organizations in New Bedford. Then, if they want a copy, they'll have to

NANTUCKET DAILY NEWS
THURS 2 APR 70



THE MELVILLE STAMP

MITCHELL'S BOOK CORNER

"Poor old Nantucket" was outmaneuvered. And so was Pittsfield, Mass., where "Moby Dick" was written. First Day honors for the stamped envelope paying respect to Herman Melville's masterpiece went to that fine, old whaling port New Bedford.

Naturally we were puzzled when we heard of the decision, for Nantucket was the home port of the "Pequod", which sailed thence in pursuit of Moby Dick, Captain Ahab, Master.

Perhaps it's our Quaker ancestry that makes us abhor flailing about in angry frustration. Anyway we thought it would be more constructive (and more fun) to let the words of Melville himself speak in our defense. So we purchased some "First Day Covers" and had our own cachet printed on them. Just one paragraph from "Moby Dick", Chapter 2. That's all there was room for. If you still have doubts concerning Melville's f e e l i n g s about our Island, read Chapter 14, entitled "Nantucket". Better still, read it aloud.

Our cachets came off the press Thursday and sold so fast we got in touch with New Bedford immediately, in an effort to obtain some more. Unfortunately their supply was exhausted. We have decided, therefore, not to accept any mail orders. This should prevent stamp dealers from snapping them up by the dozen. Also it will, hopefully, stretch our supply until the return of our Summer Residents and Visitors. No doubt some of them are philatelists, and besides, many are admirable people who have not as yet been able to move to Nantucket. We will, however, accept orders to the extent of putting a copy on our Hold Shelf, to be saved for the customer until he reaches The Island.

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Meanwhile we plan to mail copies of this ad to appropriate people and organizations in New Bedford. Then, if they want a copy, they'll have to come to Nantucket to get it. And if they do, let's behave like gentlemen and make them welcome. After all, their only crime was neglecting to read "Moby Dick"!

HENRY MITCHELL HAVEMEYER
MARY ALLEN HAVEMEYER
THE CHANCELLOR

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Relics of Figureheads Come Into Vogue



Figurehead of "Seminole," a packet launched in West Mystic, Conn., in 1865.



Unidentified figurehead in Mystic Seaport Museum. Many are hard to trace.

Symbols Intended to Ward Off Evil Are Restored at Mystic

By MURRAY DAVIS
Special to The New York Times

MYSTIC, Conn. — In early times men painted or carved figures or symbols on the bows of their ships as safeguards against many forms of evil. Commercially the practice is dead, but there is an awakening interest in what relics remain, and a steady headache for those who seek to authenticate them.

Many ships' figureheads were lost with the ships. Others were thrown into lumber yards when a ship was cut down for a coal hulk. Several have adorned corners of gardens of private summer homes. One was found beneath a tree in the Cape Verde Islands, where it had sat for decades.

Now they are being gathered, restored and cared for as an important part of the history of ships and men. But as more questions are asked about them, fewer and fewer men are left from the days of sail to answer, to resolve the knotty problems of which figurehead adorned which ship. And many ships had their names changed several times.

An Important Port

One of the best collections is at the Mystic Seaport Museum. The museum has about 100, of which 50 are on display. Most were donated over the years by H. H. Kynett, a trustee of the Marine Historical Association, which created Mystic Seaport 40 years ago.

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"Twin Sisters" may represent daughters of Salem-Newbury, Mass., shipowner. They may not have gone to sea.

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Mystic was an important shipbuilding port in the last century, and one of the museum's most prized figureheads is the "Seminole." A packet of 1439 tons, the Seminole was built at West Mystic and launched in 1865 for Lawrence Giles & Co. of New York.

She ended her days as a coal hulk in Australia, the dynamic figurehead carving lying unnoticed in a warehouse for years before being recovered by a museum in Port Adelaide and finally being brought to Mystic Seaport.

The "Donald McKay," which stands about 14 feet and weighs a quarter of a ton, adorned the second largest clipper built in the United States and was used by the James Baines Black Ball Packet Line on the run to Australia. The figurehead was recovered from a field in the Cape Verde Islands.

Eagle's Head Found

A large, powerful carving of an eagle's head adorned the bow of the Great Republic, a four-masted barque launched in Boston in 1853, and at the time the biggest wooden ship in the world. She was towed to New York, caught fire while taking on her first cargo and later cut down and rebuilt in Long Island. The figurehead was given to the Stonington Historical Society, which has lent it to Mystic.

These three examples hardly represent the romantic idea of full-bosomed young women with flying hair cresting the waves beneath long bowsprits. But Mystic has a good selection of these also, some of whose history has not been verified.



"Twin Sisters" may represent daughters of Salem-Newbury, Mass., shipowner. They may not have gone to sea.

The "Rhine," a figure of a Rhine maiden, adorned an iron ship built in Scotland for the unlovely work of transporting coolies to the British colonies of Fiji and the West Indies. She was bought by a United States company about 1890 and operated out of Boston.

The "Saucy Sally," which earthily hangs over a doorway, is thought to be a rudder head decoration from a Dutch vessel of the early eighteen-hundreds.

The "Twin Sisters" is a carving of two dainty girls in lace and frills. It is believed to represent the daughters of a Salem-Newbury, Mass., shipowner, but the stance of the feet suggests that it may never have been fixed to a bow.

Most figureheads are of pine, which was easily carved. American shipowners ceased putting them on boats after the Civil War, perhaps as an economy measure, but the tradition lingered on in Britain.

Some that Mystic Seaport acquires are found to be full of rot or badly split, so they are restored. This is done at one of the many live museum exhibits in the shipcarver's shop.

More than half a million people visited Mystic Seaport last year.

WASH POST

WED 7 JUNE 72

Letters To The Editor

Comments on Protecting Ocean Mammals

As chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Oceans and Atmosphere, I consider it my responsibility to respond to the opinions of Mr. Lewis Regenstein as stated in the article, "A Last Chance for Ocean Mammals?" It is unfortunate that The Washington Post has allowed its editorial page to be used to propagandize half-truths and misstatements of fact. The difficulty in attempting to shed light on such a complex situation as the marine mammal legislation is that the truth seldom is as dramatic or as sinister seeming as is the slander.

First, the full Committee on Commerce will indeed consider several amendments to Committee Print No. 1, which was reported by the subcommittee on May 10. These would include amendments to both expand executive authority to declare or lift moratoria, as well as tightening import restrictions. There is no final version of the bill until it is reported officially by the full committee.

Second, what does the bill do? It establishes a 15-year moratorium on the killing or capture of all marine mammals, including whales, seals, sea otters, dolphins, polar bears, sea lions, manatees, and walruses. We selected this time period in order to provide a complete life cycle for study and observation of various species of marine mammals, since so little is known about them. There are several important exceptions to the moratorium, each approved for valid scientific and diplomatic reasons.

It is mandatory that we remember that Congress acting alone cannot begin to solve the worldwide marine mammal problem. . . . Contrary to the article by Mr. Regenstein, we believe our bill provides the stimulus to launch immediately a round of international negotiations aimed at protecting and conserving all species of marine mammals.

The exceptions are:

1) The selected harvest of 3- to 4-year-old bachelor male seals, surplus to the breeding and reproduction needs of the population, will continue pursuant to United States obligations under the North Pacific Fur Seal Convention. At the same time, the bill provides for an intensive examination of the conditions of the herd to determine if the population saturation is at its peak. If not, then efforts will commence immediately to reduce the taking of seals through renegotiation of the treaty with Russia, Canada and Japan. It is undisputed fact that the scientific application of wildlife management principles to this fur seal herd have restored it from the brink of extinction to its present healthy status. It is also acknowledged fact that without this treaty, and because of commercial pressures, there would no doubt be a return to open ocean sealing. Should we allow this to happen, then the indiscriminate slaughter of these animals would take place on the high seas where as many as three or four would be lost for every one taken, and there would be no distinctions made between males, females or immature animals. This could decimate the fur seal herd quickly, as occurred prior to the treaty.

2) General class permits may be issued to the American tuna fishermen who participate in the yellowfin tuna fishery of the southwest Pacific Ocean, but only insofar as these fishermen adapt to gear and fishing methods found to cause the least feasible hazard to the three species of porpoise associated with the tuna. During a two-year period of scientific and technologic investigation, the tuna industry will be required to cooperate with government and academic research to eliminate the incidental taking of porpoise. At the end of this two-year period, it is envisioned that all U.S. flag vessels will have changed to fishing methods which will reduce to insignificant levels the taking of porpoises.

3) Committee Print No. 1 would allow, under certain circumstances, the importation of weaned seals for processing and sale in the United States. However, as chairman, I intend to offer an amendment to the bill to close the U.S. market to any and all hairseal products except those produced by native Alaskans. However, Mr. Regenstein erred in implying that the bill would allow the importation of pelts from the baby "Whitecoat" Canadian harp seal. The provision of allowing seals above one month was based on the fact that "Whitecoats" shed their white fur before one month of age, becoming "beaters" which leave the pack ice and effectively escape, in large part, to the open sea, where sealing is prohibited. The Post participated in this deception by printing a photograph of a "Whitecoat" pup. The committee is as distressed as anyone at the scenes of slaughter of these three to 10-day-old pups, and had no intention of allowing their importation, as Mr. Regenstein was fully informed by subcommittee staff.

4) Permits could be issued for the taking or importation of marine mammals for scientific research or for display in public oceanariums under strict regulation.

5) And, finally, the taking of such mammals would be permitted to continue in Alaska as part of the traditional cultural pattern of Eskimos, Aleuts and Indians, and to preserve their reliance on marine mammal products as part of their pattern of living and interacting on the fringe of our economy.

Of concern to me is the attack on this bill as perpetuating and legitimizing the present slaughter of marine mammals, when the opposite is true. The bill places sharp restrictions on the ability of any group of individuals to kill marine mammals. The appropriate secretary, working with the Marine Mammal Commission, must approve a strict set of limitations on each species, proceeding through a public hearing and judicial review, and a further hearing and review process in the granting of permits—and all of this would be beyond the 15-year moratorium. If the Fund for Animals thinks this is weak legislation, then what they seek must be the ultimate rejection of the killing of any animal for any purpose, including legitimate hunting in the United States. Personally, I do not believe we have reached that point yet, although this legislation sets broad precedent for protection of animals as well as the application of a tested field of scientific, biologic knowledge of wildlife conservation.

The Subcommittee on Oceans and Atmosphere and its members, rather than being disinterested and uninvolved, have gone to considerable effort to examine all sides of this issue in an attempt to create good legislation which will be to the benefit of marine mammals, not just to appease emotional pressures based on uninformed or misinformed propaganda. In the cast of porpoise related tuna fishery, we know that it would have been simple and popular to clamp a one-year deadline on the incidental taking of porpoise, and then turn our backs, smugly considering our duty done. The industry simply would go to a flag of convenience, sell its tuna elsewhere, and the porpoise would continue to suffer. We chose instead to try to work with the industry to make certain that all nations join us in protecting porpoise and dolphin.

We are convinced that the bill which shall be reported to the floor will do these things, and that the United States will lift a standard for the world to follow in making certain that all species of marine mammals will continue to coexist with man on this planet we share with all living creatures.

ERNEST F. HOLLINGS,
United States Senator.

Washington.

The statement on your editorial page today (May 31) that I "opposed any measures to provide adequate protection to ocean mammals" as a member of the Senate Commerce Committee is an absolute lie.

I enclose for your information a copy of S. 3161, which I introduced at the request of the National Wildlife Federation, the National Audubon Society, the Izaak Walton League of America, the Wildlife Management Institute, the American Forestry Association and the American Humane Association.

Enclosed is an article from "The Denver Post" of April 23, 1972, which states "the American Humane Association . . . along with a number of other national organizations, finds Senate bill S. 3161 proposed by Sen. Ted Stevens, R-Alaska, to be the best approach to mankind's presence in the lives of animals."

It is completely beyond my comprehension why you give space on your editorial page to people who make a business out of raising money to argue for causes which they create. The leading conservation organizations of the country seek to assure protection for our ocean mammals, and I have supported that position.

Furthermore, that "big industry" in Alaska your article mentions is some 50,000 to 55,000 individual Alaska natives who harvest ocean mammals primarily for food. They use portions of the mammals to make native arts and crafts. I am trying to protect them and to protect their arts and crafts, which is part of their subsistence income.

The Alaska Chapter of the Sierra Club joins me in supporting the native Alaskans' right to hunt for food, clothing and handicrafts, so long as the sea animals are not endangered species.

I consider this recent article part of your consistent vendetta against Alaska and Alaskans and another instance in which your editorial board has been mesmerized by these witch doctors who don't understand the difference between protection and prohibition.

TED STEVENS,
United States Senator.

Washington.

(See today's editorial, FYI.)

Yesterday's article, May 31, in The Washington Post, ("A Last Chance for Ocean Mammals"), presented an alarmingly biased and erroneous statement concerning proposed legislation now under consideration in the U.S. Senate.

There is no question but that man's use of the world's ecosystems and its wildlife resources has had severely damaging consequences; in too many cases, this continues. However, the cause of conservation is not served by distortion of facts or by "knocking" those persons who are struggling to take constructive action to prevent further misuse of our resources.

In the case of marine mammals, the issues are exceedingly complex and the solution cannot be distilled down to an either/or case: either total protection of all ocean mammals through a moratorium or what Mr. Regenstein would term the ongoing "slaughter" of helpless animals. Neither a moratorium nor continuation of the status quo is the answer. The issue resolves itself down to "management" of individual species within their ecosystems. This is a concept that is vastly misunderstood by those protectionist groups which believe that "protection" of marine mammals is attained by merely stopping the "slaughter."

In addition to his failure to present a complete picture, Mr. Regenstein puts forth five points of error involving me personally (in addition to misspelling my name). (1) I am an associate professor of The Johns Hopkins University, the program director of the Marine Mammal Program of the U.S. International Biological Program, and a Research Associate of the Smithsonian Institution. However, I have at all times spoken as an individual and not on behalf of any of these institutions. (2) I have never been approached and have never considered a position on the proposed Marine Mammal Commission. Indeed, such a body might wisely be comprised of civic leaders or judges, to be aided by professional biologists after the manner of the Council on Environmental Quality. (3) I have at no time opposed a "cessation of killing of marine mammals." I do, however, oppose the simplistic moratorium approach as being unpractical and, in many cases, ineffective. (4) I have never "lobbied" against what Mr. Regenstein considers a "strong" bill. On the contrary, I believe the bill supported by his group to be a weak measure which would not adequately deal with the problems. When requested, I have offered biological advice aimed at strengthening the hand of marine mammalogists and wildlife managers to bring about greater control over man's effects on marine mammal resources. Lastly, by his use of quotation marks, Mr. Regenstein would imply that I am not a true biologist. I feel no need to defend myself on this point, but I would ask: what are Mr. Regenstein's credentials?

A quotation from a recent speech by Dr. Steven Muller, president of The Johns Hopkins University, would seem applicable to this situation: "Passion in the service of reason can lead to the utmost in human achievement. Reason in the service of passion can lead to the torment of men and women by each other."

G. CARLETON RAY.

Arnold, Maryland.

Editor's note: (1) Dr. Ray holds advanced degrees in zoology, in addition to the professional affiliations he lists above, and Mr. Regenstein erred in seeming to slight his credentials. (2) Since the Marine Mammal Commission hasn't yet been authorized by Congress, it would be surprising if anyone had been formally asked to serve. Mr. Regenstein's statement that Dr. Ray "is expected to head or participate in" that proposed panel reflected the views of third parties, based on Dr. Ray's interest in the legislation. (3) On "lobbying" and "strong bills," see today's editorial, FYI.

Ship Made Of Bone to Be Shown

By Peter Winterble
Washington Post Staff Writer

A French sailor got some whalebones in a British naval prison around 1800 and produced a ship model that is surely one of the most handsome in existence.

The 22-inch-long "HMS Fisgard," brought to this country in a first class cabin on the liner United States and is valued at $12,000, probably took about five years to carve from rib and jaw bones and teeth of a whale, according to its owner, Bethesda antique dealer William B. Bachschmid.

Details of the ship are done with such precision, he says, that "only a man who had intimate knowledge of the ship, her carpenter or a very bright seaman, could have made her."

The real Fisgard was commissioned in 1796 as the "Resistance," a 48-gun, 180-foot French frigate.

But she had only a brief tour with the French Navy, for off the coast of Wales in 1797 she was captured by the British during the off-and-on sea battles of the Napoleonic Wars (1794-1817).

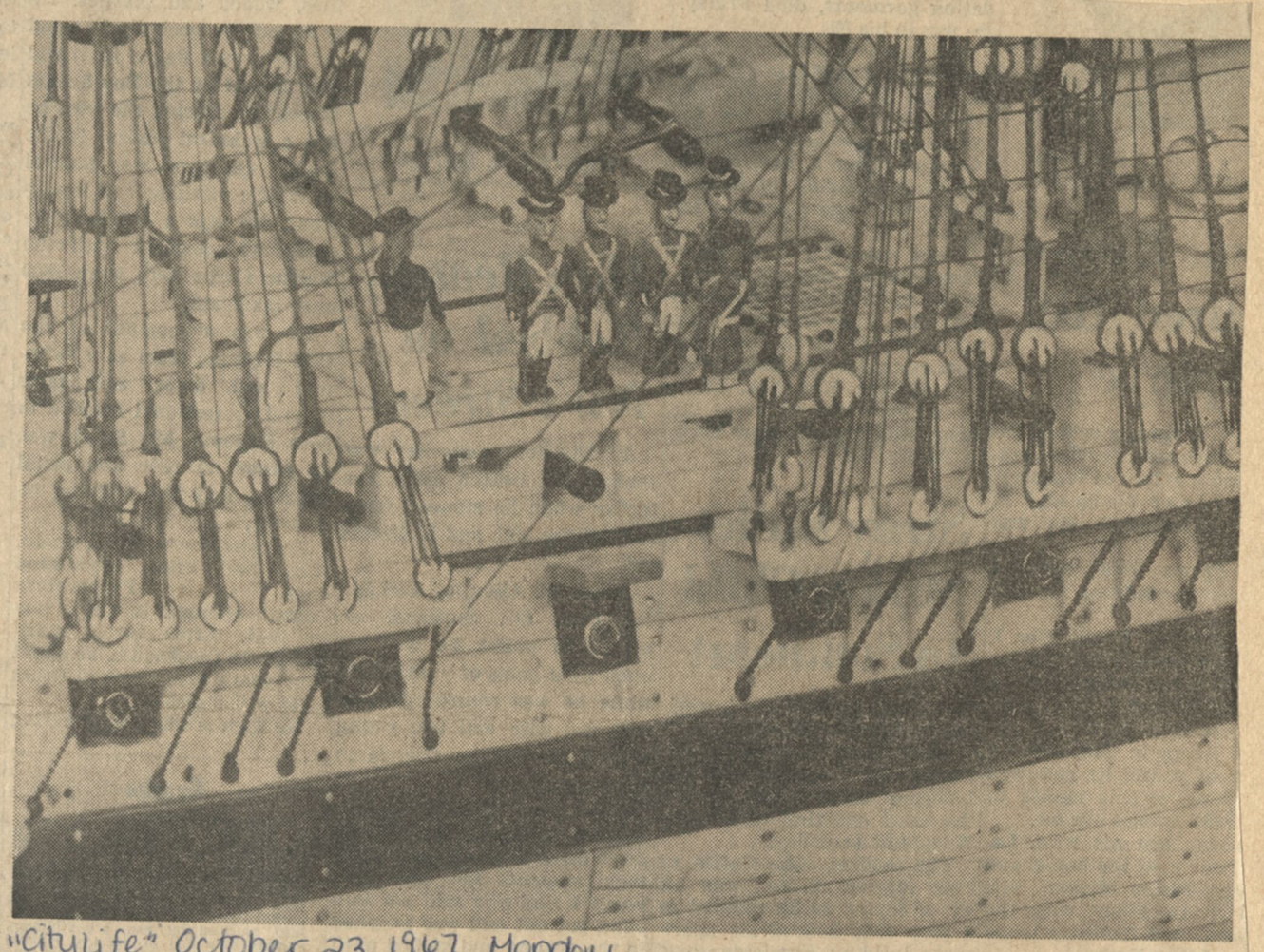
Her crew, including the man who later carved her, were dispatched to a British naval prison to sit out the wars, and the frigate was recommissioned the HMS Fisgard after the Welsh town in Pembrokeshire.

The Fisgard then served with the British navy until 1814, when it was decommissioned and broken up.

The whalebone model survived, however, through various owners and came into the hands of Bachschmid, who bought it last month.

The bone was whittled, carved, drilled and cut into tiny planks that were fitted over a carved wooden hull and fastened with tiny copper pins.

Bachschmid plans to show the model at the Thrift Shop Antique Show, for the benefit of Children's Hospital, at the Sheraton-Park Hotel in mid-January, and later show it in Philadelphia.



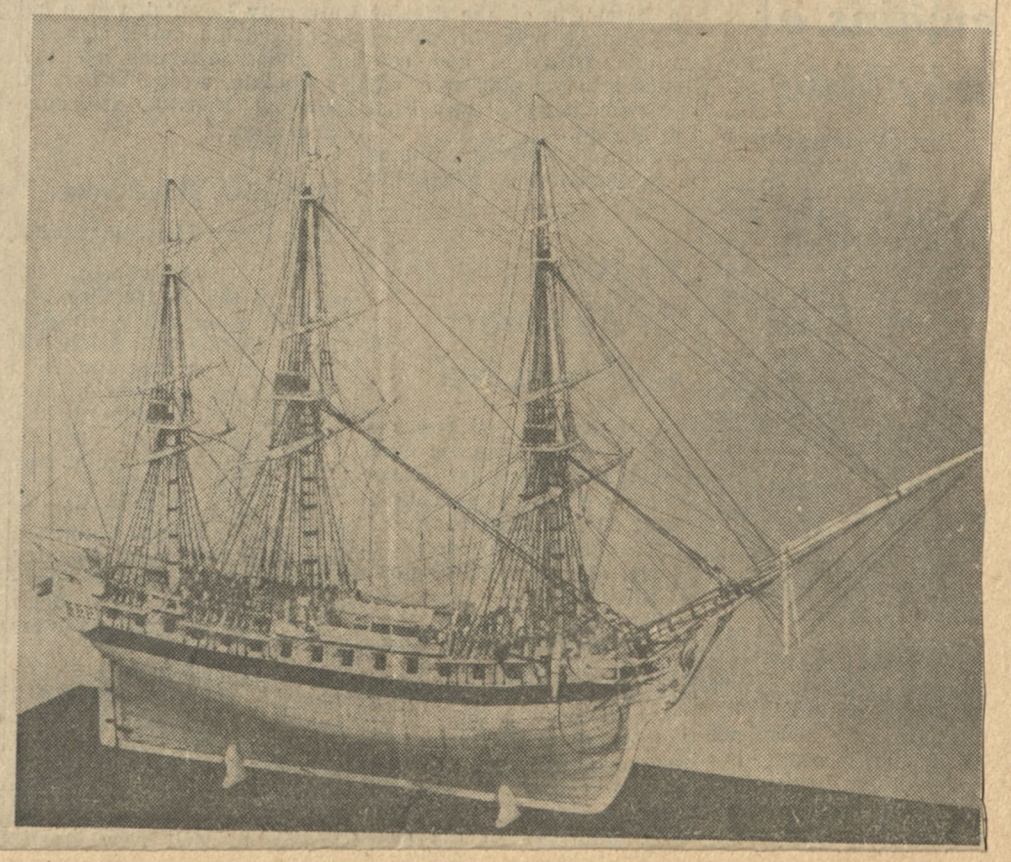
"City Life" October 23, 1967 Monday

Photo by Brooks

ARMED AND READY—Miniature guns peek from open ports as tiny British Marines stand at alert attention on deck of 22-inch whalebone model of the British frigate H.M.S. Fisgard. Lines are woven from oriental human hair.



THE BOW—Delicate figurehead wields sword.



Hunt for Loch

lls Memoirs; May Receive $

By SANDRA BLAKESLEE

Undaunted by doubters, Clem Lister Skelton takes his binoculars to the murky edge of Scotland's Loch Ness every chilly morning and mounts his lonely winter vigil.

He is watching for Nessie — that elusive, enigmatic creature that cruises the depths of the lake and floats through years of Scottish folklore.

"I think I saw her Jan. 4," Mr. Skelton said in a telephone interview yesterday. "It's not easy to be sure. I've had better sightings in the past."

Mr. Skelton is the year-round technician for a group called the Loch Ness Phenomena Investigation Bureau, Ltd. In the summer, up to 500 colleagues join him at the lake to carry out their "monster" hunt, which has been going on now for seven years.

The bureau runs a strictly scientific operation, determined to discover once and for all if Nessie is a monster or a myth. And, as evidence accumulates and methods of surveillance become more sophisticated, the scientists say they hope to have the answer any summer now.

May Not Be Scaly

Those who conjure images of a sinister, scaly seaserpent may be disappointed if the hunt is concluded.

The favorite hopethesis of Prof. Roy Mackal, a biochemist at the University of Chicago, leader in his spare time of the scientific search, is that Nessie is an overgrown, fresh-water adapted seacow—a very shy seacow, a Ferdinand the Bull of the Sea.

Dr. Mackal, first captivated by the idea of a Loch Ness monster in 1965, while on vacation in Scotland, explained



Volunteers scan surface

the bureau's operation i interview last week.

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Some Results Reported

Efforts have paid off. Br ish Government analys have concluded from some the footage that a large, unidentifiable animate object has indeed skimmed across the lakes surface at speeds of up to 10 miles an hour.

Hunts at night also have



A drawing of Steller's sea cow, which could be related to the creature in Loch Ness. These sea cows, which are extinct, lived in the Bering Sea and reached 35 feet in length.

that could affect the advance that we could not issue that figure ourselves—and we have not issued that figure."

Mr. Edwards, the publisher's chairman, said he would leave any comment to the foundation. Dr. Ransom left word at his university headquarters in Austin, Tex., that he would have no further announcement at this time.

Mr. Edwards said he had handled negotiations for Holt, Rinehart & Winston with Arthur B. Krim acting on behalf of the former President's foundation. Mr. Krim is a lawyer and president of United Artists Corporation; he has also headed the Democratic National Finance Committee and the fund-raising President's Club of New York.

While an editor had expressed the company's interest as early as last April 1, a day after Mr. Johnson announced he would not seek re-election, Mr. Edwards said active negotiations went on only for the last 10 days.

"The first volume will cover the major episodes during his Presidency," Mr. Edwards said. He said publication was expected in about 18 months, with two or three others to cover "the active years of President Johnson in politics" and to be published as soon as compited.

Lack Movie, TV Rights

"We have all rights except movies and television," Mr. Edwards said. This would mean any serialization in mazazines and paperback reprints, he said.

The announcement said the foundation would employ a staff for technical and research work on the books. Dr. Ransom was quoted as saying royalities and other income under the contract would "make a substantial contribution" toward the foundation's principal purposes.

"The foundation has been organized to support the School of Public Affairs and the Lyndon B. Johnson Library at the University of Texas and to engage generally in support of education and other activities in the public welfare," the announcement added.

In Austin, the University of



sonar — straining the signals through a computer — that produced a surprise.

Objects From the Depths

After two weeksk of scanning, one distinctive 13-minute sequence was observed. Objects too fast and too big to be schools of fish moved in the depths. The conclusion: animate objects and unexplainable.

There are two reasons that the search for Nessie has proved so arduous, Dr. Mackal said. One is money. If the bureau could borrow or rent a two-man submarine equipped with sonar, radar and harpoons, he said, the mystery might be cleared up.

Funds derive from voluntary contributions. Yearly membership fees cost $15. Another major source of income comes from Field Enterprises in Chicago, publishers of the World Book Encyclopedia. This year's

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The ultimate proof of Gold's theory will come only when a neutron star is actually seen at a point where a pulsar has been located by radio telescopes. But neutron stars are small, emit very little light and are many light-years away. All of that makes optical sighting of any neutron star impossible within today's telescopic technology.

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Hunt for Loch Ness Monster Takes Determined Turn

By SANDRA BLAKESLEE

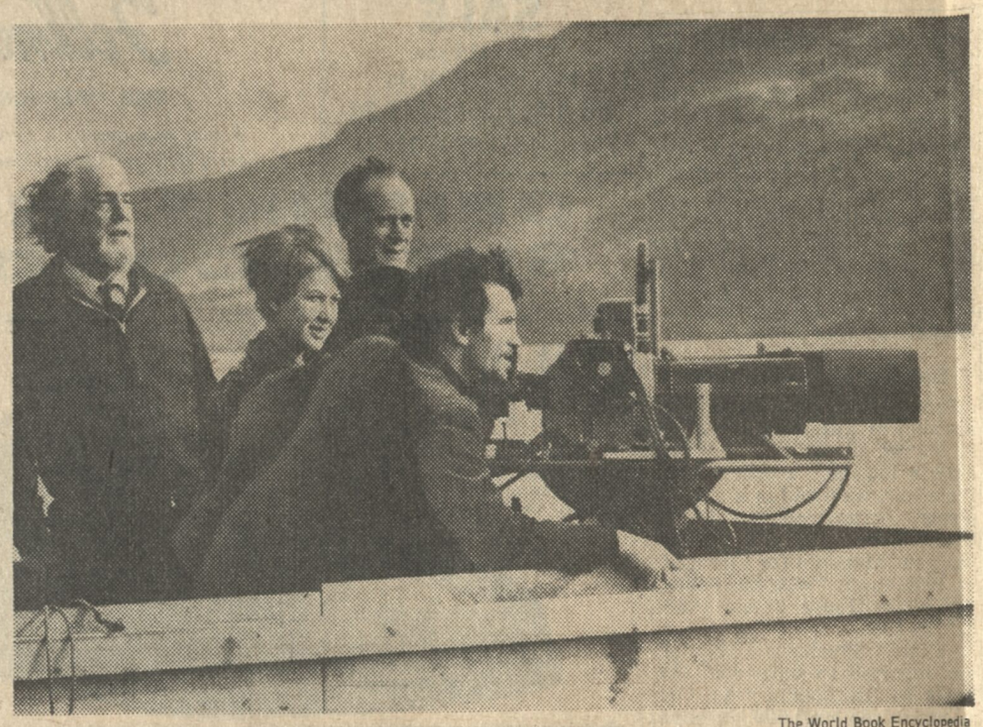
Undaunted by doubters, Clem Lister Skelton takes his binoculars to the murky edge of Scotland's Loch Ness every chilly morning and mounts his lonely winter vigil.

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The World Book Encyclopedia

Volunteers scan surface of the Loch Ness with cameras equipped with telephoto lenses

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Some Results Reported

Efforts have paid off. British Government analysts have concluded from some of the footage that a large, unidentifiable animate object has indeed skimmed across the lakes surface at speeds of up to 10 miles an hour.

Hunts at night also have been tried. A boat, powered by a silent electric engine, carries floodlights and a crossbow harpoon.

"I've never seen the monster and I'm still skeptic. It's better that way. Until I have a biopsy, I'll stay neutral," Professor Mackal said.

This last August a new dimension was added to the search — sonar. Earlier attempts with such an electronic device failed because echoes scrambled off deep underwater cliffs in the lake. But engineers from the University of Birmingham, England, designed a new kind of sonar — straining the signals through a computer — that produced a surprise.

Objects From the Depths

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The second hindrance to spotting Nessie right off the bat, said Dr. Mackal, is the water itself. The lake is fed by 40 streams and rivers that constantly dump gobs of brownish peat into the water. Thus, a visitor dipping his hands into the chilly water—it says 42 degrees all year long—often cannot see his fingertips.

The lake's dimensions also make patroling difficult, though the bureau manages to survey three-quarters of its surface in summer. Cut off from the sea by man-made locks at one end and shallow rivers at the other, the lake measures 24 miles long, one mile wide and up to 700 feet deep.

It is filled with eels and fish, which might be food for the monster and its family. Most scientists agree there is probably a herd of animals in the lake.

The bottom of the loch is anaerobic, which means there is no oxygen to support life. This, in turn, has the effect that when an object falls to the bottom—including people who have drowned—it never returns to the surface.

The Loch Ness bureau says it rejects two-thirds of all eyewitness reports each year. The remainder leave food for thought.

Scientists think they have an explaination for finding sea monsters in an inland body of water. After the last icecaps retreated—5,000 to 7,000 years ago—many lakes were cut off from the sea. Gradually the water turned fresh. And, according to one theory, a large aquatic animal could have been trapped in the newly formed lakes, forced to adapt to the conditions or die.

Dr. Mackal said that gigantic worms or even squid might not have the bone structure to match the principal description — 35 feet long, slender neck, flippers, tapering tail, and small head and eyes.

The seacow offers the most plausible explanation right now, Dr. Mackal said. Habits of warm water seacows, such as the dugongs of Australia and the manatees of Florida rivers and the Carribbean, follow behaviors attributed to Nessie.



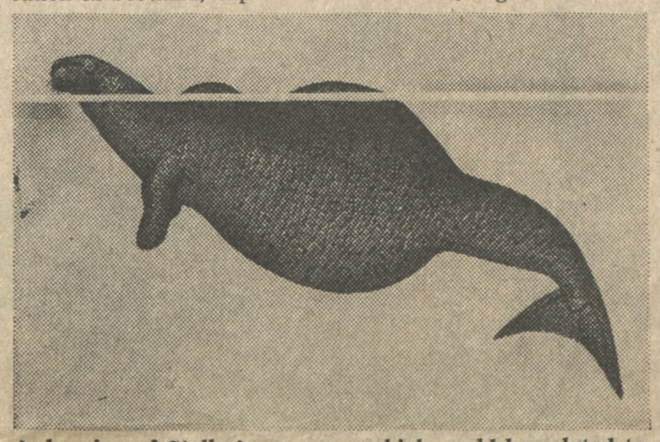
This photograph, taken in 1934, shows what may be the monster rising six to eight feet above the waves.

And, in 1742, a Russian naturalist named Steller, on a scouting expedition for the Czar, discovered a colony of giant seacows that measured up to 35-feet long. Today, Stellers seacows are extinct, since sailors killed them off for food and fur.

Over all, Dr. Mackal thinks that the best evidence to Nessies existence would be, of course, its capture.

There is one problem. The British Government, which has a firm policy of nonbelief, has nevertheless passed a law protecting the Loch Ness monster from harm by hunters.

"But I think I can get away with a biopsy," Dr. Mackal said.



A drawing of Steller's sea cow, which could be related to the creature in Loch Ness. These sea cows, which are extinct, lived in the Bering Sea and reached 35 feet in length.

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SCIENCE

MARINE BIOLOGY

to the Loch Ness Monster

December weather is cold and blus- y around Scotland's Loch Ness, so ıe story could hardly have been con- cocted to draw tourists. Even more remarkable, it was written by capable scientists and published in the respectable British journal, *New Scientist*. Thus it was hard to scoff last week at the latest monster tale. This time, after centuries of myth, speculation and hoax, there was apparently scientific evidence that some kind of large creature—or creatures—may indeed roam the depths of Loch Ness.



AP

SURGEON'S 1934 PHOTO OF MONSTER
New temptation to believe.

Sonar Search. The startling observation was made by a University of Birmingham team armed with a modern monster detector: sophisticated sonar equipment. Setting up operations on a Loch Ness pier, the scientists projected a beam of high-frequency sound waves through the water. During one 13-min. period, the sonar echoes defined large moving objects that Birmingham Electrical Engineer D. Gordon Tucker says were "clearly" made by animals.

Moving through the water at speeds as high as 17 m.p.h. and diving at a rate of 450 ft. per min., an object that could have been "several meters" in length traced a clear pattern on the sonar screen. Two other large bodies, moving more slowly, were also detected. "The high rate of ascent and descent," Tucker says, "makes it seem very unlikely that they are fish."

The sonar evidence gives new life to the Loch Ness legend, which has been tracked back as far as a 6th century biography of St. Columba. The work attributes "the driving away of a certain water monster by prayer" to the holy man, who was walking near the lake.

"Nessie," as local inhabitants call the monster, has been on the scene ever since. According to legend, it has killed one man and has been seen swimming on the surface, sunbathing on land and even crossing a nearby highway. Footprints on the muddy banks were later found to have been made by a hoaxer using a stuffed hippopotamus foot.

Since 1962, an organization named The Loch Ness Phenomena Investigation Bureau Ltd. has been analyzing all monster sightings. Its volunteer members have shot pictures of monsterlike objects from seven lakeside camera stations. The most famous Loch Ness photograph, taken by a touring surgeon in 1934, shows a long-necked creature making waves in the lake.

Engineer Tucker cautiously avoids the claim that his sonar echoes are conclusive proof of Nessie's existence. He hopes to make further investigations with more refined equipment. Meanwhile, he admits, "it is a temptation to suppose the echoes must be the fabulous Loch Ness monsters."

ASTROPHYSICS

A Mystery Ticking Slower

After Cambridge University astronomers announced the discovery of pulsars last February, scientists conjured up widely differing theories about the nature of the mysterious radio sources. There was unanimity about only one point: pulsars beeped with clocklike regularity. The pulses from space seemed so precisely timed that some scientists advocated their use as a universal time standard more accurate than even an atomic clock. Others suggested that the signals could provide a reliable timing device for astronauts on distant missions or for experimental checks on the theory of relativity. Now new discoveries have undermined these imaginative plans: pulsars, like clocks that need winding, are gradually running down.

The first inkling that pulsars might not be reliable timepieces came after Cornell University astronomers at Arecibo, Puerto Rico, trained their 1,000-ft. radio telescope on a newly discovered pulsar in the Crab Nebula, the glowing remnant of a supernova—or stellar explosion—that was seen from earth in A.D. 1054. Unlike most other pulsars, which have relatively low repetition rates (between one and four per second), the new find was ticking about 30 times per second. Carefully measuring the pulse rate in October and then again in November, the astronomers found that it was slowing down by about one beat in 2,000 every year.

Strange Bodies. Last week it became evident that the slowdown observed in the Crab may well be the rule rather than the exception among pulsars. Completing highly precise measurements on the first four original pulsars that they had discovered, British astronomers found that these, too, were running down —at the barely perceptible rate of about one beat in 10 million every year.

The discoveries made a prophet in his own time of Cornell Astrophysicist Thomas Gold, who last spring predicted that pulsars with faster rates would soon be discovered and that some might well be detected in the process of slowing down. The findings also supported the contention that pulsars are actually neutron stars, strange celestial bodies that were mathematically postulated by scientists in the 1930s but have not yet been proved to exist.

According to theory, neutron stars are formed during the cataclysmic processes that occur in a supernova. They consist entirely of neutrons densely packed into dim spheres that are about ten miles in diameter and weigh more than 10 billion lbs. per cubic inch. Astrophysicist Gold believes that a neutron star has an incredibly intense magnetic field that traps ionized gases expelled from the supernova. As the star and its magnetic field spin, the outmost of the trapped gases are whirled at almost the speed of light until they break away, producing an intense beam of radio waves—the regularly spaced pulses. At the same time, Gold theorizes, the ionized gases exert a drag on the magnetic field, and thus on the star itself, gradually slowing its rate of spin.

Ultimate Proof. Gold's theory neatly accounts for the pulsar in the Crab Nebula and one that pulses at eleven beats per second in another supernova remnant called Vela X. The theory suggests that these pulsars are relatively young and still spinning rapidly. Thus the remaining 24 pulsars discovered to date may well be neutron stars from older supernovas that are spinning—and thus pulsing—more slowly.

The ultimate proof of Gold's theory will come only when a neutron star is actually seen at a point where a pulsar has been located by radio telescopes. But neutron stars are small, emit very little light and are many light-years away. All of that makes optical sighting of any neutron star impossible within today's telescopic technology.



ember 19, 1968

M EVIDENCE SHOWN

Scientists Track 'Loch Ness Monster'

CHICAGO, Dec. 19 (UPI) — Sophisticated sonar, operating on the banks of Loch Ness in Scotland, has tracked large, swift objects that may be the lake's legendary monster, a research scientist said yesterday.

The sonar experiment is the most recent facet of an effort to unlock the persistent riddle, more than 14 centuries old, of the Loch Ness monster.

The investigation is being conducted by the Loch Ness Phenomena Investigation Bureau, Ltd.

The bureau's American representative, Dr. Roy Mackal, a molecular biologist from the University of Chicago, made the announcement. The bureau is financed by the World Book Encyclopedia division of Field Enterprises Educational Corp.

SPEED OF FIVE KNOTS

Mr. Mackal told a news conference that during the latter part of last August, using manpower and sonar equipment from the University of Birmingham in England, scientists observed an "object of large size that entered the sonar beam at a relatively shallow depth, dived at speeds approaching five knots, then disappeared on the other side of the sonar beam, still descending."

Mr. Mackal said the original sonar detection was made at a depth of about 250 feet and that [illegible] passed out of the

speed interpreted from these sonar images.

"In fact, the sonar images seem to resemble actions one might anticipate from large, air-breathing aquatic animals."

The images on the sonar were about 20 feet long, he said.

He said that if a monster does exist it is "my own best guess" that it would resemble Steller's sea cow (Steller's Sirenia) a form of sea cow thought to have been annihilated by Russian fishermen in the Bering Sea in the 18th Century.



WHAT'S NEW — Hong Kong's first midget submarine was launched recently by its builder, Charles Yuen, in 20 feet of water while scuba divers looked on. The craft is 11 feet long.

MARINERS MUSEUM

Exhibits at Newport News Range From Noah's Ark to the Atomic Age

By DEANE and DAVID HELLER

NEWPORT NEWS, Va. — Ghosts of a thousand famous ships haunt the Mariners Museum here. The spirits of heroes, navigators, explorers, adventurers and patriots seem to hover about the displays, almost pleading not to be forgotten.

From an exhibit of Noah's Ark to those of the latest atomic-powered submarines, the mystic, enduring lure of the sea weaves its spell over the visitor here.

And this year, a new exhibit, a "mystery woman"—an ornately carved oriental figurehead that once guided a proud ship somewhere over the seas—has been added. However, the seductive, richly carved and newly refinished figure poses a riddle.

Almost certainly, the sightless eyes have witnessed fire at sea, disaster and sudden death. What is her story? What happened to her ship and crew?

Free Show

The Mariners Museum, which includes eight galleries and a 45,000-volume library, lies 22 miles south of Williamsburg on State Route 60. It is expected that it will attract about 300,000 visitors this year. Admission is free, and many exhibits are designed specifically for children.

Among the museum's attractions is the fact that it lies in an 880-acre park containing a 167-acre lake in which aristocratic swans swim majestically. The lake is stocked with bass, crappie and blue gills, and rowboats are available for fishermen.

The figurehead collection here is a particularly fine one. For example, there is a great golden eagle from the steam frigate Lancaster. The bird, which dates from about 1880, has a majestic, 18-foot wing span and weighs more than one and one-half tons.

Many Figureheads

There are also prim Victorian ladies, voluptuous mermaids, the sitting bear from the Coast Guard cutter Bear, which was Adm. Richard E. Byrd's flagship on his voyage to Antarctica, and representations of Queen Victoria, Jenny Lind, Daniel Webster and the Queen of Sheba.

The new figurehead is intriguing because the large timber at her back is charred black, evidence of that most dangerous of maritime disasters — fire at sea. The figure was found on a Florida beach in 1887 by Thomas Mellon of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Mellon kept the figure during his lifetime, and often made efforts to learn the identity and fate of the ship from which it came. In 1964, his heirs gave it to the museum.

The small-craft collection here is also an interesting one, and much of it is out-of-doors. There is an outrigger pirogue from Tahiti that is made from a breadfruit log, and there are whaling boats and a Plains Indian tub-shaped skin bullboat from North Dakota.

There are also relics recovered from sunken British ships of the Revolutionary War. Some of these had been submerged in the York River for 150 years.

Navigational instruments are on display, along with boatswains' pipes, sea chests, a calliope from a Mississippi River showboat, weapons used in hand-to-hand sea fights, sailors' scrimshaw and paintings and drawings of historic maritime events.

The diorama depicting the building of Noah's Ark is always popular with tourists, although it differs widely from the common concept of the ark. The vessel is important in maritime circles, according to Robert H. Burgess, the museum's Curator of Exhibits, because it is the first ship for which written specifications exist.

According to the specifications in Genesis, Noah's Ark was to be 300 cubits long, 50 cubits wide and 30 cubits high. A cubit measures about 18 inches — the distance from a man's elbow to the tips of his fingers.

Rectangular Ark

Visitors here argue that the ark does not look the way they expected it to look. It is rectangular. The explanation for its shape, as given by museum officials, is that "Noah's problem was merely to build a structure that would float and house the animals, his family and supplies until the flood subsided. He needed no means of propulsion, as he did not know where he was going. Nor did he have to consider heavy seas."

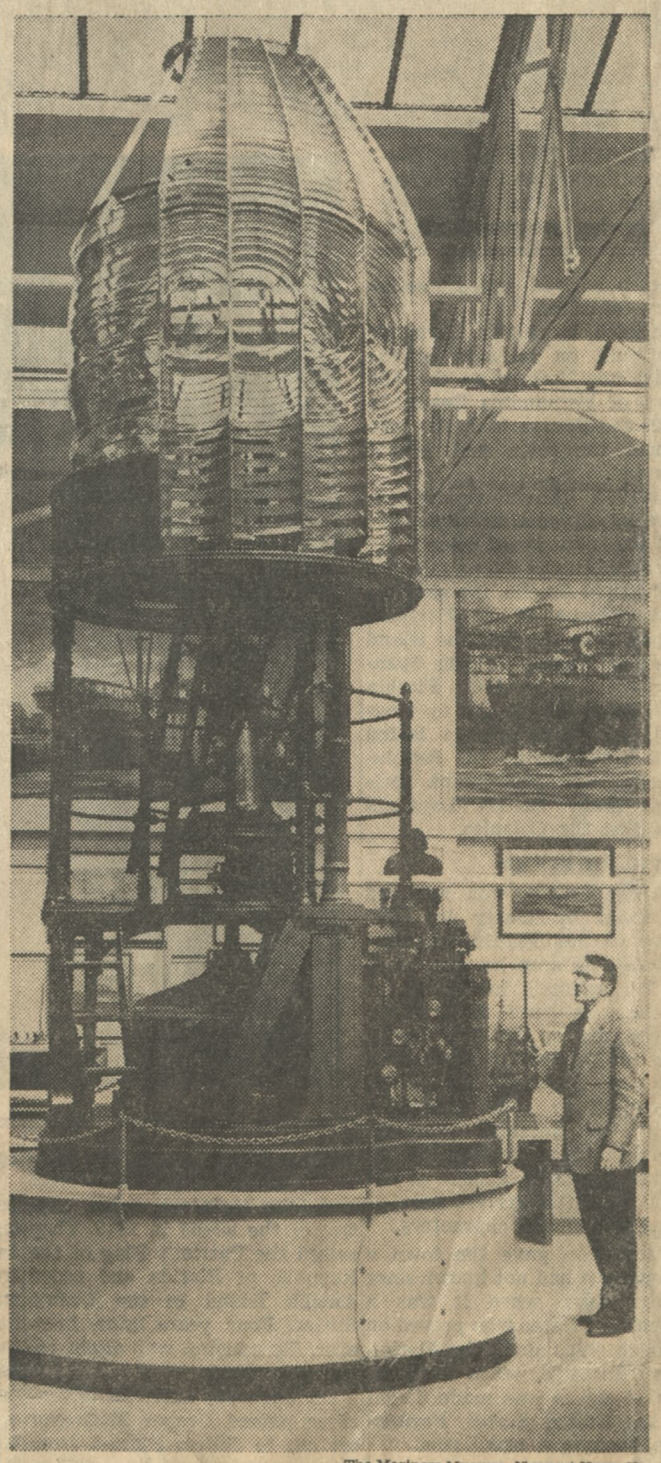
The model here follows the Biblical specifications exactly.

The museum was established in the early 1930's by Archer M. Huntington, son of the shipbuilder and rail magnate, Collis P. Huntington. Archer Huntington also founded the Hispanic Society of America, a museum in New York.

The museum is open Mondays through Saturdays from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., and on Sundays from 2 to 5 P.M. It is closed only on Christmas Day. Its director is Adm. George J. Dufek, retired, who was the navigator for Admiral Byrd aboard the Bear.

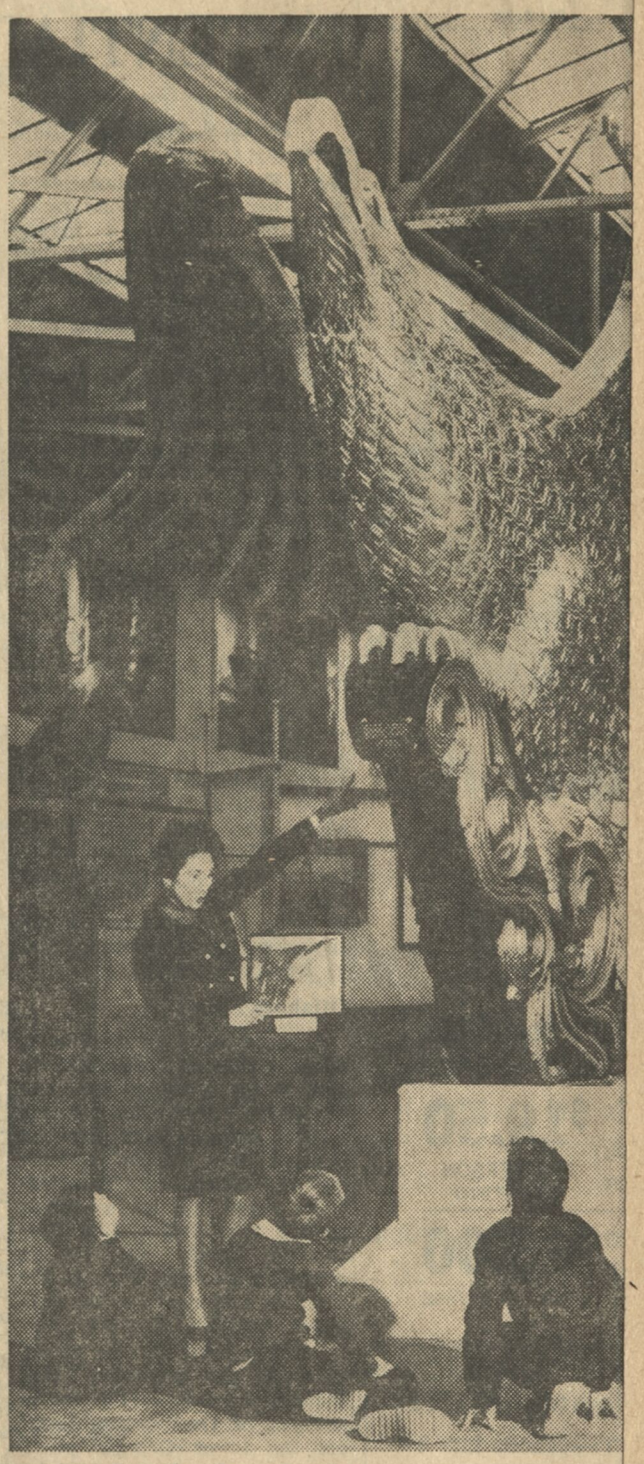


ARMS INSPECTION—Youngster studies museum cannons.



The Mariners Museum, Newport News, Va.

SHINING LIGHT—Exhibit from Cape Charles Lighthouse in main gallery at Mariners Museum in Newport News, Va.



PRIZE EXHIBIT—Great golden eagle from steam frig



MUSEUM ENTRANCE—Bronze statue of Viking expl

WDEL PD Post 21 MAY 72 SUN.

Whale Hunting in the Arctic



By Lael Morgan

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The writer is an Alicia Patterson Fund fellow on leave from the Tundra Times of Fairbanks, Alaska.

POINT HOPE, Alaska — Esther Kingik Bosta wrote a note to her young brother's teacher: "Gussy is excused to go whaling." He would be away six weeks.

It was April and the start of the spring whaling season off the restless ice of the Chukchi Sea, when the Eskimos stake their lives for their groceries—the mammoth bowhead whale. Twelve crews, remnants of a thousand-year tradition, would set off with open boats for the thawing Arctic channels called "leads," camping in 10-by-12-foot tents on the treacherous ice. I became a cook for one of the crews.

The first water had opened up April 12 and the village of 400 had become tense with excitement. A week earlier the women had sewed new sealskin covers over the light boat frames made of driftwood and plywood. Now the preacher arrived by snow machine to bless our craft. The crew knelt for a prayer, in terse Eskimo, and we were away with "amen." The two dog teams went first, followed by snow machines pulling our boat and grub box.

THE ICE IS a harsh, ever-changing world, bounded by towering pressure ridges of frozen blocks the size of deepfreezes. Our first "lead" was a narrow span of black water that spun off dark mists shot with sun. The men quickly anchored the guy ropes of our tent to hefty ice blocks. Three plywood planks were laid as flooring, and a stove, fashioned from an oil drum, puffed smoke through a pipe shielded with a shield in the canvas roof.



The author making donuts for the crew.

Outside a sharp wind tore from the northwest, adding sting to the sub-zero temperature. Inside, secure with a large dishpan of seal blubber chunks to fire the stove, we drank tea and waited for the wind to drop. Our harpoon and darting guns, modest weapons patented in the 1860s, were ready in the bow of the boat.

Our captain, Bernard Nash, waited with apparent calm, but he was actually tense inside. This was his second year as a captain and he had yet to get his whale. He was an excellent hunter; he had been harpoon man on the crew that killed Point Hope's record whale, a 65-footer. But last year he left his crew partway through the season to take a construction job outside the village. This year's hunt was outfitted at a cost of nearly $700 from his income-tax refund, unemployment check and food stamps. It was important that we scored.

Our ice expert was Gus Kowuanna Sr. Good-natured and always joking, he is one of the toughest, wisest men the Arctic can produce. Also in the crew was Sam Nash, Bernard's son, who bears the name of a famous whaler who was his grandfather. Sam was a bookworm, but he had been on the ice most of his 21 years and was a good man with a paddle. So were Earl Kingik, Isaac Killigvuk, Norman Omnik and Morris Oviok—all young and strong, all trained to the ice from childhood.

Gussy Kowuanna Jr., the 13-year-old excused from school, was our "boy" and had the hardest job of the lot. He fetched and carried, stayed up all night to tend the stove, did all the dirty work. But, as an apprentice whaler, he would get a man-sized share of the kill. He dreamed that next year or the year after he would take his place at the paddle. His sister, Esther Bosta, was our head cook and my boss in the absence of the captain's wife. She was well traveled and educated, and had become a city dweller. But she came home for whaling because she loves the ice and is sought after as a cook.

THE CRY WAS "AGVIK"—the Eskimo word for "whale." Often it was not given. Rather, the watch from a crew farther down the channel would alert us by making a broad swimming motion with his arm; silence was one of our weapons.

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The men acted as one, quickly taking their seats in the boat. Kowuanna pushed off, took his place in the stern with the steering oar, and they moved out, pushing their paddles soundlessly through the water. The bowhead was nearly three times the size of the boat, but it was wary. It surfaced and sounded, coming up out of range. Our crew returned, pulled the boat out and carefully knocked icy skim off the hull with their paddles. Spirits were still high. The season had started early and there would be many more whales.

See WHALING, Page B2

Inside Outlook

After five years and more than $1 billion in federal crime-fighting grants, crime is still on the increase. James Vorenberg, executive director of the 1965-67 Crime Commission, draws some conclusions on Page B3.





The Russia which President Nixon is about to visit is an enormous economic power with a second-rate standard of living, a society turned inward about which foreigners really know little. Robert Kaiser's portrait is on Page B5.

How much is tradition worth? By one computation, Annapolis, West Point and the Air Force Academy cost at least $169 million a year. Yet their curricula increasingly resemble other colleges', and their graduates form only a fraction of the services' officers, Peter Ognibene observes on Page B2.



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Are They Necessary?

THE SERVICE academies ne-

...May 21, 1972 THE WASHINGTON POST





Photos by Lael Morgan

The hunters' camp (left) sits amid a world of Arctic ice while the hunters (right) butcher a 38-foot "stinker" whale whose meat was good only for the dogs.

Whale Hunting



The author making donuts for the crew.

WHALING, From Page B1

Among Point Hopers, it's the mark of a man to go without sleep for days. Even at the beginning of the season, when the weather was savagely cold, our hunters shunned the comfort of our tent, keeping warm instead at the water's edge. When the whales came through en masse, the men would not eat and might spend five hours straight at their paddles. They would return crusted with frozen brine and send Gussy to the tent to exchange their frozen gloves for dry ones. Only occasionally would a man come to the tent to warm up or change clothes.

The whales would appear just about any time. Sometimes they surfaced in a "lead" so small you wouldn't expect a duck to land there. Sometimes they traveled after dark, and sometimes in a blanket of fog when floating ice was at its most unpredictable and dangerous.

A whale can travel about 50 miles an hour if he puts his mind to it, Kowuanna told me. One of the Point Hope boats can go 12 miles an hour or maybe faster if the crew is good. "When you see a whale you gotta work, work, work. Work like hell to catch him . . . Work until you sweat," Kowuanna said. You must strike him from behind or directly in front, for his eyes are on the sides; if he sees you, he'll move out. Particularly with our outdated weapons, our crew needed the advantage of surprise.

The women's lot was less exciting than the men's, but we were an important support team. Cooking on the oil drum stove and a small Coleman burner, we turned out endless meals of caribou stew, boiled polar bear, muktuk (edible whale skin, which is delicious with mustard) and eider duck. The meals were served with pilot bread (thick, bland crackers) and yeast doughnuts, which we made by the gross in the dishpan, fashioning them with our fingers without the aid of a cutter. I was clumsy, and a little leery of the native foods. But the crew was patient and I managed to hold my own.

It was also our job to cut blubber for the stove, babysit the dog teams for our crew and carry meals down to our men on watch. Often we walked 5 to 15 miles a day over rough ice. After a day like that you can sleep anywhere, and when the whales ran thick we slept on the ice.

THE DAY OF THE first catch, we watched our men go out until they disappeared over the horizon. For two hours we waited in the darkness until finally, from far off, we heard the echoing cheers of our crew and five others. We cheered and yelled back, laughing and crying and hugging one another. The first whale! *Agvik!* Meat!

The tension was gone at last. It was the first time in two weary weeks on the ice that the women really laughed. We knew we would eat. It was not our whale, but we had helped. We got a share. Then we went back to our watch.

The winds shifted and tried to push our camp to Siberia. We hurried our gear to the lee of the point and returned two days later. Again we camped, only to have the men shaken in the night by crashing bergs and move again. Later the open water froze and our men smashed away at the young ice with their paddles. Finally it defeated them, freezing thick enough to support skilled walkers, who moved cautiously out to open water a mile beyond.

One day we took food to them only to evacuate in mid-meal and watch our picnic site become open water. Two of our crew fell in, hauled themselves out, changed clothes and went back to the hunt. And we scored. A 38-foot bowhead shouldered in close to the camp of a neighboring crew, who harpooned it. Our crew hurried to assist. We got our harpoon in, too. Rope was fetched to secure the animal. But it revived despite the fact it had taken six black powder bombs, spouted blood and sounded to die alone.

We searched for it. Three days later it surfaced, a "stinker." The meat was fit only for dogs, but the muktuk was good and we helped with the long, foul job of butchering. With nearly 70 men working, it took more than 12 hours. Ours was a good share.

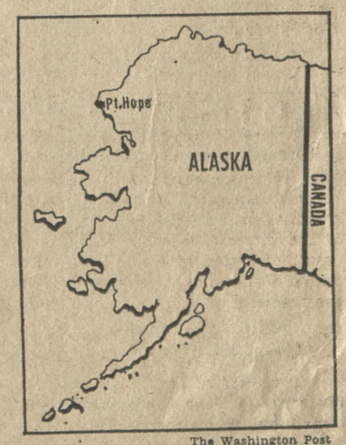
THE WEATHER turned warmer. We took breakfast to the men one morning to find our boat out. Ruth, the captain's wife, and Esther and I waited by the lead, enjoying the sun and excitement as 20 bowheads and dozens of kittenish little beluga whales cruised by.

Our men came home happy despite the fact it was late afternoon and they had fasted for 14 hours. They had helped bring in three whales, one a 57-footer. But the south wind came in while we were butchering, and it pushed in a crushing front of ice that buried the big whale before we really got to it. The crews escaped with no time to spare. We regrouped, waited out the wind, and went back only to find old landmarks missing and our leads frozen.

"How much is a whale worth to you in groceries?" I asked the captain.

"Why, 30 to 60 tons," which would be shared with the other villagers, he replied. "And we will use every bit of it —everything but the liver and the lungs, which will go to the dogs."

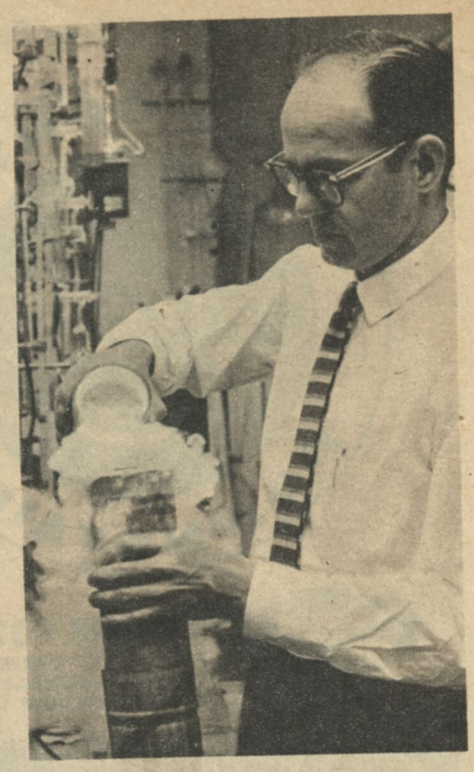
But whaling meant more than food to them. "It is our tradition," Morris Oviok said. "The tradition of our forefathers."



The Washington Post



A few samples dated by Dr. Rubin include, in the foreground, a 2700-year-old piece of cedar, a 500-year-old log, jar of seashells, youngest being 33,000 years old, and in the background, whale baleen 8500 years old.



Dr. Rubin begins dating process by dipping specimen in bath of acetone and liquid nitrogen to freeze out water.

When an estimated age of a specimen is determined it is recorded on a slip of paper and pinned to the geographic location of origin.



Dr. Rubin Makes A Date

DR. MEYER RUBIN of the U.S. Geological Survey here in Washington can estimate the time elapsed since any organism, plant or animal, lived—or died—by simply winding up his geologic time clock.

More technically known as the Carbon 14 process, the technique is accurate up to about 40,000 years.

Rubin, project leader of the Survey's Radiocarbon Laboratory, explains that Carbon 14 is an element found in all living things. Unlike ordinary carbon, however, Carbon 14 is radioactive, and once a living thing dies it loses this at the rate of one-half every 5000 years.

In the dating process, a specimen is subjected to a bath of acetone and liquid nitrogen that freezes out any water present. The sample is then converted into carbon dioxide by complete combustion, then into a carbide solid and finally into an acetylene gas. The radioactivity of this gas can be measured electronically and this measure can then be used to calculate the age of the specimen.

Dr. Rubin has been in charge of the Radiocarbon Laboratory for the past 15 years. His age predictions are universally accepted by fellow scientists and he hasn't had a complaint from a specimen yet.

Antiques: The Charms of Scrimshaw

Best Work Dates From Whaling's Heyday

By MARVIN D. SCHWARTZ

BOTH fake and real scrimshaw, the engraved whalebone and ivory products by 19th-century Americans, has been turning up in the antiques market so that the astute collector has the opportunity to make discoveries.

According to tradition, scrimshaw was made by seamen aboard whalers. The best of it is engraved on the bones and teeth of the sperm whale and on walrus tusks, materials that can be polished to provide a smooth, light surface for the engraving.

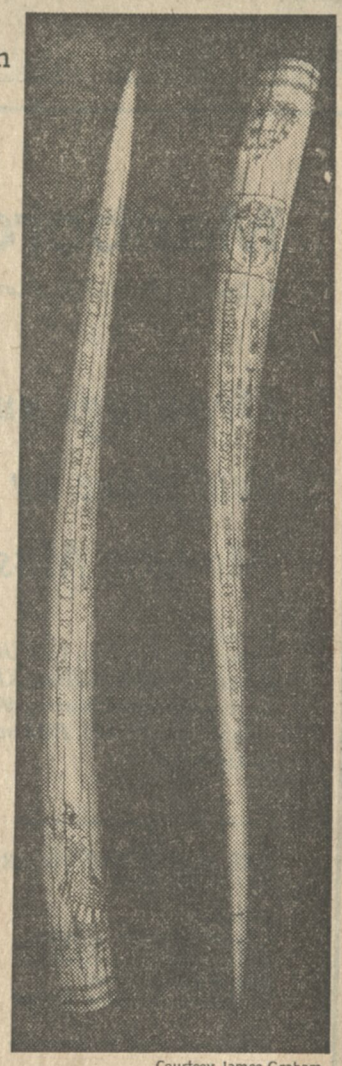
The finest period of production was the heyday of whaling, from the eighteen-twenties to the eighteen-seventies. Later, when the center of the whaling industry shifted to northern Europe, whalebone became a medium for professional craftsmen, whose work was much slicker, but is sometimes confused with the American product. More recently there have been reproductions and fakes, adding to the confusion.

●

Scrimshaw engraving has both the charm and the awkwardness characteristic of amateur efforts. Mid-19th-century American examples have a punch that is lacking in later repetitions. Learning to distinguish early from late will develop a collector's eye as well as insure his investment, because the original work has qualities not found later. Figures and scenes by the seamen vary from typical stylizations of 19th-century folk art to careful copies of popular engravings of the period.

Herman Melville discusses the art of scrimshaw in "Moby Dick," calling it scrimshander instead of scrimshaw, the word more familiar now. He describes its popularity and says that some practitioners had small boxes of tools that looked as if they might have been used by a dentist, while others were satisfied with a jacknife and file. In either case, once the surface was polished, deep lines were made and filled in with color for emphasis. Twentieth-century imitators generally use finer tools to achieve suspiciously intricate detailing that would not have been thought desirable by the 19th-century craftsman.

One of the finest examples of scrimshaw work on the market recently was a pair of walrus tusks engraved by a seaman named James A. Norton, with a record of a whaling voyage he made aboard the Eliza Adams. The ship left port in November, 1835, and did not return until July, 1838. It traveled as far as New Zealand in its quest for whale oil.



Courtesy James Graham

Scrimshaw, of walrus tusks, done by James A. Norton on whaling voyage in 1830's.

2 Tusks Tell Story of Three-Year Voyage

Norton recorded ports of call and the catch. He illustrated his statements with harbor scenes and pictures of whales. Norton made no attempt to create original compositions. Taking known pictures by professional artists, he modified the compositions to flat statements he could execute successfully. Norton was typical of one group of amateur artists. The essence of form was rendered with a skill that must have been unconscious. Later imitators are never capable of flattening compositions successfully. They can't forget to render space in perspective.

●

Most seamen were less ambitious than Norton, and preferred engraving teeth to tusks. They selected a curious variety of subjects to decorate the forms. Ships were popular. Heroes as obvious as Washington and Andrew Jackson appear on a number of examples. Fashionably dressed ladies, who look as if they were taken right out of the popular magazines of the period, were rendered with great care.

Those with less confidence than Norton transferred prints mechanically. They would cut out the engraving and trace it on the tusk. The punch marks remain in the outline of traced engravings. The results do not have the charm of the more adventuresome examples. The makers of reproductions tend to exploit the romance of whaling by concentrating on ships, which too often are based on later engravings.

Good scrimshaw is available to those who take the trouble to study what they are offered, but caution is required before grabbing at bargains.

Denim Is Cheap in Haiti

PORT-AU-PRINCE, Haiti (UPI)—Haitian homespun, the light-blue denim from which the peasants make their work clothes, can be bought from streets vendors here for less than 50 cents a yard.

N.Y. TIMES
SUN. 19 JAN '69

Cetacean Society Has Whale of a Job

By GLADWIN HILL

LOS ANGELES — The whales are organized. So it was appropriate, and probably inevitable, that the whale watchers should organize, too.

The whales—the variety named the California gray whale by chauvinistic naturalists—stage a spectacular 6,000-mile trek down the Pacific coast every year, from the Bering Sea to certain choice wintering grounds, or watering places, off the Baja California peninsula.

Pod Parade

Thousands of them make the journey, swimming in groups or pods of two to seven, in an orderly parade that extends from November through February.

The course that many systematically follow past Southern California is just offshore, from a few hundred yards to a mile or more. Anyone looking out to sea cannot help seeing them, their great bulks intermittently breaking the surface and fountains of spume spurting up as the massive mammals exhale to take in new lungfuls of air.

Accordingly, for generations whale-watching has been an informal regional pastime with people on the coastal promontories all the way from Santa Barbara to San Diego, 200 miles south. At the Cabrillo National Monument, a half-acre lighthouse preserve at the end of Point Loma, near San Diego, special observation areas have been arranged, and there an official whale census is taken annually. Party boats from Point Loma and downtown San Diego suspend their usual fishing expeditions to take out groups interested only in getting as close to the whales as possible.

Ardent Scrutiny

But this year for the first time, whether the whales realize it or not, they will be under the scrutiny of an ardent, organized fan club. The American Cetacean Society, which was little more than a name a year ago, is celebrating its first anniversary with a solid, dues-paying membership of 161 persons. It is talking about establishing a branch on the Atlantic Coast. (Cetacean is the scientific name for whale.)

Most of the members of the Los Angeles-based organization (P.O. Box 306, Venice, Calif.) are boating people. Each weekend during the whale-watching season they

their emergences and hurry down the course to intercept them. Miraculously, the principal recorded instances of gray whales upsetting boats have occurred in enclosed coves rather than in the open sea.

The fascination of the gray whales ranges from the fact that they are among the earth's biggest creatures—up to 50 feet long and 40 tons—to speculating about their curious migrating habits.

Their annual trek is one of the longest in natural lore. They spend most of their lives traveling, heading south in October and returning in the spring by a different route, far away from shore, to the Bering Sea.

Landlocked Bays

Their objectives are chiefly three large landlocked bays on the west side of Baja California, the 760-mile-long peninsula that starts just south of San Diego. The most famous of these refuges is Scammon's Lagoon, an inlet 35 miles long and up to 11 miles wide running off the Bahia de Sebastian Vizcaino, about halfway down the peninsula.

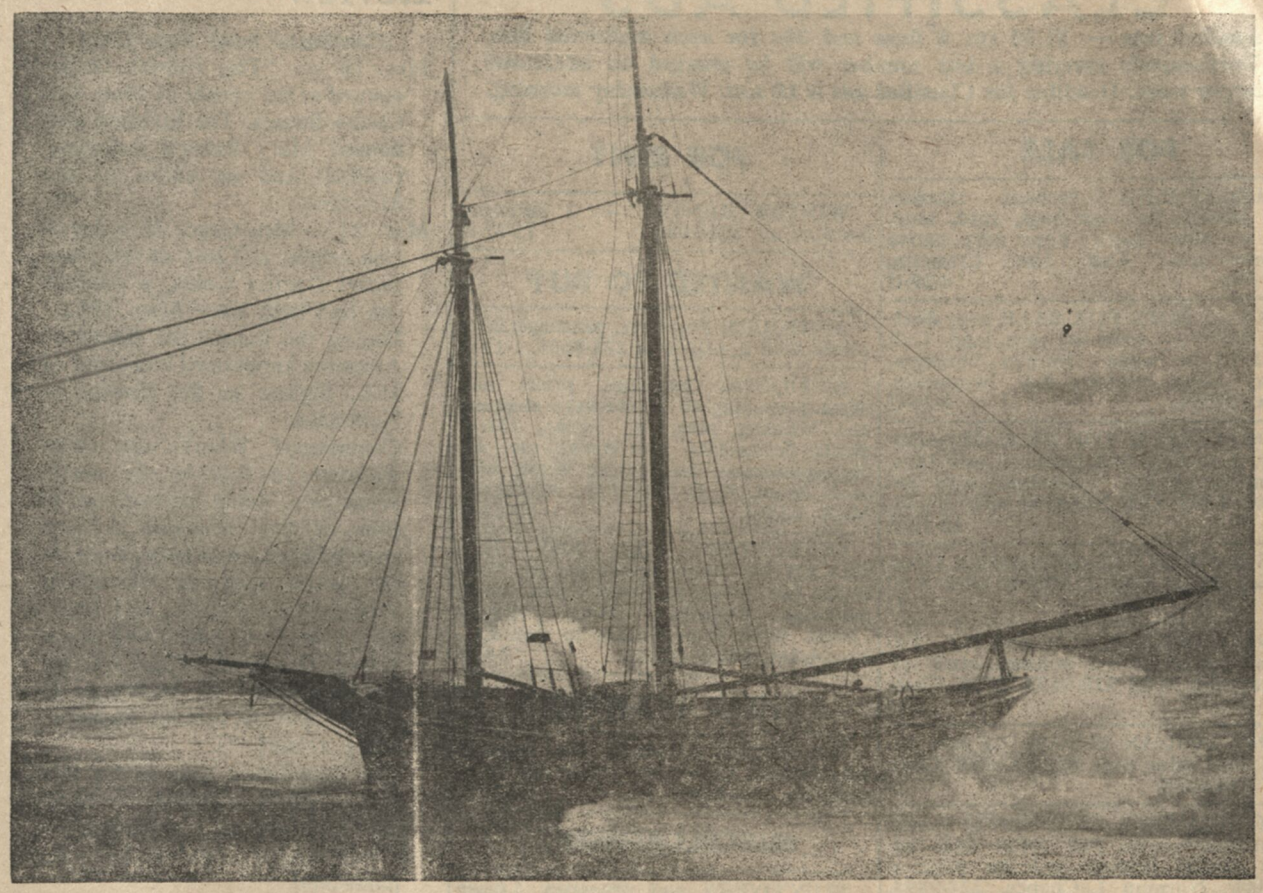
Gray whales by the thousands congregate in this lagoon in the winter, and in recent years it has been a laboratory for such diverse scientific investigators as Dr. Paul Dudley White, the heart specialist; Lockheed Aircraft's oceanography division, and Erle Stanley Gardner, the detective-story writer, who is perhaps the leading lay whale-watcher.

Ruthless Hunters

The lagoon was named for Charles Melville Scammon, a sailing-ship captain from Pittston, Me., who carried supplies to the California Gold Rush and then turned to whaling, out of San Francisco, along the Baja California coast. In the mid-19th century, he and countless other whalers began the near-extermination of the gray whale.

In 1938, the species became the subject of a protective agreement among the principal whaling nations, and gray whales have been making a comeback. An exact census is obviously impossible, but a leading gray whale expert, Dr. Theodore J. Walker of San Diego's Scripps Institution of Oceanography, has estimated their total number at around 6,000.

For generations, the polite myth was perpetuated that the whales migrated annually



The 2-masted schooner "Austen Locks," wrecked on Nantucket's South Shore on the night of December 9, 1885. The crew and Captain Peters were rescued by the Surfside Life Saving Station men, and most of the cargo of salt was salvaged, but the schooner soon after was broken up by a second gale which developed a few days after this picture was taken by Photographer Platt.

BN QUINCY + MIDLAND (MASS.)
THURS 2 JAN 69

WASH (DC) Post
SUN. 17 MARCH '74

OUTDOORS

To Save a Whale

By Irston R. Barnes

The ruthless killing of whales has long outraged thoughtful people everywhere. Five of the major species—the blue, humpback, gray, bowhead and right whales—are already so reduced in numbers that commercial exploitation is no longer profitable. So the whalers have now turned to the Antarctic fin, minke, sperm and sei whales, continuing their slaughter in contemptuous disregard for world opinion. But now, thanks to the organizing efforts of the Animal Welfare Institute, you can join in a Save the Whale Campaign by boycotting all products of Japan and Russia.

Leadership in arousing public opinion to preserve whales was taken by the Society for Animal Protective Legislation in sponsoring a Congressional resolution instructing our State Department to seek to negotiate a 10-year moratorium on the killing of all species of whales. In June 1972, the United States delegation urged a ten-year moratorium at the Stockholm United Nations Conference on the Human Environment; it was approved by 53 nations, with none opposing.

Japan and Russia have since made that United Nations action an exercise in futility. At the International Whaling Commission meeting in London later in June of 1972, the same moratorium was rejected by the 14-nation commission, the United States being supported only by the United Kingdom, Argentina and Mexico. The IWC has been aptly called "The Whalers" Club; it has been quite incapable of protecting whales as an economic resource. But in the June 1973 meeting, the IWC approved the moratorium 8-to-5 with Denmark not voting, the action failing for want of a 75 percent majority.

The IWC June 1973 meeting, with the added support of Norway, Iceland and South Africa, then adopted new quotas designed to reduce the kill. The quota for Antarctic fin whales was set at 1,450, a cut of 25 percent, with all hunting to end in 1976. (The world population is estimated to have fallen 80 percent in less than 30 years.) Area quotas were established for Antarctic sperm whales, with only a

See NATURALIST, E15, Col. 1

LOS ANGELES DAILY NEWS

Whale of a Bug

SAN DIEGO, Calif. Jan. 7 (UPI) — Three killer whales, stricken with the Hong Kong flu, yesterday commiserated with one another on their illness in their tank at Sea World.

Trainer Jim Richards said, "There is an unusual amount of talking between the whales in the tank and it may mean they are still sick and are commiserating with each other."

The whales were being fed dead mackerel stuffed with antibiotic pills to speed their recovery.

N.Y. Times
SUN.
14 5 MARCH '67

COUSTEAU TO TAKE TV FILMS OF SEAS

French Underwater Explorer Is on Worldwide Trip

Special to The New York Times

MONTE CARLO, Monaco — Jacques-Yves Cousteau, the French underwater explorer, is on the first lap of a trip to make an underwater television film of the oceans. With him went thousands of feet of underwater film and newly designed, hand-operated cameras. Also on the trip are his wife and a crew of 28, including a doctor, 16 divers and a miserable mascot.

The mascot is Zoom, a 14-month-old bloodhound presented to the gray-haired, ascetic-looking oceanographer and his wife, Simone, in the name of Princess Grace and Prince Rainier III.

When the royal couple arrived at the Quai Kennedy here to board the 400-ton Calypso, a converted American minesweeper that for 17 years has been an undersea laboratory for Mr. Cousteau, the dog met them for the first time.

When asked what would happen if the dog, who had to be pushed aboard the "Calypso," became seasick, Mrs. Cousteau said:

"We will treat him exactly as we treat the men."

Year-Long Project

If Zoom is too miserable at sea, he will be back ashore in four months. Although Mr. Cousteau is devoting the next year to making a film record of undersea discoveries — especially a record of how ocean mammals behave—he will return to France briefly every four months. Although Mr. Cousteau speaks of a five-year voyage, the success of his first attempt to film the oceans for commercial television will determine the nature of his projects in the subsequent four years.

Mr. Cousteau, who first put on goggles and went fishing with spears in 1936, was a co-inventor of the AquaLung in 1943. He is a pioneer in submarine color photography and underwater television, and an expert in marine biology, botany and ecology. A high-ranking naval officer, he is qualified to command any ship in the French fleet. His books about his underwater explorations include "The Silent World" and "The Living Sea," both of which became successful full-length movies.

In September and October, 1965, the Cousteau-designed steel "undersea house," called Conshelf III, housed six men for three weeks at a time in 330 feet of water on the floor of the Mediterranean.

Mr. Cousteau said that his current project involves underwater television films to be taken in the western and eastern Mediterranean, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean, the Atlantic, the Caribbean and the Pacific

and a director of the Oceanographic Institute in Monaco.

The new equipment on the Calypso includes two small steel, one-man submarines designed by engineers at the Office Francais des Recherches Sous-Marines.

The tiny submarines, which look like huge peanut shells, are able to plunge to depths of 2,000 feet.

Each of the submarines will carry two color cameras and four high-intensity floodlamps, all cntrolled by the pilot inside. An underwater radio set will make it possible for the pilot to talk to other divers. The jet powered submarines have a top speed of about two knots.

During the next 12 months, the Calypso will visit wrecks, including that of the liner Lusitania, which went down in 1915 off the soutwest coast of Ireland in a German submarine attack.

Mr. Cousteau is also interested in sending divers into the shafts and tunnels of unexplored undersea caves.

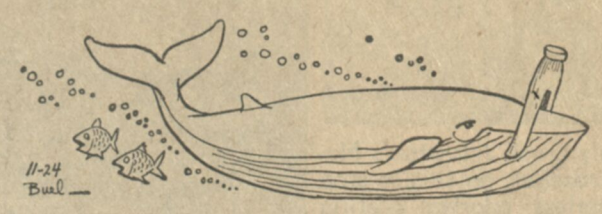
The Wonderful World of Animals

By Frank Miller, D.V.M.

DEAR DR. MILLER: I have heard that whales can stay under water for hours. Can this be true? If it is, how can they do it without suffocating? —R. R.

DEAR R. R.: Yes, a whale can remain submerged for an incredible length of time. The sperm whale has been clocked at 75 minutes and the common bottlenosed whale is known to have remained underwater for a full two hours. There are two primary techniques used by the whale to accomplish this: (1) He replaces up to 90 per cent of the air in his lungs with each breath (you and I settle for about 20 per cent); (2) the whale selectively uses this precious oxygen supply. The heart beat slows drastically. Blood to all parts of the body, except the brain and essential muscles, is drastically curtailed by constriction of certain blood vessels.

DEAR DR. MILLER: Our canary has been losing his feathers since last February. We didn't worry so much for Peter during the summer. Is there anything we can do about getting him to grow a new set? We have been very patient so far with his scraggly appearance. But with cold weather coming on, it all seems a little ridiculous—F. P.



DEAR F. P.: With feathers falling since February, Peter is bound to appear battered, if not completely bare, by this time. The most common causes for his predicament include malnutrition, chronic poisoning or parasitism, tumors and hormonal disturbances. Hormonal factors are frequently overlooked, but often involved in a case of prolonged moults and improper feather growth.

The regulator of the hormone system is the master gland, the pituitary. This gland is stimulated or depressed in part by the amount of light absorbed by the eyes in each 24-hour cycle. Under artificial conditions, Peter could easily be exposed to too much light. This could have a disturbing effect on the pituitary gland and, in turn, on feather processes. It might be possible that his moult could be terminated and new feather growth stimulated by limiting his illumination to daylight only. Of course, if he is confined to a dark corner, *some* artificial light will be needed, especially at meal times.

Chronicle Features Syndicate

NUMISMATIC NOTES

Gold Doubloons



To many persons, the name "Spanish doubloon" suggests pirate ships and high adventure. For during the years when the Spaniards were trying to bring home the wealth of the Americas their gold doubloon was the most sought-after coin in the world.

Recently much publicity has been given to a fabulous find of Spanish gold coins from a treasure ship lost off the coast of Florida. These are of the earlier type of coins called "cobs," most of them irregular in shape and not very attractive in appearance compared with the round milled coins. However, they are interesting historically and include some very rare dates.

Although the name doubloon was given to a number of coins, the one famed in fact and fiction is the gold doubloon of Spain and Latin America, minted from about 1720 to about 1848.

The Spanish doubloon was equal in value to four pistoles or eight escudos and was called the onza de oro or "ounce of gold." When first minted, it contained about 400 grains of gold, a little over 900 fine and worth about $16.

The coin illustrated is a fully round cob of eight escudos minted at Lima, Peru, in 1722, during the reign of Philip V.

Several of the South American republics continued striking the doubloon after winning their independence from Spain, and one of the most famous references in literature is to a doubloon minted at Quito in Ecuador. Herman Melville in "Moby Dick" devotes a chapter to a poetic description of the coin, which becomes a part of the story when Captain Ahab calls his crew together to tell them:

"Look ye! D'ye see this Spanish ounce of gold? . . . it is a 16 dollar piece, men," and nailing it to the mast promises "whosoever of ye raises me a white-headed whale with a wrinkled brow and a crooked jaw . . . he shall have this gold ounce, my boys!"

—B. M. DOUGLAS

WHALERS DWINDLE IN THE ANTARCTIC

Japanese and Soviet Fleets Are the Last in the Area

Japanese and Soviet whalers have headed back to the Antarctic for the 1969 whaling season in waters abandoned by the only other participants, the Norwegians.

Japanese industry sources here confirmed recently that whale factory ships from both countries are returning to the pursuit of fin, sei and sperm whales in Antarctic waters. But the Norwegians, who pioneered with a floating factory ship operating there in 1905, have dropped out.

The Norwegian Information Service in Washington announced this year that the 1967-1968 season was the last.

The catch was good, according to A/S Kosmos of Sandefjord, the whaling company owned by the Anders Jahre interests, but the oil remained unsold. About 85 per cent of the frozen meat was sold to pet-food manufacturers, but the market for once-prized whale oil has slipped from $238 a ton in 1966 to $101.50. It has lost out to Peruvian fish oil and African vegetable oils.

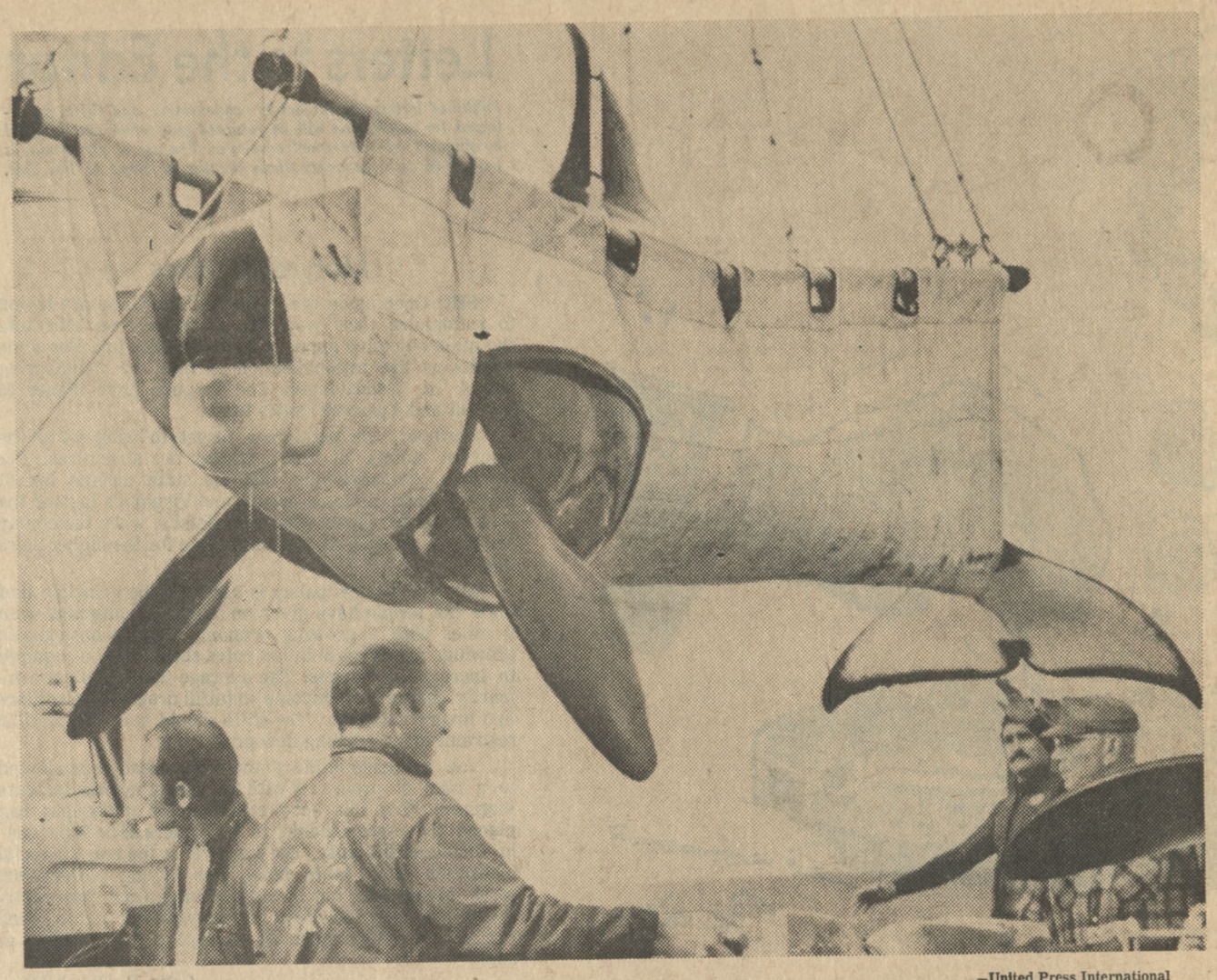
For A/S Kosmos to continue would have meant a heavy investment in four modern whale-catchers costing upward of $3.4 million each to work with the 600-foot factory ship Kosmos IV, which dates from 1937. Instead, the Kosmos IV has been assigned to humbler duties as a processing center for Norwegian herring boats nearer home.

In the 1930-31 season, there were 10,541 Norwegians who found employment on whalers. Last season the number was down to 385. In the years since World War II, Norwegian whalers have produced oil and by-products valued at $650-million, according the information service.

The Soviet Union has invested heavily in whaling in the last decade, including the 714-foot factory ships Sovietskaya Ukraina and Sovietskaya Rossia, built in 1959 and 1961.

Argentina, strategically placed for Antarctic whaling, dropped out last year when the 664-foot factory ship Cruz del Sur, built in 1951, was sold to a Los Angeles company for conversion as an offshore oil and gas drilling vessel.

Evg Stan (DC) Tues 11 Feb '69

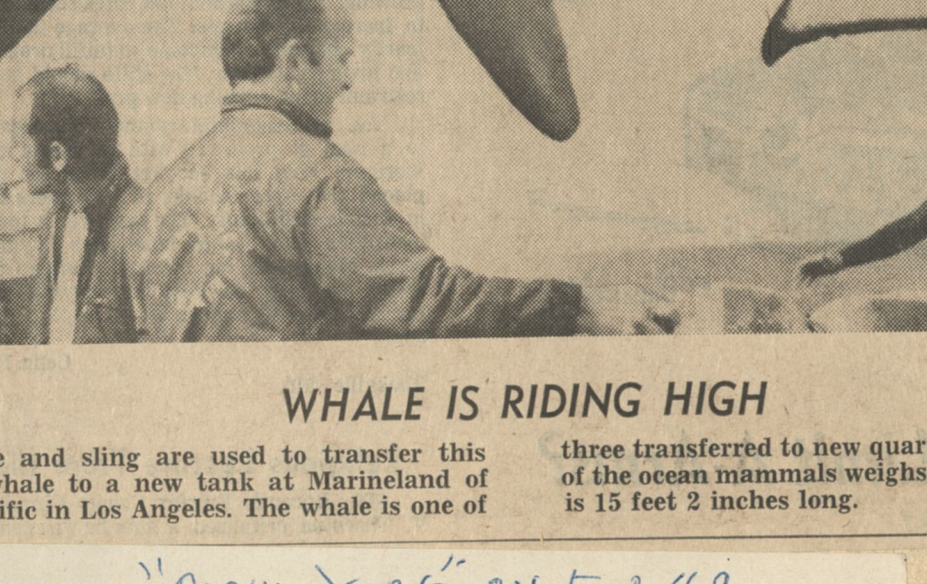


—United Press International

WHALE IS RIDING HIGH

A crane and sling are used to transfer this killer whale to a new tank at Marineland of the Pacific in Los Angeles. The whale is one of three transferred to new quarters. The smallest of the ocean mammals weighs 3,600 pounds and is 15 feet 2 inches long.

"New York" 24 Feb 69



Big Girl

With her polyurethane flesh, Fiberglas skin and steel skeleton, only a child or a press agent (often not very different mentalities) could love her. And they will. On February 26, Balaenoptera Musculus, a 21,000-pound, $200,000 lump of Blue Whale, will debut as the star exhibit in the new Hall of the Biology of Mammals at the Museum of Natural History. "She won't suffer from flaking," promises her agent.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY/CENTRAL PARK WEST AND 79TH STREET

Wash Post SAT. 18 Feb '69

The Wonderful World of Animals



By Dr. Frank Miller

DEAR DR. MILLER: Having read about the surprising gentleness of killer whales, I wonder how one would be as a pet in a swimming pool? —N.C.

DEAR N.C.: Certainly such a two-tom "pet" wouldn't do too well in any standard swimming pool. Not only would the pool have to be big enough, but it would have to have a satisfactory water environment. The complacent killers have been extremely well fed but as a swimming companion even the well-stuffed killer whale can't be wholeheartedly recommended. There's always the risk of a sudden hunger pang or perhaps a simple hankering for a Homo sapiens ho rs d'oeuvre.

N.Y. Times SUN 16 Feb 69

Pitcairn Island Is Supplied By Air for the First Time

ADAMSTOWN, Pitcairn Island, Feb. 15 (Reuters) — A United States Air Force helicopter has brought in the first supplies by air in the history of this legendary island.

Two hundred drums of diesel fuel were landed here Thursday by a helicopter from the United States Navy ship Brenton, lying in moderate seas off the island of 83 inhabitants.

The pitcairn residents are descendants of mutineers against Capt. William Bligh who cast him adrift in 1789 and sailed on his ship, the Bounty, to Tahiti. Nine mutineers set sail for Pitcairn with a number of women two years later and set up a colony, which was not discovered until 1808.

The fuel was for the island's machinery, tractors, winches, motor launches and generating plants. The main generator, installed last September, supplies all homes with electricity about five hours daily.

WALS Post WCD-12 Feb '69



United Press International

Thar She Goes—High and Dry—To a New Home

One of three killer whales is transferred in a sling by a giant crane to a new tank at Marineland of the Pacific in Los Angeles. The smallest of the three whales weighed about 3600 pounds and was 15 feet 2 inches long.

A Cleaver Solution

Butchers Succeed Where Army & Coast Guard Failed With Whale

NEW YORK, Feb. 25—Six men with meat cleavers made a whale of a difference on the beach at Rockaway today.

They succeeded where a bonfire, a bulldozer, and the United States Coast Guard had failed.

They removed a dead whale from the enlisted men's beach at Ft. Tilden.

What they worked thruout the day at removing really was roast whale. They carved whale steaks from the 50-foot, 16-ton carcass which has been a derelict plaguing New York harbor waters for 10 days.

A fisherman found it afloat Feb. 14. He towed it to a Brooklyn dock. The Coast Guard towed it right out again. But their line broke outside the harbor, and they called it a day. Two days later the whale beached at Ft. Tilden. The Coast Guard tried again, towed it to sea, cast it loose.

But tides and currents were at work. The dawn breeze last Tuesday wafted intelligence to the officer of the day at Ft. Tilden that the visitor had returned. He looked down the enlisted men's beach. There was the whale, beached again.

The Army tried fire.

They poured on oil and struck a match. For the last two days the whale has been barbecuing, but not fast enough. Yesterday, the Army attacked with a bulldozer. But a 50-foot whale prove too big. The bulldozer succeded only in 'dozing off the tail. The Army buried that.

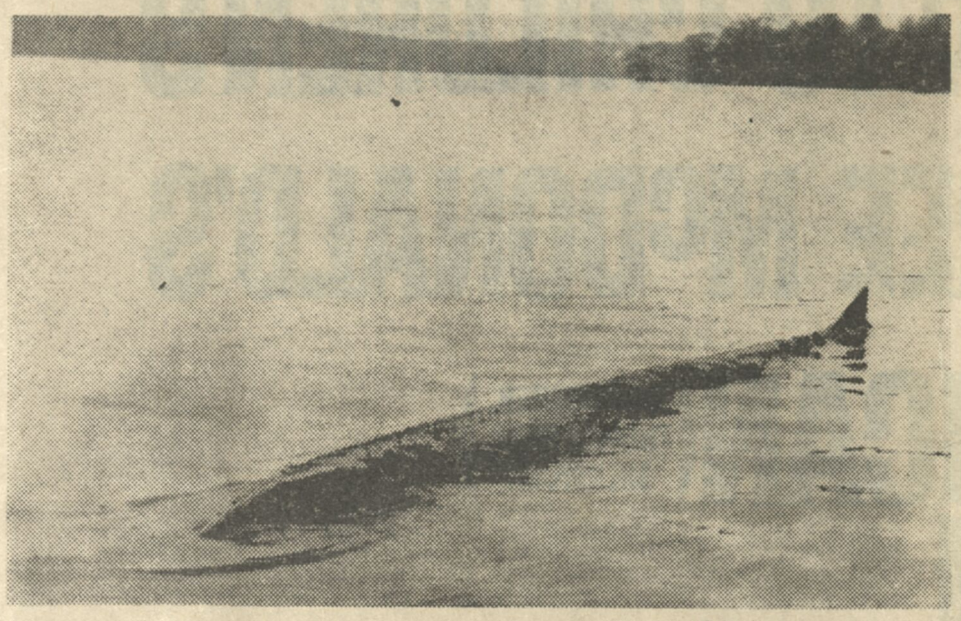
Then they called the Department of Sanitation. It called a rendering concern. The concern sent butchers who went to work early today. They said it would be an all-day job.

WN-4 DAILY News 25 Feb 69

WASH. DAILY NEWS FRIDAY 15 APRIL 66

INTERIOR OFFICIAL STEPS INTO JAMES RIVER PROBLEM

'I Been Working on the Whale Woe'



A boating view of Minnie before her death.

By TOM HARNEY

An Interior Department official said today he has told a somewhat reluctant Coast Guard to send a cutter up the James River to tow a dead 3000-pound whale out to sea.

"They're going to have to get the creature out of there because if it begins to decay the stench will be so awful that people won't be able to live in that area," said A. F. Rollins, a Bureau of Commercial Fisheries official.

"I recall that the Coast Guard helped us tow a whale out to sea off the New Jersey coast last year. I see no reason why they can't do the same in this case."

DAMPENED

Yesterday the Coast Guard showed no enthusiasm for dealing with "Minnie," a 30-foot whale found with dozens of bullet holes in her side 70 miles the James River.

Apparently she had been machine-gunned by a fisherman after straying up the river either "lost or in pursuit of a fish."

"There isn't anything we can really do," a Coast Guard official said.

"The water is too shallow for our big boats where she lays and we don't have any small ones with sufficient power to tow a whale."

IN THE WAY

Earlier, Norman C. Haynes, the commercial fisherman who found her Monday, and who had tried unsuccessfully himself to tow her back to sea, said he was fed up.

"I'm finished with her. Let someone else have her. It's not supposed to be here. Nobody wants it here. Get rid of it.

"It's the same as if something was blocking a highway. She's blocking us from working.

SEEN FLOATING

A report from a helicopter today said the whale was floating on her side and sea gulls were feeding on the carcass.

The baby finback whale had at least 30 bullet wounds when she was discovered Monday and quickly drew the sympathy of thousands.

Then Mr. Haynes' son shot her 12 times with a 30-30 rifle Wednesday night.

Mr. Haynes then tied her tail to a tree and suggested she be sold to a tallow factory.

That roused the ire of the "Minnie-club," and the governor, congressmen and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals were jammed with calls.

The whale moved into deep water yesterday after tearing herself loose from the tree. And a movement was launched to make "Minnie" a mascot and ward of the state until she died today.

Ban on Whaling Stuns Coast Company

POINT SAN PABLO, Calif., March 6—The last small remnant of America's whaling industry is reluctant to muzzle its harpoon guns on the killer boats and write "finis" to the 300-year history of adventure on the seas.

Officials of the Del Monte Fishing Company were stunned this week when Secretary of Commerce Maurice H. Stans announced that all commercial whaling by the United States would be prohibited.

Mr. Stans said the step was being taken to protect the remaining whales from being made extinct by commercial whalers.

Captain G. A. Hunter's four whale-hunting vessels, the Dennis Gayle, Allen Cody, Pacific Raider and Donna Mae, were being painted and readied for their first foray of the season into the Pacific.

Captain Hunter is especially saddened because he thinks the order makes neither ecological sense nor economic sense as long as the Russians and Japanese continue large-scale whaling operations.

"We feel it will actually upset the ecology," Captain Hunter said, explaining that whales eat vast quantities of shrimp and other small sea life which are also the food supply of salmon and other fish.

"There are a lot of wholes feeding on the continental shelf of the West Coast," he said. "If we let them grow in numbers they will cut down the supply of food for those other commercial fish."

A 22-year whaling veteran, Captain Hunter is also hurt because he feels "most people think we are doing this for the sport of it, for adventure, like big game hunters.

"It's not like hunting elephants for sport," he says. "It's a job and our way of making a living."

Although whale oil no longer lights the lamps of the country, although it is no longer used in soap-making, and whalebone corsets are now relics, "there is a ready market for every bit of the whale," according to Captain Hunter.

"The meat goes into pet and livestock food. The oil is used in cattle feed and in industrial hydraulics and steel tempering. The meal [bony parts] go into poultry food," he said.

The conservation enthusiasts, whom he blames for the ban "don't really know what they are talking about," says the whaling skipper.

"They don't want to kill whales," he said. "Maybe it's bad to kill anything, but we kill cattle, we kill horses, and the Russians and Japanese will continue killing whales. It's so silly to put us out of business when we are such a small operation in comparison."

Captain Hunter said his fleet had killed a total of 150 whales last year, passing up the chance to take any of the species such as the gray whale, thought to be endangered.

The local boats ranged as far as 150 miles from this small San Francisco Bay port. When the traditional "thar she blows" cry rang out, the five-man crew of the killer boat scurried to the deck to track the whale, fire the harpoon gun and then tow the carcass back to a battered wooden shed where it was butchered.

The American whaling industry, which employed 40,000 persons in 1846, dwindled to almost nothing many years ago, and now Delmonte is the only United States whaler in the business. "It was not economically attractive enough for large companies," says Charles and now Del monte is the only are a small operation and can make a profit."

Mr. Caito says he is "not quite sure" what he will do about the ban. He said the operation here involved an investment of more than $1-million. He has not yet received formal notice that all whaling is banned, and he will have his lawyer look into the possibility of an exception for his business.

"We are not quitting without a fight," he said. Only a month ago we were told the season was 'go' for us." The International Whaling Convention has assigned Del Monte a quota of 169 whales for 1971.

The local whalers have not taken any of the huge 90-foot, 250-ton blue whales or several other species for some years. Their largest target has been the finback, which in its 20-year life span gets up to 60 tons.



The New York Times/Larry Tiscornia

Boats of the Del Monte Fishing Company are idle, tied at their dock in Richmond, Calif.

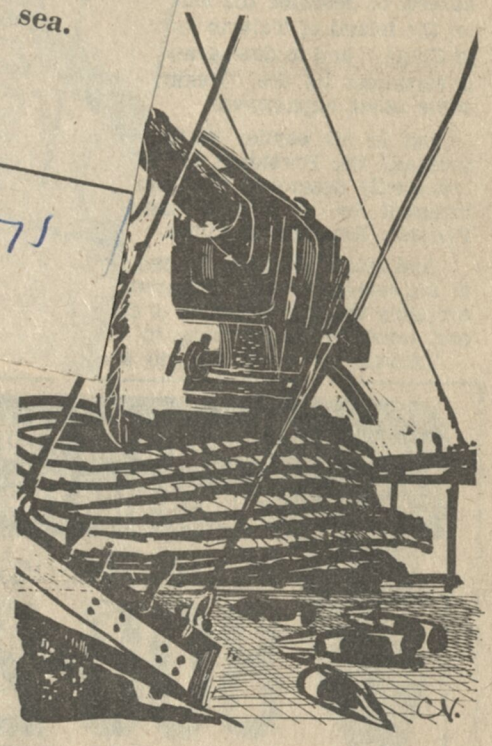
N.Y. Times 7 MARCH 71



WHALE WARFARE: America's whaling fleet is going to drydock. It's all to save the whale, but a Red menace lurks in the northern sea. Page 9.

NATIONAL OBSERVER MON 8 MAR 71

3 Vessels f Business



those days was fying, and brutal business and crewmen—a business that [illegible] great fortunes for the few and some great literature that surrounded the bloody business with an undeserved aura of romance.

Times change, and the Russians and the Japanese now share the dubious honor as the world's leading predators of whales. A Russian factory ship, bigger than a battlewagon, can chew up the 100-ton carcass of a whale in something over half an hour. And the American whaling fleet has dwindled to three small motor vessels and a shore station operated by the Del Monte Fishing Co. of San Francisco. Del Monte bags something over 100 whales a year, as against 10,000 for Russia and a like number for Japan.

Last week Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans moved, in the name of conservation, to end Del Monte's token operations, and thus remove this country completely from commercial whaling. But Mr. Stans' seemingly laudable action has stirred up a quiet controversy.

Grandstand Play?

Specifically, Mr. Stans directed that the Commerce Department's National Marine Fisheries Service publish a proposal in the Federal Register terminating the licensing of commercial hunting of whales named in the Interior Department's endangered-species list. Since last December, this list has included the finback, sei, and sperm whales—just about the only species now actively sought by commercial whalers—along with the blue, bowhead, humpback, right, and gray whales, which have been hunted to the brink of extinction by one country after another. The villains of the moment are Russia and Japan.

Del Monte Fishing Co. has 30 days in which to protest the proposal and demand public hearings—it intends to do both—and other parties pro and con are invited to testify. After the 30-day period, the Commerce Department, acting as judge and jury, will determine whether the licensing of commercial hunting of whales will be terminated. That, in theory, should be that. But some scientists say privately that Mr. Stans has made a grandstand play which, in the long run, will harm U.S. efforts to control the depletion of the world's whale resources.

Opponents of Mr. Stans' move say, for one thing, that the placing of the finback, sei, and sperm whales on the endangered

dow of a house. The tongue weighs as much as a full-grown elephant. The skeleton weighs 22 tons, the meat of the body 50, and the fat 25. The total weight of the animal, calculated by adding its parts together, amounts to 286,000 pounds. If the creature could be hoisted onto a pair of scales big enough for the purpose, it could be balanced only by placing on the other scale 36 elephants or the population of a town of 2,500 inhabitants."

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'To All Rather Than to None'

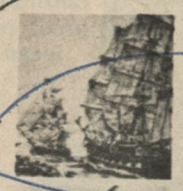
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THURS. W.S.J. 11 JAN '68



Above: Clipper Ship Cutty Sark: 23" L. x 15" H. Complete kit with carved wood hull, sail material, all fittings and mounting board. $14.95 plus 75¢ shipping.

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March 8, 1971

But Will Whales Benefit?

U.S. Whaling Fleet—All 3 Vessels —Gets Order to Go Out of Business

By Peter T. Chew
FROM WASHINGTON, D.C.

When America dominated the world whaling industry in the 1840s, more than 700 of her stately sailing ships roamed the high seas systematically destroying the mightiest animal in creation, an animal so enormous that it dwarfed even the dinosaurs of the Mesozoic era.

Viewed from the current perspective of conservation consciousness, whaling in those days was a filthy, exhausting, terrifying, and brutal business for both whales and crewmen—a business that generated great fortunes for the few and some great literature that surrounded the bloody business with an undeserved aura of romance.

Times change, and the Russians and the Japanese now share the dubious honor as the world's leading predators of whales. A Russian factory ship, bigger than a battlewagon, can chew up the 100-ton carcass of a whale in something over half an hour. And the American whaling fleet has dwindled to three small motor vessels and a shore station operated by the Del Monte Fishing Co. of San Francisco. Del Monte bags something over 100 whales a year, as against 10,000 for Russia and a like number for Japan.

Last week Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans moved, in the name of conservation, to end Del Monte's token operations, and thus remove this country completely from commercial whaling. But Mr. Stans' seemingly laudable action has stirred up a quiet controversy.

Grandstand Play?

Specifically, Mr. Stans directed that the Commerce Department's National Marine Fisheries Service publish a proposal in the Federal Register terminating the licensing of commercial hunting of whales named in the Interior Department's endangered-species list. Since last December, this list has included the finback, sei, and sperm whales—just about the only species now actively sought by commercial whalers—along with the blue, bowhead, humpback, right, and gray whales, which have been hunted to the brink of extinction by one country after another. The villains of the moment are Russia and Japan.

Del Monte Fishing Co. has 30 days in which to protest the proposal and demand public hearings—it intends to do both—and other parties pro and con are invited to testify. After the 30-day period, the Commerce Department, acting as judge and jury, will determine whether the licensing of commercial hunting of whales will be terminated. That, in theory, should be that. But some scientists say privately that Mr. Stans has made a grandstand play which, in the long run, will harm U.S. efforts to control the depletion of the world's whale resources.

Opponents of Mr. Stans' move say, for one thing, that the placing of the finback, sei, and sperm whales on the endangered list was a slap in the face of the International Whaling Commission, a 15-nation body of which the United States is an influential member. The commission has not seen fit to place these three species on the endangered list, and, indeed, Dr. J. L. McHugh, the U.S. member of the commission, says that these three species are not immediately in danger of extinction.

"If we put Del Monte out of business, we may remove any reason for having a member of the International Whaling Commission, and thereby having any say in controlling the harvesting of the world's whale crop," says one scientist closely connected with the commission. "It's like leaving the foxes—Russia and Japan—in charge of the hen house.

Dr. McHugh, a professor of marine resources at the State University of New York, estimates the world population of finback at 70,000, of sei at 75,000, and sperm whales at 500,000 respectively. And it's his contention that some of the quotas set by the commission may be slightly high, but not high enough to harm the herds in a single season. Dr. McHugh asserts that the record of the commission was less than satisfactory before 1965, but it has improved steadily in the past four to five years; that there is "no viable alternative" to the international arrangements provided by such a commission; and that it should be supported.

On the other hand, when former Interior Secretary Walter J. Hickel announced last year that he had placed the eight whale species on the endangered list, he said:

"The decision will be controversial because certain interests have urged that we hold off listing the finback, sei, and sperm whales until it is actually proven that they are on the verge of extinction. But it is the clear intent of the Endangered Species Conservation Act, which took effect June 8, 1970, that we prevent conditions that lead to extinction. It is also clear that if the present rate of commercial exploitation continues unchecked, these three species will become as rare as the other five.

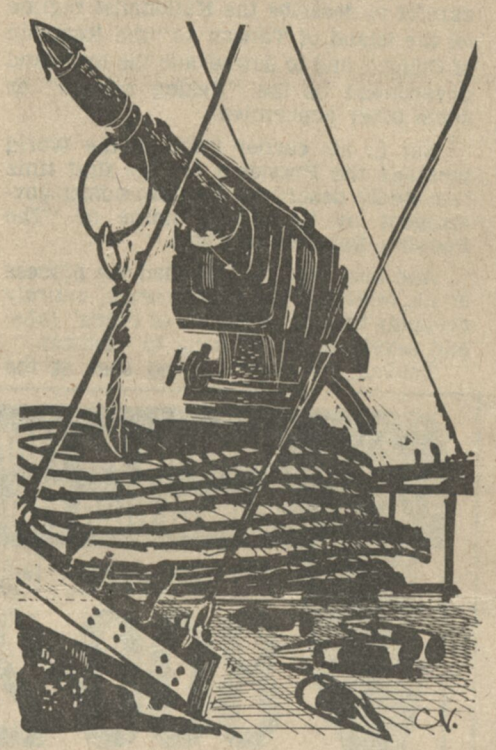
"We are not going to wait until all these species are on the brink of extinction before we take positive action."

Imports Banned

The United States has imported roughly one-third of the world's whale products, and Mr. Hickel's order prevented further importation, subect to 12-month extensions in hardship cases.

To back up his move, which led to last week's action by the Commerce Department, Mr. Hickel pointed to some devastating statistics. During the peak years of 1930-31, for example, whalers took almost 30,000 blue whales. Now 6,000 blue whales are believed to survive world-wide, having been protected by international agreement for the last six years. Even so, there is reason to doubt that enough males and females will find each other in the oceans to keep the species alive.

An adult blue whale can weigh as much as 160 tons and boast a length of 98 to 100 feet. "But the statement that an animal is 90 feet long is mere information," says Georges Blond in *The Great Story of Whales*. "The shock of realizing what it means can be experienced only by seeing the creature. A blue whale is four times the length of a bus. If you stood on its back, you could enter the second-floor window of a house. The tongue weighs as much as a full-grown elephant. The skeleton weighs 22 tons, the meat of the body 50, and the fat 25. The total weight of the animal, calculated by adding its parts together, amounts to 286,000 pounds. If the creature could be hoisted onto a pair of scales big enough for the purpose, it could be balanced only by placing on the other scale 36 elephants or the population of a town of 2,500 inhabitants."



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As with the blue whale, man has methodically overkilled each subspecies in turn. The humpback, bowhead, and two species of right whale have met the same fate as the blue whale, according to the Interior Department. Only the gray whale, which has been protected by international agreement for decades, has made a comeback, off the U.S. and Mexican Pacific coasts.

As many as 30,000 finback whales a year were taken in the early 1960s in Antarctica; now these waters yield less than 3,000 animals a year. So whalers are turning increasingly, says the Interior Department, to the smaller sei and sperm whales.

By unilaterally withdrawing from the whaling business, the United States obviously hopes to shock and influence Russia and Japan and the handful of other nations still involved in pursuit of the whale with helicopters, sonar devices, and factory ships. The risk could pay off, but there is a deep undercurrent of pessimism among those in the field.

"The unrestricted slaughter that resulted in the near-extermination of whales in the Northern Hemisphere during the last century could be in part excused on grounds of ignorance," say James Fisher, Noel Simon, and Jack Vincent in their book *Wildlife in Danger*. "That excuse is no longer valid, yet an identical result is now likely to be achieved quite deliberately—even at the cost of the industry's self-destruction."

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HIGH SEAS WHALE HUNT

Fishermen of the Azores, and their Madeiran kin, are the last brave men to hunt the sperm whale in the old way—from small boats in the open sea. These modern whalers follow the tradition of their forefathers, superior boat handlers who sailed with the famous 19th-century Yankee fleets as harpooners and whaling officers. Now in summer the islanders sit on old casks along the beach waiting for lookouts on the mountain above to send a short-wave radio signal that a whale's blow has been sighted. At the signal, the men hastily hitch their narrow, 37-foot-long boats to motor craft and head out to open ocean as fast as possible. About half a mile from a reported whale spout the seven-man crew in each boat cut loose from their motor tow, hoist a mast and sail, and move toward the last sighting.

Now skill in boat handling counts because several boats are racing toward the same quarry—first harpoon in claims the whale. In the hunt shown on these pages, the winning boat sailed to within 40 feet of a huge, dark mass. The sail was dropped and at six yards the



be in trouble.

•

Miguel Borges Guerra, 20, who tried to hijack an airliner to get back to his family in Cuba, received a 20-year term in Miami.

•

A Navy demolition squad finally blew up a dead whale moored near the Farallon Islands in San Francisco Bay for a week.

•

Justice Charles Rubin of the N.Y. State Surpreme Court ruled that Mirian Herman, 18, of Brooklyn, can collect damages from an airline for emotional distress while aboard an international flight that ws hijacked.

•

Adm. Elmo Zumwait, chief of Naval Operations, said in a San Diego speech that the Navy has disminished and aged the only way the U.S. can retain conventional control of the seap is by building a fourth nuclear powered carrier.

NEWS (DC) FRI MARCH 72



WASH (DC) POST
SAT 18 MARCH 72

Voice of the Whale

By Joan Reinthaler

There are very few pieces of new music to which I would be willing to commit myself without reservation. They could be counted on two or three fingers, but I heard one last night. It is George Crumb's "Vox Balaenae," which was premiered at the Library of Congress by the New York Camerata.

The title means voice of the whale. It is written for piano, flute and cello, all amplified, and is to be played by masked musicians. It is in three sections —a flute "Vocalise (. . . for the beginning of time)," "Variations on Sea-Time" named for geological ages, and "Sea Nocturn" (. . . for the end of time)."

If this sounds like a put-on, it is not. The subject is the sea. The masks and the black robes the musicians wore kept their personalities and the formal concert context from intruding on the music. It was lovely in unexpected and unique ways and it was very powerful.

The flute vocalise resembles Indian music for bamboo flute in its evocatively human sounds. Paula Hatcher may have been singing into the instrument at times. I am not sure.

The background for the variations was incredible sounds from the piano, amplified and strummed in highly organized and restrained ways—never blatantly. As the variations progressed through geological time there is strictly and increasingly evident structure, until, with the Nocturne, a familiar musical landscape appears.

Crumb is a major figure in contemporary music. He seems to have no technical hang-ups, no axes to grind, no "system" to propound. His music is highly original, emotionally charged, and beautiful.



Wash Post
Sat 13 Nov '71

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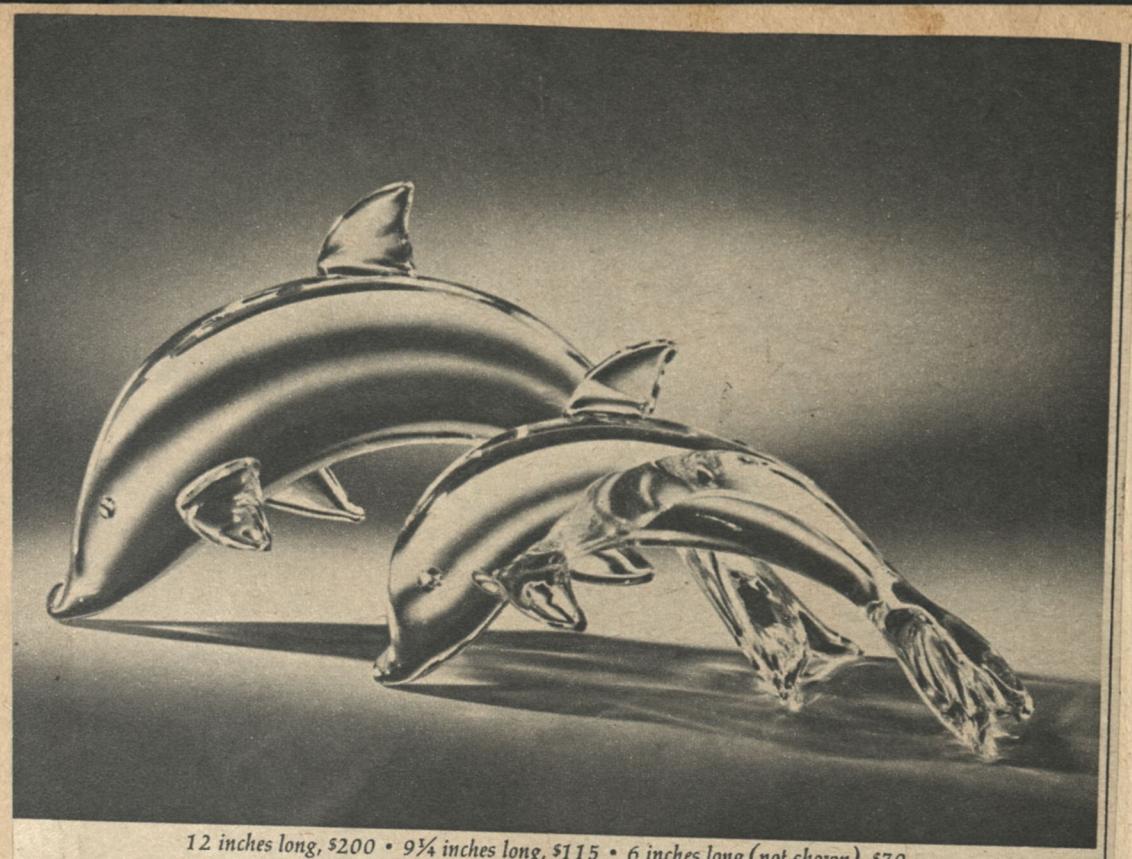
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WINE WAND

Julio Delgado, master venenciador from Jerez de la Frontera, Spain, visited Washington recently to demonstrate the ancient skill of pouring sherry with a venencia (a silver cup with a long whalebone handle). Delgado takes sherry from a cask, arcs it in the air and pours the wine into a half-dozen glasses he holds in his other hand. This art originated with the need to sample sherry in the cask without disturbing the fermentation.

"Washington Post" June 3, 1971 Thursday



Schermerhorn Row: Landmark

It is seldom that any matter in this city is simple, but the issue before the Board of Estimate today in approving the landmark designation of the block called Schermerhorn Row could not be clearer. It is a black-and-white question of whether city endorsement will be given to a particularly offensive form of speculators' sabotage of the public interest.

Schermerhorn Row, a rare survival of early nineteenth-century buildings at the waterfront just below Brooklyn Bridge in lower Manhattan is the core of the South Street Seaport, a nonprofit, private financed state- and city-sponsored preservation project that would keep and restore one of the lost historic sites of the city's sailing age. The city has included the Seaport program in its official urban renewal designation of the twelve-block area known as Brooklyn Bridge Southeast. A trend-setting renewal plan combines new development and housing with historic preservation.

The Landmarks Preservation Commission has already designated Schermerhorn Row; today's Board of Estimate ratification would ordinarily be routine. What has happened, however, is that Schermerhorn Row has been bought by commercial developers, Sol G. Atlas and John P. McGrath, who purchased the property with full knowledge of the project's status and the city's interests while the Seaport was still raising the money to acquire the site. Now they are trying to block the landmark designation so that nothing will interfere with their plans, which are to demolish the Seaport buildings in order to erect new commercial construction.

Mr. McGrath, a former corporation counsel for the City of New York, has excellent political connections. He says that he is not used to losing. A great many New Yorkers want him to lose this one.

The real issue involved here is whether the Board of Estimate, by withholding landmark ratification, is going to scrap the city's own exemplary plans to please two men who seem bent on personal gain irrespective of civic cost. To permit this would be an unconscionable act of cynicism by responsible public officials.

N.Y. Times Thurs 19 Dec/68

WASH Post Sat-14NOV70

40 Tons of Blubber Are Sent Flying

FLORENCE, Ore., Nov. 13 (UPI)—A demolition crew blew up a 40-ton dead whale with 20 cases of dynamite Thursday. Whale meat was hurled up to a quarter of a mile.

A huge chunk smashed the roof of an automobile and broke all its windows. Showers of fragmented meat blew hundreds of feet into the sky.

The dead California gray whale floated up on a beach near here. Officials decided the best way to get rid of it was with dynamite.



—UPI Photo

MEDICAL CHECKUP—If you are one of those who hates going to the doctor, you've got a fellow creature at the Miami Seaquarium where the killer whale Hugo gave his handlers a hard time taking him for a medical examination. They guided him to a special platform from whence he was lifted out of the water. The checkup revealed Hugo has grown two feet since May to 15' 4" and his weight has increased from 2,130 to 2,825 pounds.

WASH. DAILY NEWS THURS 19 DEC 68

VISTAS IN SCIENCE

Eve. Star Wed 31 JAN '68

Whales Are Believed Faced With Extinction

By THOMAS R. HENRY
Star Special Writer

Whales may be facing extinction, and the largest, the great blue whale, already may have passed the point of no return.

This report is given through the official journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Whaling has reached the point where little can be done to change the situation.

Since World War II, says the report, whalers have gone about their work with growing efficiency, despite limitations placed on them by various governments. So bad are the conditions of the industry that only three nations — Japan, Norway and Russia — still engage in whaling from oceangoing ships.

Hope for the whales, says the report, lies chiefly in the efforts of the International Whaling Commission established 10 years ago. Fifteen nations now belong to the Commission, including the major whaling nations. The organization, is an entirely voluntary one and there is no inspection system.

"Signs of the situation," says the report, "can be seen in the decline of the yield and the reduction in Antarctic whaling fleets. There were only 15 Antarctic expeditions last year. The catch was four big blue whales and about 13,000 smaller whales."

Museum Honors Curator, 85, Back From Pacific Tour

Antiwhaling Movie That Used His 1912 Photos Is Shown

By LAURIE JOHNSTON

Under the tail of the great blue whale model that "dives" from the ceiling, grog and sea chanteys were served last night as 600 employes and volunteers of the American Museum of Natural History held a "family party" in the Hall of Ocean Life.

The guest of honor, 85-year-old Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, has been a curator at the museum since 1921 and first worked there as a 19-year-old in 1906.

He joined his tenor voice in "Blow the Man Down" and other work songs he had learned on an Antarctic expedition to New Georgia Island aboard the whaling brig Daisy in 1912.

A few guests glanced nervously at the 10-ton, 94-foot whale model suspended overhead as the Seamen's Institute, a group that performs at the South Street Seaport Museum, boomed out chanteys.

The acoustics of the great hall, the dim lighting and the surrounding marine habitat displays produced a strangely underwater sound and sight.

With 100 or so young children seated on the floor around his front-row seat, Dr. Murphy clapped and tapped his feet to the chanteys.

For Dr. Murphy, the party was both a welcome-home from recent travels in the South Pacific and a sort of "This is Your Life" presentation. The feature of the evening was a half-hour film that combined photographs he made on the 1912 voyage—which separated him from his bride—and color footage he and Mrs. Murphy took in New Georgia in 1970.

The film, which pleads for a halt to the "mechanized killing orgy" of modern whaling, is titled "And So Ends..." after the traditional ending to daily entries in whaling-ship days.



The New York Times

Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy by model of great blue whale in Hall of Ocean Life at American Museum of Natural History

"All that the whales need is to be let alone for a hundred years, but five times as many are being taken every year as the ocean can stand to lose," Dr. Murphy said after the film.

"Only the Russians and the Japanese are still at it," he continued. "There's some excuse for the Japanese because they use the whale meat. There's no excuse for the Russians—and they even deny the situation is serious."

The film takes note of the popular assumption that the "great days" of whaling ended after the necessity of whale oil to supply the nation's lamps and factories was ended.

"That's nonsense," said Dr. Murphy, describing the 1960-1970 decade as "the greatest era of whale slaughter."

Part of the film's narrative soundtrack was made by Dr. Murphy nearly 50 years ago—his voice sounded as strong last night—and the rest was made by Jack Palance, the actor. Background sea chanteys are sung by Richie Havens.

Dr. Murphy, whose major work has been with oceanic birds, officially retired in 1955. A lifelong Long Island resident, he comes to the museum one day a week from "Ninth Inning," his Stony Brook home of the last two years.

The name "sounds a little ominous," he said, "but I keep telling Mrs. Murphy some of those ballgames go to 17 innings."

Boston Herald
Wed 20 Oct '65



(UPI Telephoto)

END OF VOYAGE—This dead whale, 24 feet long, washed ashore at Chequesset Neck, Wellfleet, after dying in the sea. Here, a ranger and a naturalist are extracting the jawbone of the mammal of the Finback species.

old cop out



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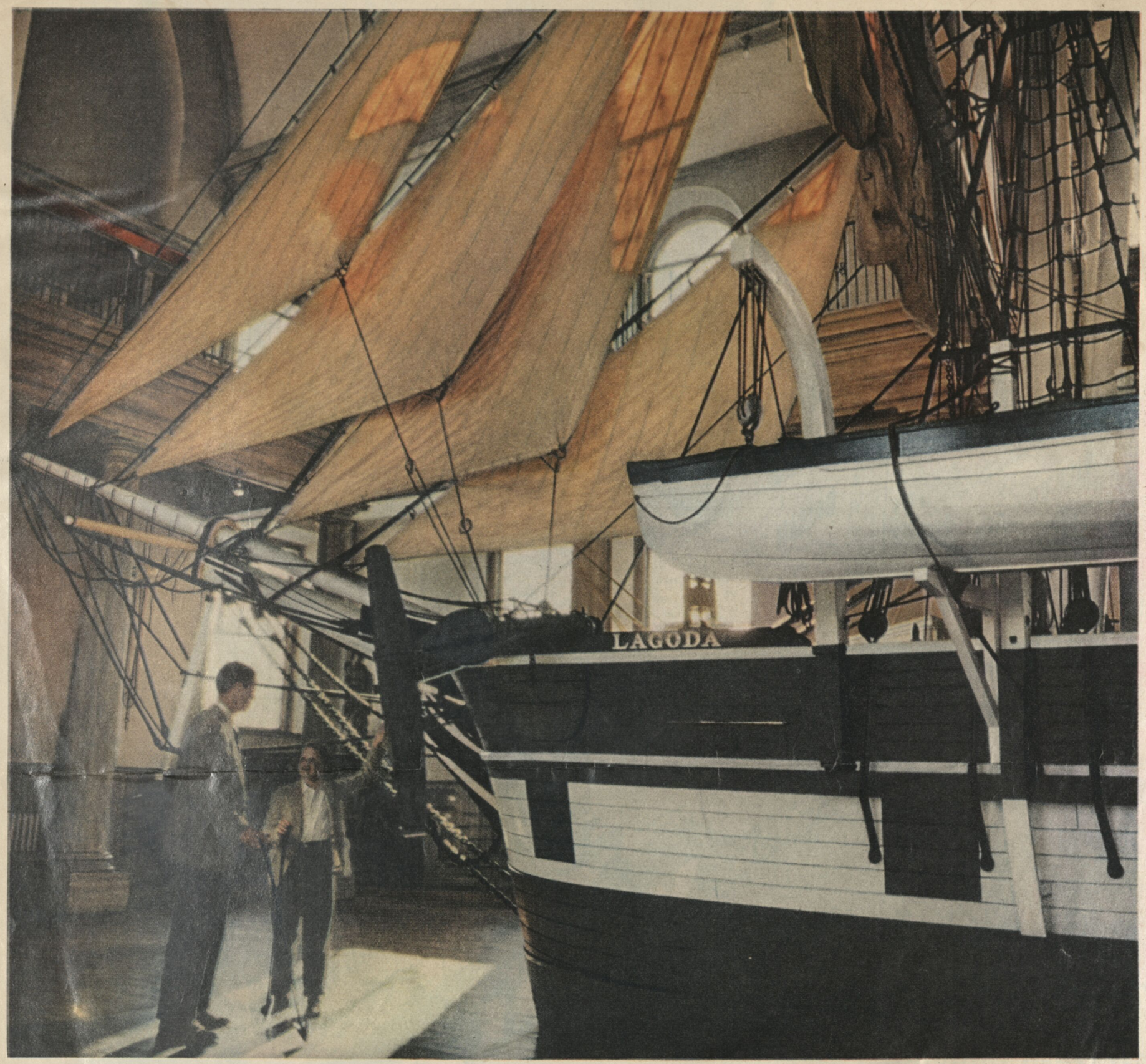
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A whale named Moby surfaces to have its teeth brushed at Marineland, near St. Augustine, where an astounding variety of fish and marine mammals live together. The bulky whales are invariably upstaged by showboating porpoises, who raise flags, shoot baskets and tow a dog named Fifi on a surfboard.



"How could a man kill a whale with a harpoon?"

"Stand up, Tashtego!—give it to him!" The harpoon was hurled. "Stern all!" And off they go on a "Nantucket sleigh ride."

The pages of *Moby Dick* tell the story so vividly a boy almost feels he's there. But drive him to the Whaling Museum at New Bedford and he *is* there, standing on the deck of a half-scale model of a real whaling ship, ready to cast off her lines for a three-year voyage in search of the great sperm whale.

When he stands on the quarter deck of the Bark, Lagoda, gazing at the great incomprehensible jungle of rigging and spars and sails . . . as he stands in a fragile cockle-shell of a whaleboat, surfing in his mind's eye in the wake of a harpooned sperm whale . . . perhaps he gets a glimmering of what it was like to be an American in those times. And what a wonderful gift to give your children, the realization that learning like this can be *fun*.

This land of ours is filled with places that can bring history alive for a child. Museums, battlefields, historic sites . . . they're all yours, just a pleasant drive away from your home.

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ETHYL ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL CORPORATION



This Magic Circle is in New England. Among other points of interest to see in this area are Old Sturbridge Village and the Giant Sand Dunes, Truro, Cape Cod. Or your service station dealer will be glad to help you map out a Magic Circle trip in your own area.

The Brig Wanderer—Two Hands Wanted

Young hands. Spry. Maybe you have a couple of them around your place. Put them to work on the Wanderer.

The Aurora kit is a faithful scale model of the 288-ton whaler that sailed from New Bedford during the great days of iron men and wooden ships. It can be built by any boy who has ever assembled a hobby kit.

Not in an hour, of course. Or even two.

This one's a challenge. Almost two feet long, the Wanderer starts out as 381 pieces, large and small—molded sails, real thread for rigging, harpoon boats, even crew members.

Get him the Wanderer. But watch out: you could be shanghaied into building it yourself.

The Wanderer is by Aurora, the world's largest manufacturer of hobby products.

Under $6., wherever toys and hobby products are sold.

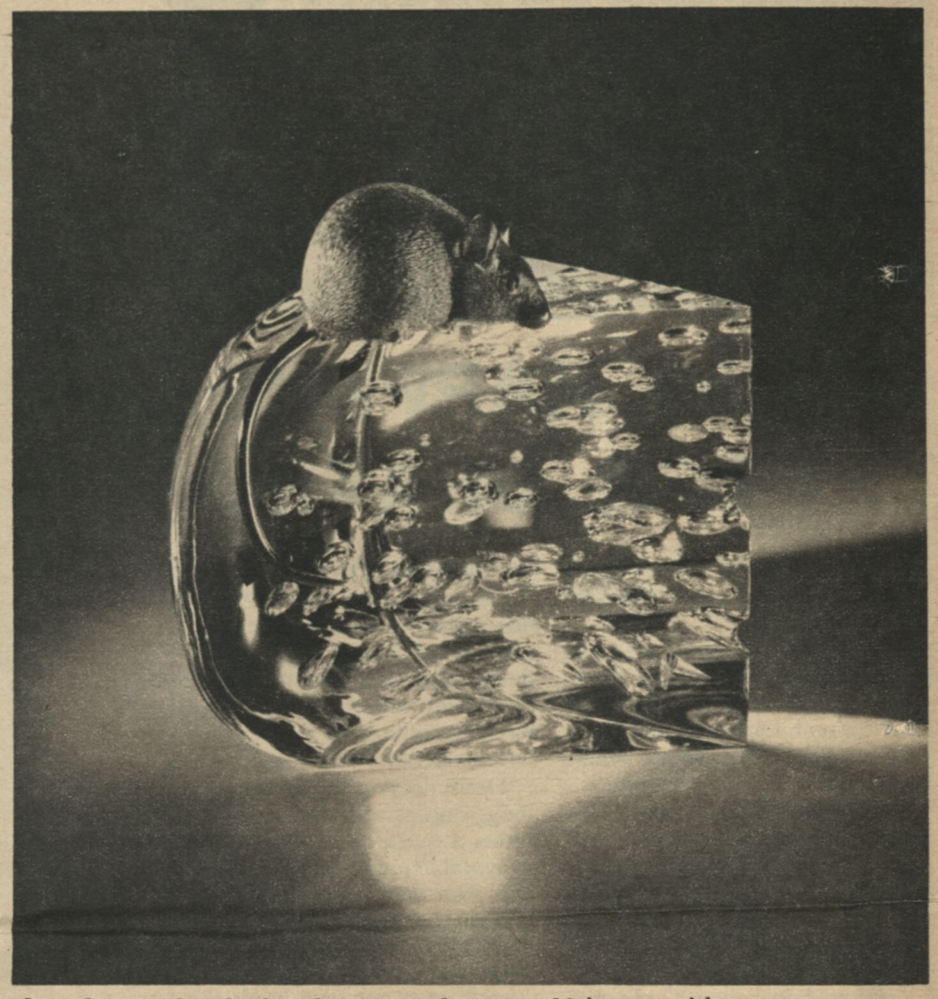


AURORA

AURORA PLASTICS CORP. WEST HEMPSTEAD, NEW YORK



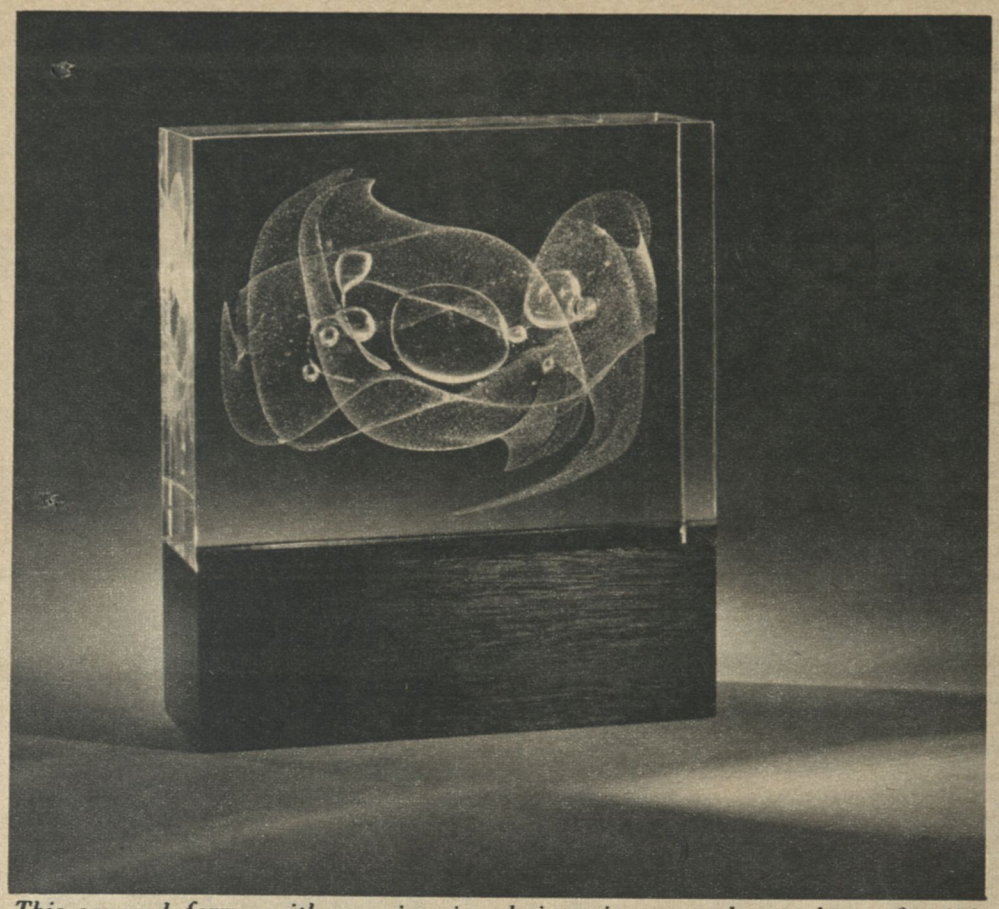
Designed by James Houston, this crystal trout rises to the angler's lucky fly, a royal coachman made of 18 karat gold. Air bubbles form the trout's speckles.



Just four inches high, this piece shows an 18 karat gold mouse crouching on a polished and sliced wedge of crystal Swiss cheese.



Impressed within this crystal monolith is the form of one of the stone heads found on Easter Island. Engraved is a map and the undeciphered hieroglyphics.



This squared form, with an interior design, is mounted on a base of solid lacquered mahogany. It was designed by George Thompson of Steuben.



Representing the island of Nantucket, this crystal form of a diving whale is engraved with a compass rose, a map and a whaling ship.

Purely Ornamental

THE newest creations from Steuben Glass to help decorate the home are collections of crystal sculptures. They are meant to amuse, inspire or enchant the viewer. One group, entitled "Islands in Crystal," is composed of pieces formed and engraved to represent or symbolize islands important in history and legend. They are ideal for "traveling" without leaving the easy chair to such places as Bermuda, Nantucket, Atlantis, Capri, Treasure Island and even the island of Robinson Crusoe. Another collection, "Studies in Crystal 1966," is the most experimental of the groups. It consists of free forms and geometric shapes, some of which incorporate the inclusion of air bubbles or particles trapped in patterns within the crystal. The newest group combines crystal and 18 carat gold. Delightfully imaginative, these pieces give the impression that King Midas has, for sport, playfully captured such elusive creatures as the mythological unicorn, the owl of Athena, and even the lowly mouse. All collections available through Julius Garfinckel & Co.

Gigi has a whale of a time with a porpoise friend

SAN DIEGO (UPI) — Gigi, the apprentice gray whale, has found a porpoise playmate, learned the proper surfacing techniques of whaledom and apparently is foraging for herself, scientists said yesterday.

A tracking helicopter got the first glimpse of one-year-old Gigi yesterday since her release Monday.

"There is considerable optimism now. There is no guarantee. Lots of things could happen, but she's got everything going for her now," a spokesman at the Naval Undersea Research and Development Center said.

Gigi has moved 60 miles northward and has swum in toward shore from the point where she was freed from a Navy barge.

The helicopter hovered over the whale for 25 minutes. "She was swimming easily and peacefully in the company of a porpoise," a spokesman said.

When the helicopter flew over, the spokesman said, "she reacted like a porpoise — defecating. This is an excellent sign that she has been eating."

Scientists believe that Gigi had learned the proper surfacing technique because signals from a radio transmitter attached to her improved.

"When she was first released she surfaced by merely raising her head, as she did in her tank (at San Diego's Sea World), rather than the characteristic gray whale roll. Her back pack was not clearing the water properly and radio signals were intermittent.

Some marine biologists had feared that Gigi, captured at the age of seven weeks off Baja California, could not survive in open sea because she had spent a year in captivity.

The gifts kept coming and coming and coming . . .

EVEASHAN, England (UPI) — Joseph Begley saved 2,000 cigaret coupons and mailed them in to a British cigaret company in exchange for a watch. When the watch had not arrived he wrote and asked why.

Back came three watches. Mr. Begley wanted only one so he mailed back the other two.

The next day 10 parcels arrived from the cigaret firm. The following day 18 parcels arrived. The day after that the local Post Office telephoned and said 10 more parcels were waiting for Mr. Begley.

All of them were trade in gifts given by the cigaret company in exchange for coupons Mr. Begley never had. Among the gifts were three tape recorders, a doll, a golf bag, two electric blankets, a cot, saucepans, a pressure cooker, and long playing records.

Mr. Begley sat down and wrote a long, pleading letter to the cigaret company asking them to stop. In the return mail came a reply saying "it was a computer error." The company gave Mr. Begley 10,000 coupons in compensation for his troubles.

With these Mr. Begley ordered tools and a bedspread.

He received a plant stand and two stepladders instead.

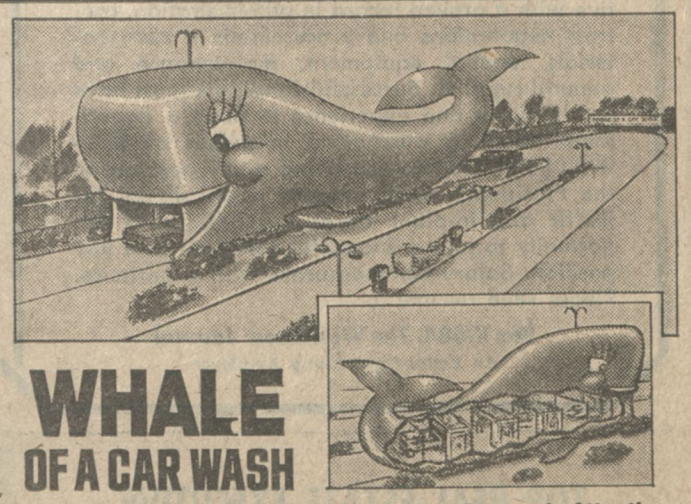
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Wash Post Wed.

Whaling Seen As Doomed by Financial Times

12 Feb '64

LONDON (AP) — Is the whaling industry doomed?

London's Financial Times thinks so. It said in a special article:

"The whaling fleets which have been hunting in Antarctic seas since the four-month season began on Dec. 12 are the remnants of a substantial industry now threatened with extinction. Although there are five active members of the International Whaling Commission, only three—Japan, Russia and Norway—have sizable fleets.

"The Netherlands sends one expedition a year and since last summer the United Kingdom has had no whalers. Its representatives sold remaining rights to Japan, which now lands almost a half of the world catch.

"Japan has become the most prosperous participant in a costly and often unrewarding trade, since it has a large fleet, low costs and a domestic market for whalemeat, whereas the other hunters only sell the oil."

The newspaper remarked that "the unchecked slaughterings of prewar years have virtually eliminated the blue whale, the world's largest mammal, which will require years of preservation to increase its numbers."

POLAR EXPEDITION

Edward C. Bursk, board chairman of the Adm. Richard E. Byrd Polar Center in Boston, has organized Expedition Midnight Sun, a trip to the North Pole. The 21-day excursion will form in

N.Y. Times Sun.

Montreal on Aug. 18, and continue across the Arctic Circle to Resolute Bay and on to the Pole. From living with Eskimos to whale hunting to retracing the route of Admiral Byrd, the expedition offers a truly spectacular itinerary; the cost of $3,900 includes food, all accommodations (which will be in both hotels and huts), transportation, appropriate gear and sleeping bags, side excursions and a briefing by Canadian officials. Inquiries should be sent to Expedition Midnight Sun, Adm. Richard E. Byrd Polar Center, New England Aquarium, Boston, Mass. 02110.

MILTON VIORST

Environmentalists Watching Nixon

By any measure, the Nixon administration's record on the environment is not all bad — but that may not be good enough for the new and powerful constituency of ecology-oriented voters, whose numbers in the nation may now be many millions.

A decade ago, such a constituency did not exist. A politician had to take into account a handful of bird-watchers, campers, hikers and some eccentric nature lovers. There was a conservation lobby in Washington, But it carried no weight compared to such giants as labor, industry and the farmers.

Today, there are more than half a million dues-paying members enrolled in such diverse organizations as the Sierra Club, the Izaak Walton League, the Audubon Society, Friends of the Earth, the National Wildlife Federation and the Conservation Foundation.

Furthermore, hundreds of local groups have grown up around the country, bearing such names as the Colorado Open Space Coordinating Committee, the West Virginia Highlands Conservancy and the Citizens Permanent Committee on the Potomac.

Their members are intensely, if not fanatically, dedicated to the environment. They pressure their politicians and they even have their own secret weapon: Dozens of newsletters and bulletins that circulate among them, keeping them aware — in a more thorough manner than the public press — of ecolgical issues and, in political terms, of actions by the government.

What's more, the environmental constituency probably is not basically anti-Nixon. Its bulk, in fact, may come from the President's celebrated silent majority.

Though the environmental movement is nonpartisan, it has learned tough techniques for coming down on its opponents.

In the last election, it helped defeat Rep. George Fallon, a Maryland Democrat who, as chairman of the Public Works Committee, was known as the biggest concrete-pourer in Congress It deserves credit, too, for turning the tide in perhaps a dozen other congressional races.

In the SST vote, this constituency demonstrated the power of its punch on Capitol Hill. When Hubert Humphrey, beholden during a lifetime in politics to organized labor, defied the AFL-CIO to vote against the plane, it was a sign that the environmental lobby had arrived as a major political force.

Yet, strangely, the Nixon administration seems unaware of this force, or at least of the power it has begun to wield. The President does not have a feel for the concerns of the environmental constituency.

To be sure, he made an excellent decision in setting up the Environmental Protection Agency to concentrate the enforcement of laws. Its administrator, William D. Ruckelshaus, has made a good reputation — but the ecological underground knows he has been under severe White House pressure.

This pressure has been apparent in the environmentalists' fight to ban DDT, which has virtually killed off the bald eagle, the peregrine falcon and the brown pelican, as well as several species of fish.

Ruckelshaus, in a curious decision, admitted that DDT was an acute hazard, but argued that banning it would force farmers to turn to parathion, an even more dangerous pesticide. He did not pursue this reasoning, however, and propose a ban on parathion.

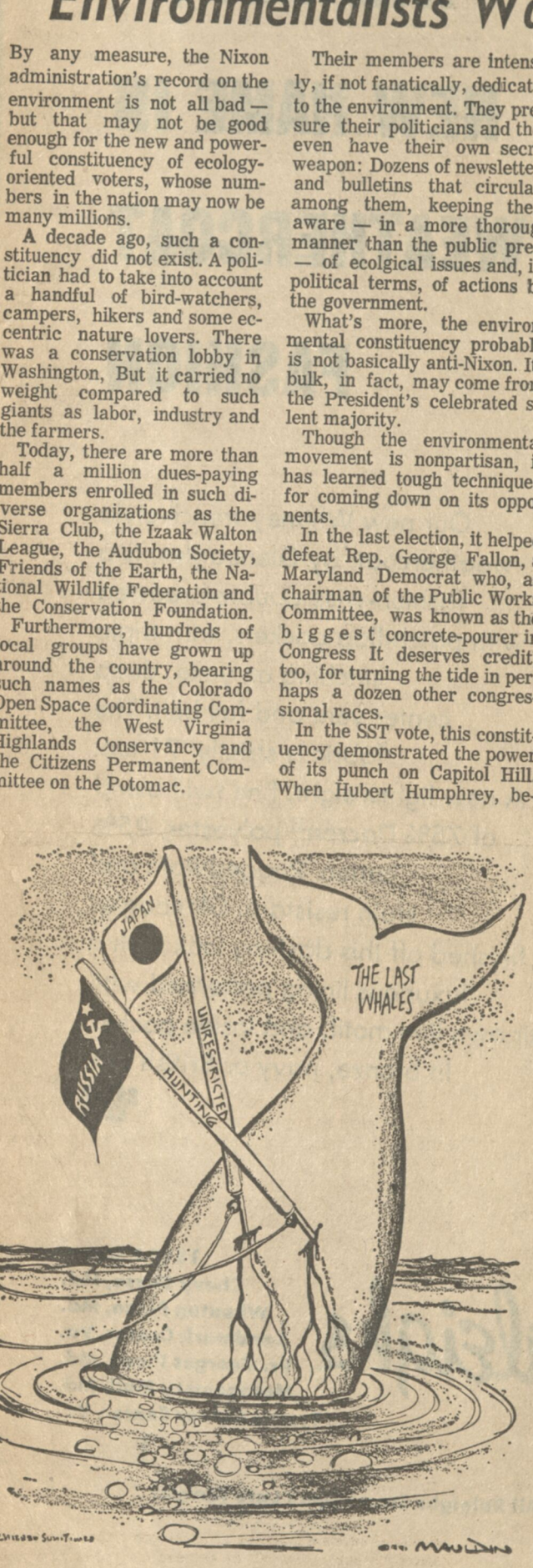
The environmentalists know that what is at stake here is the cotton crop, which absorbs virtually all of the DDT currently in use, as well as most parathion. They are a sophisticated constituency and know that, in the political lexicon, "cotton crop" translates itself into "Southern strategy."

They believe, however, that they now offer at least as much as the Southern strategy — if not in total votes, then in the margins of victory in key states and congressional districts.

And so, in their bulletins and newsletters, they spread the alarm that the Forest Service has authorized ruinous "clear-cutting" to the lumbermen, while the Park Service is contemplating "motorized nature trails" to ravage the wilderness.

And while they note with approval that President Nixon has halted construction on the cross-Florida barge canal, it did not escape their attention that he was virtually compelled to do so by the courts.

Indeed, the environmentalists are watching. Nixon may be making a big mistake in dismissing them as the sweet, innocuous people of a decade ago.



Under two flags

...rammies in the Los

Tass Depreciates Report Of Antarctic Sea Serpents

MOSCOW, Dec. 2 (UPI)— Russian helicopter pilots reported sighting 48-foot sea serpents in Antarctic waters, Tass said today. But the official Soviet press agency put down the report as a case of mistaken identity.

Quoting an expert at the Moscow Institute of Oceanography, Tass said "huge sea snakes" reported by the pilots were probably floating islands of seaweed or possibly the tentacles of a giant squid.

The report from near the South Pole was relayed to Moscow by radio from the Soviet whaling base in Antarctica. The pilots said the "serpents" were light brown in color.

Tass said the pilots did not take pictures of the phenomenon.

N.Y. Times
SUN 8 DEC '68

VINEYARD GAZETTE FRI/29 OCT '65

Whaling Treasure

Stuart Sherman's New Book Provides Key for Nicholson Collection

Writing in the Providence Sunday Journal, Bradford F. Swan, of New Bedford antecedents and himself of New Bedford in his youth, has this to say of The Voice of the Whaleman by Stuart C. Sherman, just published by the Providence Public Library:

All too frequently when great collections enter public institutions little is done about them except to let them repose there in safety. Fortunately for research scholars working in the field of American whaling this has not been done with the great collection of logbooks, journals, and related materials formed by the late Paul C. Nicholson and bequeathed by him to the Providence Public Library. Quite the opposite.

Stuart C. Sherman, librarian of the Providence Public Library and an enthusiastic student of whaling history, has produced in the book under review a thorough guide to the collection. It would be difficult to imagine any bibliographical guide more useful—unless it described in detail the contents of each of the 836 logbooks, journals, and account books now in the Nicholson Collection.

In addition to a general introduction to the collection, Mr. Sherman has given us careful definitions of logbook vs. journal, and of the various sorts of whaling records and what the researcher can hope to learn from them; he has given us lists of the whaling masters mentioned, of the clearance dates of all the vessels involved, of ports represented, and of the keepers of logbooks and journals. Finally, Mr. Sherman has listed the non-whaling logbooks and journals in the collection and has given an extensive bibliography of works consulted.

The sum of all this apparatus is that it provides a key to unlock the Nickolson Collection and makes its treasures available to the scholar and historian.

As a native of New Bedford I cannot pass over without mention the irony of the fact that most of the Nicholson Collection, now in Providence, relates to ships belonging to New Bedford and Fairhaven. It is strange but true that outsiders are usually more appreciative of what is valuable than are those who grow up in its midst.

Still it cannot be said that Mr. Nicholson, though a very rich man, used his wealth to strip New Bedford of its treasures. Rather what he used were his brains and his sense of what was worth preserving. As a matter of fact, the prices he was willing to pay would strike us today as very conservative. Mr. Sherman notes that he wrote a dealer in 1942:

"An ordinary log of a four year trip is worth approximately $25 to which one might add $5 if there are a quantity of whale stamps, and perhaps $5 for color. Two year logs are worth from $15 to $20 depending on their interest and condition."

Gone are the days . . . etc.

If permitted to do so, this reviewer would like to recall offering "to give" Mr. Nicholson a log. Mr. Nicholson declined it. It seems that the log had had two out of every three pages cut out to transform it into a scrapbook, although it had never been used as such. The incident serves to emphasize Mr. Nicholson's high standards in regard to condition.

Africans Land 5-Ton Shark

Special to The New York Times

DAR ES SALAAM, Tanzania, Feb. 15—Two African fishermen in a 10-foot outrigger canoe carved from a tree trunk have landed a 30-foot, five-ton shark at Tanga, a port 100 miles north of here. It is believed to be the largest shark ever caught off the East African coast.

N.Y. Times
SUN. 16 Feb '69

Sen. Murphy Gets $20,000 From Firm

By Jack Anderson

From the day Sen. George Murphy (R-Calif.) came to Washington in 1965, he has supplemented his Senate salary by pulling down $20,000 a year from Technicolor, Inc. The Hollywood company has become almost synonymous with Patrick J. Frawley Jr., the right-wing millionaire who took it over in 1961.

The Frawley firm also has been helping to foot the bill for Murphy's plush Washington apartment, which has its own movie projection studio. In addition, Technicolor provides Murphy with credit cards, which permit him to charge other expenses to the company.

The easy-smiling, light-stepping Murphy appeared in 45 motion pictures, including a few Technicolor extravaganzas, before he traded in his box-office appeal at the voting booth.

Pat Frawley, who made his fortune in ball-point pens and then went on to become the Schick razor king, has been a sugar daddy for right-wing causes. Frequently, he has used corporate funds to promote his political ideas.

He paid the salary, for example, of John Fergus, a right-wing zealot who was involved in circulating a phony affidavit accusing ex-Sen. Tom Kuchel of sex perversion. Frawley was called before a grand jury but testified that he had nothing to do with the ugly smear.

Sen. Murphy recently met behind closed doors with Chairman John Stennis (D-Miss.) and chief counsel Ben Fern of the Senate ethics committee to explain his financial dealings with Technicolor.

After first denying any discussion of ethics, Murphy finally acknowledged to this column that he had talked over his financial affairs with Stennis and Fern.

The California senator said he had been retained as a "consultant" by Technicolor. The company paid half the cost of his Washington apartment, he said, because company officials used it when they visited the capital. He never used the company's credit cards, he said, except to pay his expenses when he was on company business.

Asked what consulting he did for Technicolor, Murphy mentioned two company charities. He stressed that there had been no conflict with his Senate duties.

This column then questioned him about Technicolor's annual $3.5 million contract to handle all the filming at Cape Kennedy, Fla. The senator said that the contract had been signed before he entered the Senate and that he had scrupulously avoided having anything to do with the renewals.

"I attended two moon shots at Cape Kennedy," he said, "and I didn't even visit the Technicolor laboratory."

Party Politics

The biggest surprise arising from last week's meeting of the Democratic National Committee was that the party didn't rip itself apart. Many of the national committeemen and women arrived in Washington with the wounds of the 1968 campaign still aching. They were ready for a brawl. Here's the backstage story:

The resignation of Sen. Fred Harris as national chairman had come without warning. Not even Hubert Humphrey, the titular leader, was given advance notice. With the party burdened by enormous debts from Humphrey's presidential campaign, he thought it essential to replace Harris immediately.

Humphrey and his political agents, particularly William Connell, began calling around the country, seeking suggestions. They gathered 31 names of men who wanted the job themselves or thought others worthy.

The name that received the most favorable response was that of Larry O'Brien, the former chairman. There was less than enthusiasm over him, however, from ex-President Lyndon Johnson, Southern governors and labor leaders. Nevertheless, Humphrey went ahead and offered O'Brien the job.

His response was favorable, but he wanted to check first with two important business clients. After taking his own political soundings, he declined the job. Without O'Brien, the thin fabric of party unity ripped apart. Humphrey returned to the telephones and finally settled upon Matthew Welsh, the handsome former governor of Indiana.

He was challenged, however, by Joseph Crangle, the bright, young Democratic leader from Buffalo, who found support from a Roosevelt-like coalition of liberals, blacks, labor leaders and Southerners.

At this point, New Jersey's ex-Gov. Richard Hughes, according to associates, put through a call to O'Brien and pleaded that the party needed him again. Then Hughes phoned Jacob Arvey, the Illinois political patriarch, who added his persuasive pressure upon O'Brien.

Both Welsh and Crangle stepped aside when they learned that O'Brien had changed his mind. Informed by Humphrey of O'Brien's decision, Welsh said: "I am delighted and relieved."

He had cause to be, for Democratic dissension still bubbles beneath the surface.

Nixon Sour on Chicago

President Nixon has now joined the critics of the Chicago police. In the privacy of his White House office, he has complained that the Chicago police didn't properly control the protesters who demonstrated against the visit of French President Pompidou.

The San Francisco and New York police handled the demonstrators far more expertly, the President told aides. He also grumbled that Americans should treat their foreign guests, no matter who they are, with better manners.

Note: The President told aides that Pompidou had been "conciliatory" in their private talks.

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THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTU
NANtucket, MAS
THURS. 2 JAN 69



The "ISLAND HOPPER"

(Manhattan to Nantucket)

ONE MAN'S OPINION

by Glyn Lewis

Absence makes the heart grow fonder;
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!
"Isle of Beauty", Thomas Bayly (1795-1839)

Observing that this column has been absent for the past couple of months, we can only hope that the the poet knows of what he writes. . tho' certainly they must have had "Dear John" letters back during the Napoleonic Wars! The whys and wherefores of why we have not been banging out this copy since before Halloween could only add up to a big fat bore. . .so we'll skip it.

Since our last appearance on these pages we have lost two dear friends. With all the good friends we have on the island, we can ill afford to lose two like Irene Walsh and Kenneth Coffin. . . . Sir Walter Scott wrote, "Friend after friend departs; Who hath not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts, That finds not here an end."

For all the years we have visited Nantucket, in every season, whether it be a three day or three week visit it was rare when we didn't have the great pleasure of seeing Irene. No matter how busy, and she always seemed to be in motion, there was time for a smile and pleasant words. Later the same month we heard the news that death had come to Kenneth Ford Coffin, architect, responsible alone and in concert with his brother, our close friend and neighbour, H. Errol Coffin, for some of the better things done on our beloved island. However architecture was not his whole life, he was a well-rounded person whose interests encompassed history, art, antiques and the island of his ancestors. First and foremost, he was a gentleman . . . and there are so few left in this world.

* * * * *

While thinking of Gentlemen and humane humans we are reminded of a TV program we enjoyed recently, "WHALES," one of the series "The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau." The hour was an excellent one including footage of the *Charles W. Morgan* at Mystic and a clip of film taken on the *Morgan* in 1921. Possibly even more fascinating were the marvelous shots of the Cousteau crew of scientists fraternizing with whales and not in a tank! Perhaps

hard handed flogging captain, he was not. Still it is a good work of fiction based on fact. $6.95, Vanguard Press.

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Usually at this time of the year we are tempted on all sides by those big beautiful Christmas books on the sea. This year they seem in short supply, certainly not because the interest in things nautical is warning. . .nothing could be further from the truth. . .no, the truth is that the same ground (or water) was covered and recovered. Only just so many $25-$30 illustrated tomes on sailing ships can be produced. However there is and always will be, room for an honest and new approach. Therefore it is with great interest that we await Paul Morris' forthcoming volume of coastal vessels. This is an area that has been largely ignored, except in England. Paul has had several major setbacks in the publication (no fault of his) but now seems well under way. Another book we will be happy to see between covers is the projected work on the Nantucketers who went to Europe to sell their talents as whalers, this book is now being researched by our own Edouard Stackpole. Speaking of the Christmas books, another of our loves seems to be leading the pack this year. . . aircraft, early aircraft and the men who flew them. The most popular go back to before our time, the romantic string and canvas kites of World War I.

Recently we spoke of an early steamer being found in the Falkland Islands. . . The same far south area seems to be a treasure trove of old ships. New York's South Street Seaport has acquired and hopes to bring back to New York the only known surviving wooden square-rigged American merchant ship, the *Charles Cooper*. Built in Fairfield, Conn., in the yards of William Hall, she made her maiden voyage on November 11, 1856, sailing from New York to Antwerp carrying 1,463 tons in her 165 foot hull. In the losing race with steam the *Cooper* was diverted to general trading. Off Cape Horn in September 1866 with a cargo of coal for San Francisco she ran into trouble and taking water sought refuge in Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. There she has remained, her Connecticut oak and chestnut timbers preserved by the frigid waters off the southern

861 Blue Whales Caught

TOKYO (AP)—Japan's three whaling fleets in the Antarctic Ocean have caught 861 blue whales during the current whaling season, the Japan Whaling Association says.

N.Y. TIMES
THURS 13 FEB '69

THURS 6 FEB '69

Loch Ness 'Monster' Damaged WWII Ship

Reuters

LONDON, Feb. 5—A navy officer claimed today to have solid proof that there really is a Loch Ness monster. He claims his ship ran into it.

In a letter to the Daily Telegraph, Lt. Cmdr. Francis Russell Flint said it happened while he was sailing a mine-laying craft through the Loch in 1943.

He recounted sending a message to the Admiralty: "Regret to inform their Lordships damage to starboard bow, following collision with the Loch Ness monster."

The message was apparently not well received in the Admiralty. "I gather," wrote Flint, "that their Lordships were not amused."

Wash Post.

Sea monster of a turtle

The fearsome sea monsters sighted over the centuries may be nothing more than big turtles, says *The Sciences*, a publication of the New York Academy of Sciences. The theory is advanced by L. D. Brongersma, a Dutch zoologist, who points out that the 10-foot-long Leather Back Turtle is a native of

Science Digest—February, 1969

THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, NANTU
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* * * * *

Another strangely humane man was Captain James Cook, possibly the greatest of all ecplorers. We say "strangely", because in 1768, a man who worried because his exploration might bring sorrow and suffering to the wild, innocent and beautiful world he found, was unique. Last year Alan Villiers did a fine book on the Yorkshire farm boy who went on to "open" the Pacific. Currently the book shops are offering a new novel *"Charca Harbour"*, a novel of Cook's first voyage to Australia. This is a fine stirring narrative of a stirring time in history, wth France and Spain feeling warlike and working to foment rebellion in the American colonies. However the author, Godfrey Blunden, an Australian, who has three political novels, finds it necessary to make Cook an "anti-hero". This is of course the popular trend, but we deplore picturing Cook in this role. He may not have been cast in the hero mold, but a hard handed flogging captain, he was not. Still it is a good work of fiction based on fact. $6.95, Vanguard Press.

* * * * *

Usually at this time of the year we are tempted on all sides by those big beautiful Christmas books on the sea. This year they seem in short supply, certainly not because the interest in things nautical is warning. . .nothing could be further from the truth. . .no, the truth is that the same ground (or water) was covered and recovered. Only just so many $25-$30 illustrated tomes on sailing ships can be produced. However there is and always will be, room for an honest and new approach. Therefore it is with great interest that we await Paul Morris' forthcoming volume of coastal vessels. This is an area that has been largely ignored, except in England. Paul has had several major setbacks in the publication (no fault of his) but now seems well under way. Another book we will be happy to see between covers is the projected work on the Nantucketers who went to Europe to sell their talents as whalers, this book is now being researched by our own Edouard Stackpole. Speaking of the Christmas books, another of our loves seems to be leading the pack this year. . . aircraft, early aircraft and the men who flew them. The most popular go back to before our time, the romantic string and canvas kites of World War I.

Recently we spoke of an early steamer being found in the Falkland Islands. . . The same far south area seems to be a treasure trove of old ships. New York's South Street Seaport has acquired and hopes to bring back to New York the only known surviving wooden square-rigged American merchant ship, the *Charles Cooper*. Built in Fairfield, Conn., in the yards of William Hall, she made her maiden voyage on November 11, 1856, sailing from New York to Antwerp carrying 1,463 tons in her 165 foot hull. In the losing race with steam the *Cooper* was diverted to general trading. Off Cape Horn in September 1866 with a cargo of coal for San Francisco she ran into trouble and taking water sought refuge in Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. There she has remained, her Connecticut oak and chestnut timbers preserved by the frigid waters off the southern tip of South America. Now the South Street Seaport has to get her towed back to New York.

By the way, the restoration is faced with a problem. A real estate developer has gambled $3,000,000 on knocking out the project and getting in a housing project. If any reader would like to see this maritime museum become a reality, write a letter to Mayor Lindsay (who favors the project) saying you would like to see the Seaport survive. One of the advisors on the Seaport board is the editor of this paper, who of course gained international notice for his work in the creation of Mystic Seaport. How frustrating it must be for this Nantucketer to be unable to get any sailing craft in Nantucket's harbor!

The latest "Whaling Port" we've heard of is near Atlantic City, New Jersey. Possibly — We certainly have a beautiful wharf area, and we hope that someday we may see the end of the unsightly power lines in town, we might even hope that more of the blacktopped streets would revert to the more photogenic cobblestones. We have never hoped, wanted or plugged for a phony "Disneyland" type of seaport, or even suggested a Mystic type of operation. No, Nantucket is not an exhibit or museum; it lives, it breathes. Still we don't want "bad breath", so we hope for the removal of storage tanks and the like. However we are not completely sold on pseudo French pancakeries with plaster stonework. Far more appropriate, would be a seafood restaurant and a much less offensive reproduction would be the Nantucket inn mentioned in "Moby Dick". Sure we've harped on all this before, but we just couldn't let the year slip away without one more "gripe". What happened to those plans we saw printed on the front page of this paper?

May we take this opportunity to wish all a very merry Christmas and a New Year that will see the return of all the young men to their fam-ies. Cheerio —

MADE TO ORDER
me baked pies and meat pies,
plain or fancy,

The
No le
Our t
For in
Loved

861 Blue Whales Caught

TOKYO (AP)—Japan's three whaling fleets in the Antarctic Ocean have caught 861 blue whales during the current whaling season, the Japan Whaling Association says.

N.Y. TIMES
THURS 13 FEB '69

THURS 6 FEB '69

Loch Ness 'Monster' Damaged WWII Ship

Reuters

LONDON, Feb. 5—A navy officer claimed today to have solid proof that there really is a Loch Ness monster. He claims his ship ran into it.

In a letter to the Daily Telegraph, Lt. Cmdr. Francis Russell Flint said it happened while he was sailing a mine-laying craft through the Loch in 1943.

He recounted sending a message to the Admiralty: "Regret to inform their Lordships damage to starboard bow, following collision with the Loch Ness monster."

The message was apparently not well received in the Admiralty. "I gather," wrote Flint, "that their Lordships were not amused."

Wash Post

Sea monster of a turtle

The fearsome sea monsters sighted over the centuries may be nothing more than big turtles, says *The Sciences*, a publication of the New York Academy of Sciences. The theory is advanced by L. D. Brongersma, a Dutch zoologist, who points out that the 10-foot-long Leather Back Turtle is a native of

Science Digest—February, 1969

Stamps

Herman Melville and Moby Dick

By DAVID LIDMAN

HERMAN MELVILLE'S "Moby Dick"' will be embossed on a commemorative United States envelope to be issued March 7 at New Bedford, Mass., in honor of the author, as well as to recall the American whaling industry that once flourished from that Massachusetts port.

The 6-cent-stamped envelope will be the first commemorative envelope since one was issued for the New York World's Fair in 1964. Its design is by Bradbury Thompson of Riverdale, Conn., a member of Postmaster General Winton M. Blount's Citizens' Stamp Advisory Committee.

The embossing of the design will be in the form of a blue oval in which Moby Dick, the white whale nemesis of Captain Ahab, is centered between a white "Herman Melville" at the top, and an equally white "Moby Dick/United States, 6."

Commemorative envelope-stamps have long been urged on the Post Office Department, and the Moby Dick envelope (many folk are likely to overlook the fact that it is really for Herman Melville) is an imaginative issue. A continuation of this practice—the use of commemorative envelopes—is urged on the Postmaster General. Too little attention has been given to postal envelopes and wrappers—although postal cards in recent years have provided the basis for attractive stamp designs.

Persons desiring first-day cancellations may send orders to Postmaster, New Bedford, Mass. 02741. Orders should include a list of names and addresses, including zip codes (or addressed gummed labels) of persons to whom the envelopes are to be sent. Remittances to cover the cost of the envelopes, at 8 cents each, must accompany orders. Payments must be by certified check or post office money order (persons wishing one or two such covers may chance sending cash). There is no charge for affixing names and addresses.

Orders must be postmarked no later than March 7 and envelopes bearing these orders must be marked in the lower left corner, "First Day



covers, 6c Herman Melville Envelope."

Melville's "Moby Dick; or, The Whale" failed to stir readers when it appeared in 1851, although his earlier "Typee" (1846) had been quite successful. "Moby Dick" was to remain dormant until half a century ago when, according to Clifton Fadiman, "we discovered how 'Moby Dick' should be read . . . not as if it were a novel but as if it were a myth. A novel is a tale. A myth is a disguised method of expressing mankind's deepest terrors and longings."

"Moby Dick," the tale told by Ishmael about Captain Ahab, Queequeg and the others aboard "Pequod," is a tale of a man's self-destruction. Ahab's revengeful pursuit of the White Whale that had torn off his leg, and later sent him to his death, is now a masterpiece of American literature.

Melville, born in New York in 1819, died here in 1891. Apparently an unhappy man, he, at one period of his life, went to sea, including a hitch aboard a whaling ship. These experiences led to "Typee" and "Moby Dick."

Whale 100 Feet Long

OSLO—The blue, or sulphur-bottom, whale, the biggest animal ever on the earth, may be over 100 feet long, weigh 150 tons and yield more than 8,000 gallons of oil. Eve. Star Sat 1 June 68

WASH Post

Saving the Ocean Mammals

THURS 20 MAY 71

For most of the millions of years they have happily roamed the seas of this planet, the mammals of the oceans have lived in the harmony of Nature. Then man came along and harmony soon became chaos. Today, whales, seals, porpoises, otters, walruses, sea lions, sea cows, dolphin and polar bear have only one way of living: at their own risk. These ocean mammals have been, and are now, pursued, harassed and slaughtered, on land and sea, by hunters of this country and others. The violence to the animals is unnecessary because, as Sen. Fred Harris (D-Okla.) put it, "there is no product from any one of these animals which is essential for human survival or welfare. Each has a substitute in one form or another." Throw rugs, jewelry, coats and other items—assuredly they are not essential.

Mr. Harris in the Senate and Rep. David Pryor (D-Ark.) in the House have jointly sponsored the Ocean Mammal Protection Act, a bill that would stop the killing of these defenseless animals. The legislation calls for fines and imprisonment of violators. Because money is to be made in the mammal-slaughter business, a ban would be imposed on the importation into the United States of all products made from the victimized animals; thus, the economic incentive is taken away.

The preservation of animals is not the only reason for quick action. Preserving the ecology is involved also. Off the coast of California, for example, a growing horde of sea urchins is devouring the giant kelp, a seaweed essential in the diet of fish in the area. Until recently, the urchins were controlled by the sea otter. But since the otter have been wiped out by the fur hunters, the urchins eat away, and the ecology is now precariously unbalanced.

Recent news stories and films of baby seals being clubbed to death for commercial reasons naturally sicken the public. But public outrage cannot stop the killing. What is needed is tough legislation that would equate the breaking of a mammal's skull with a breaking of the law, a law that would be enforced.

CHARLIE RICE'S PUNCHBOWL

THIS Week 30 Oct/66
SUNDAY

Ride on a Whale

A funny thing happened the other day while I was riding a whale: My eyeglasses fell into the water, and I was afraid I'd never see them again. But after I got ashore, the whale brought them back to me.

Maybe I'd better explain things from the beginning: An old friend of mine, George Hamid, Jr., runs an aquarium exhibit in Philadelphia called "Aquarama." George's star performer is "Willie," a black Pilot Whale. For a year or more, George has been asking me to come and ride the whale. Finally I ran out of excuses, so I took a trip to Philadelphia.

George and his assistants snaked me into a "scuba" suit and led me out to Willie's tank. In spite of his size, he seemed an amiable beast. He plunged happily around the tank, stopping at each turn to get a mackerel from his trainer, "Sonny" Allen.

As they lowered me into the tank, I asked, "Does he have any teeth?"

"Oh, yes — about a hundred," said Sonny. "But you don't have to worry as long as the mackerel hold out."

TO THOSE of my readers who have never ridden a whale, I must explain the technique: You tread water in one spot until the whale comes snorting within your reach. You then grab the big fin that sticks up on his back and scramble on. It's really no harder than jumping on a galloping greased horse and riding bareback.

Once you get the hang of it, whale-riding is sort of fun. But after a few trips around the tank, I was glad to slip off. I wasn't too happy about those hundred or so teeth.

Oh, yes — about my lost eyeglasses: I was surprised when Willie suddenly popped out of the water with my glasses hanging out of his teeth. Sonny grabbed the glasses and slipped Willie a mackerel. "He'll retrieve *anything* to get a reward."

Willie does quite a few amazing tricks, the most spectacular being his leap in the air through a huge hoop (*see photo, right*). He's got a girl-friend, Winkie, living in the tank with him — her only trick so far is to push a floating baby-carriage. The spectators always get a big kick out of this sly implication, but so far Willie hasn't caught the hint.

The Aquarama also has a big porpoise show, but Sonny says he'd rather work with whales. "I have a theory that whales are even more intelligent. A couple more years with Willie, and I may be able to prove it."

✦ Sonny told me that Willie, a North Atlantic Pilot Whale, eats about 130 pounds of fish a day. Willie is five years old and can hope to reach about 25. Bigger whales live longer — there is a reliable report of one that reached nearly 100.

✦ The most surprising thing about whales is that they often drown! They are mammals, not fish, and when ill or exhausted, they tend to roll over and take too much water through their spouts. That's the end, brother.



Willie is 17 feet long and weighs 2,250 pounds

✦ They never fall completely asleep, either — just doze — for the same reason. But one Sperm Whale did fall asleep during World War II, according to Professor E. J. Slijper in his book "Whales," and was hit by a U.S. destroyer. Thinking they had been torpedoed, the crew took to the boats!

✦ My own favorite whale story concerns "Pelorus Jack," a Pilot Whale who used to "pilot" ships between the harbors of Wellington and Nelson, in New Zealand. For 32 years he was on duty day in and day out, swimming alongside one ship or another. He became such a national hero that the New Zealand government passed a law, in 1904, forbidding anyone to harm him on pain of a $500 fine.

But my favorite whale is still Willie, the noblest steed I ever knew. I shall forever fondly remember all 2,250 pounds of him. . .

All but his teeth, anyway!

Charlie Rice

Walter Chandoha



WALTZ ME AROUND AGAIN, WILLIE! *Our hero manages a jaunty smile — at the same time keeping well to the rear of those 100-or-so teeth*

The Battery	*	12:23
Yonkers	1:07	1:32

*No other high tide in this period.

ratified by dockers in the ports which had been tied

N.Y. HERALD-TRIBUNE TUES MARCH 65

70-Ft. Whale Loses To a 150-Ft. Tugboat

The crew of the Nancy Moran has a good fish story, but the seamen are stuck for an ending. They do not know whether the 70-foot whale they hit is dead or alive.

All they know is that their 150-foot tug struck a submerged object and shuddered from stem to stern as it lost headway. Suddenly a 70-foot whale rose out of the water, looked at the Betty Moran and headed seaward leaving a trail of bloody water in its wake.

Capt. Rodney Jones, skipper of the tug, reported the encounter yesterday to the Moran Towing and Transportation Co. Capt. Jones said the crash occured Sunday morning 15 miles off Atlantic City. The 4,300-horsepower Nancy Moran was towing a barge loaded with 10,000 tons of coal from Newport News, Va., to New Haven, Conn.

The Nancy Moran was making nine knots when it hit the whale, Capt. Jones said. He and his eight-man crew will be reading East Coast newspapers for a terse report from a merchant ship that the whale was spotted, or for a frantic cry from a homeowner that a dead whale has washed up on his beach.

P ARRIVALS, DEPARTU



U.S. Geological Survey Photo

The Jawbone of a Whale

Dr. Frank C. Whitmore Jr., a persistent hunter of 20-million-year-old whale remnants, has collected parts of what may be a whale's jawbone, found at the famed Miocene Epoch deposits at Calvert Cliffs, Md. He is holding up a whale jawbone found several years ago for comparison with the small parts.

TIMES-HERALD WASH. D.C. 22 FEB 1949

BELIEVE IT OR NOT By Ripley



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WASH. D.C. EVENING STAR FRI. 15 MAY '64

WHAT DID THESE SEAMEN SEE? SERPENT SWIMMING IN SOUND

NEW BEDFORD, Mass. (AP).—Crewmen of a New Bedford fishing boat have reported sighting a sea serpent off Nantucket Island.

"At first we thought it was a whale," said Engineman Alf Wilhelmsen yesterday, "and we started out after it. But when we got close enough, we could see it wasn't a whale."

The crew said the creature was at least 50 feet long and believed to weigh 35 to 40 tons. It had a blow hole on top of the head, but the head was described as resembling an alligator and it rose about 26 feet above the water. Its body, the crewmen said, had several humps.

The crew said the creature was spotted about 30 miles east-southeast of Round Shoals Buoy off Nantucket. The weather was good and the sea calm.

(William O. Richards)

VINYARD GAZETTE FU-

Gauger Was Important in Whaling Business

19 Feb/65

His Manner Showed It, Too, and His Strange Implements Were Beautiful to See

By Joseph Chase Allen

Oliver Goldsmith, in his poem The Deserted Village, described the schoolmaster as a man of many talents, and climaxing the long list of these he said: "E'en the story ran that he could gauge. . . ."

It was in such manner that the poet paid his respects to the art and mystery of measuring a barrel or cask in order to learn its capacity. Somewhere, undoubtedly, there are gaugers working at their profession today, but to most persons the term is unfamiliar and the bearers of the title unknown.

Yet there was a time when the gauger was a familiar figure whereever whaleships fitted out and made port. In Vineyard Haven and Edgartown, in New Bedford and the many whaling ports along Cape Cod, Narragansett Bay and Long Island Sound, It was the gauger and he alone who could determine the volume of a whaling voyage.

Would Fill Every Space

Men filling a whaleship with oil could not operate with the methods of a similar crew filling a building. With good and greasy luck, a whaler's crew would fill every space aboard ship and in order to do so they were obliged to depart entirely from any conventional system of providing containers for the oil.

These were casks, for few whalers, especially sperm whalers, ever carried tanks and the casks made in the cooper shops, followed patterns which did not vary.

Staves were all the same length, varying in width only. With these and heads made in standard sizes, the coopers provided casks of one, two, four, six and up to twelve-barrel capacity, and every whaler carried casks of these sizes as well as loose staves and heads for making, or setting up others.

But when it came to filling the odd spaces left after the normal hold-room was filled, the ingenious whalemen made other containers which did not follow any rule. They fashioned heads smaller than those of a barrel, and they set up casks of odd shape and odder capacity designed to fit odd spaces in the ship. When, therefore, the ship returned to port and her cargo of oil was hoisted out, it was not only necessary to check the capacity of all standard casks, but also those oddities of cooperage.

The preparation of the cargo of oil for inspection by the agents and buyers was an involved one and the most important part was the measuring of all casks by the gauger.

Casks Arranged in Rows

First of all the lumpers saw to it that every cask was filled. All the casks had been placed in rows, with walking space and more, between, each cask with its bung on top, perfectly balanced. Then, taking oil from a cask that was but partly filled, and by means of bright copper pump, funnel and measure, the lumpers removed every bung, filled the casks as they lay, replaced the bungs loosely, and sent for the gauger.

He arrived, a dignified, even reticent man, bearded, as a general thing, well-dressed and wholly aloof. He would not deign to recognize the presence of other working men, but he would enter into guarded conversation with a master or agent.

He bore the implements of his profession, and they were beautiful to look upon: a measuring-stick, about four feet in length, a variety of trammel, with hook-shaped ends for measuring the length of a cask inside the projecting staves or chimes. These were of boxwood, highly polished and trimmed with brass which gleamed like gold. There was also a sounding-rod, of polished steel with a head on one end and a sort of point on the other. A brass slide could be moved up and down on this rod, and was used in determining the depth of a cask at its greatest diameter, as it lay on its side. Dropped through the bung, the slide was set at a point level with the staves, and then, when the measurement had been made, this slide removed all oil which clung to the rod, and scraped it back into the cask.

Four Measurements Required

Lengthwise measurements were made with the trammel, in two positions, and the diameter of the head was found by means of the measuring-stick. This required four measurements, and here occurred a remarkable thing.

The gauger appeared to carry these figures in his head, for he made no notes. But having completed his measurements of a cask, he set them down in white chalk on the head, likewise the capacity of the cask and the formula by which he had found it. The appearance of his cryptogram looked something like this—

$$\frac{28 \times 14 \times 8}{120}$$

The figure below the line indicated gallons, in this case probably a so-called four-barrel cask, since a barrel was supposed to contain about thirty gallons, but would sometimes hold thirty-three.

No one approached the gauger at

THE CAPE COD Post SAT. 15 MARCH '69



United Press International

OIL SLICK VICTIM?—This gray whale is one of six that have washed ashore on northern California beaches in the past month, four of them in a single week. Marine biologists are conducting autopsies to determine if they were victims of the recent oil leakage off Santa Barbara or of chemicals that were used to help disperse the oil.

engineering QTime

GENERAL TIME JULY 1968 VOL. 1 No. 2

GENERAL TIME INSTRUMENTS IN THE OCEANS 'ROUND THE WORLD

In the Ocean Sciences, time is one of the most important factors in measuring environmental conditions at various depths, and General Time's instruments and programmers are found operating from the Continental shelf of eastern North America to deep in the Indian Ocean.

It all started a few years ago when the Oceanographic Institute at Woods Hole, Massachusetts required some rather simple timers to release instrument packages from the bottom and allow them to float to the surface, after a specified and pre-set time interval, where they can be recovered by a surface vessel. General Time's Research Center built a few of these instruments which have operated successfully under the various environments found at the ocean bottom.

One thing led to another, with the instrument packages becoming more and more complex, so that one recent electronic device is the signal generator shown on the following page which, in effect, is a beacon and may be used for underwater navigation and other purposes. This unit must withstand, in some instances, pressures as high as 7 tons per square inch. Its casing is shown at the left rear.

A research scientist of the Rockefeller University is working with Woods Hole on a program to determine the social and physiological behavior of whales in their natural ocean environment. The vital piece of equipment for this study is a tiny telemetering unit which must be attached to the whale by means of a small rubber suction cup.



The Research Center developed this unit which we call "Moby Dick." It consists of nearly a hundred components packed into a potted package about 2 inches long and the size of a half dollar in cross section. This device does not involve integrated circuitry because of very low battery power and special circuit requirements. It generates a 12 Khz frequency burst of 4 milliseconds duration once every second and is used in conjunction with a sonic transducer to permit the tracking of a whale at all depths. The effective life of the unit is expected to be several days (depending upon how well the whale behaves) and a number of them are being carried on ships to the whaling grounds — even

(continued page 2)



Dolores Huey, Technician at the Research Center, holds one of the "Moby Dick" telemetering units.

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GENERAL TIME
Progress in the World of Time
High Ridge Park • Stamford, Connecticut 06905

to Antarctica if necessary.

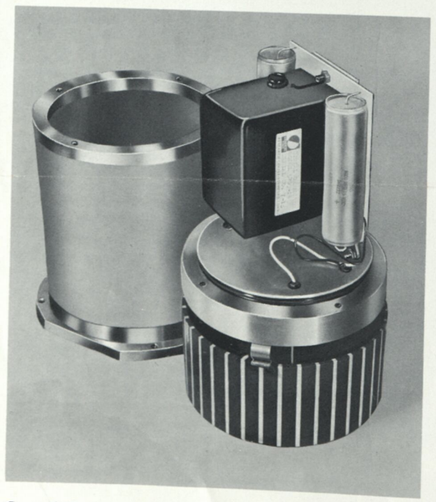
In contrast to these cold water units, other oceanographic devices built at the Research Center were used by scientists last summer in mapping the mysterious "hot spots" in the Indian ocean which appear to be caused by hot springs on the ocean floor.

As General Time's interest and capability in Oceanography developed, it became advisable to expand into areas wherein our overall effort would be more effective. Consequently, General Time acquired the Braincon Corporation of Marion, Massachusetts, a well-known and respected company specializing in the development and manufacturing of a wide range of tow vehicles, cables, instrumented buoys, thermographs, current meters, pressure indicators and other hydrographic systems. Braincon is now a wholly owned subsidiary of General Time.

On Page One is shown one of Braincon's underwater tow vehicles being hoisted out of the water following test runs. This unit can be made either as a manned or unmanned vehicle and contains sonar instruments for determining the ocean floor profiles in relatively shallow off-shore depths while being towed behind an Oceanographic research vessel. A powered version is being considered for development in Canada.

The grey circle seen on the underside of this craft is a rubber composition diaphragm behind which are located the sonar transmitting and receiving instruments. Precise towing depths are established by the setting of the fins at the stern of this vehicle.

Thus, General Time has become a significant factor in ocean technology in areas where its R & D as well as manufacturing capabilities can be most effectively utilized.



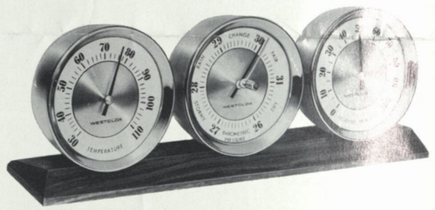
General Time's under-water beacon which contains a 10,000 hour timer and operates from the ocean floor for extended periods.

NEW, HIGH ACCURACY HYGROMETER

This is the story of what we believe is the most accurate Hygrometer in the world for average home use.

A Hygrometer is an instrument which tells you how much moisture there is in the air in terms of relative humidity — that is, the amount of moisture in the air as compared with the amount it *could* contain at the same temperature. It is expressed, therefore, as a percentage.

The most important element in such an instrument is the moisture sensor. There are many materials which swell and contract as they are exposed to or absorb moisture, but the real trick is to find a material which is consistent in its physical change from extreme dryness to extreme wetness and within a broad range of temperatures.



Westclox' home weather station #83055 consisting of Thermometer, Barometer and the Hygrometer at the right. These instruments are in brass with shatterproof crystals on walnut base. There are several other models for wall mounting as well as desk use.

Every woman knows what can happen to her new hairdo in the rain, and one of the sensors used in some instruments is actually human hair which, it seems, may be fairly accurate over a range of humidity and temperature. In such instruments, nine or ten individual hairs are stretched parallel to each other to form a sort of ribbon of hair.

Unfortunately, however, hair from different heads and even from the same head will exhibit different expansion and contraction characteristics so that each instrument must be specially calibrated for each "ribbon" of hair. Furthermore, the hair may not remain consistent in its response to moisture over a period of time. Consequently, such an instrument may require frequent re-calibration or lose its initial accuracy. The search for consistency resulted in the use of hair from the heads of certain central European women almost exclusively since their hair was straight and round in cross section. But even this degree of uniformity leaves much to be desired when consistent accuracy is essential.

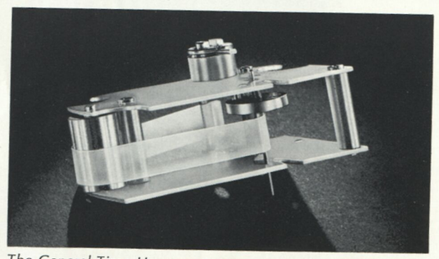
Another sensor currently used in several relative humidity meters consists of a special paper cemented to one surface of a coil of metal which may be brass, bronze or beryllium copper. This, in effect, is similar to a bi-metal strip which responds to temperature changes by coiling tighter or more loosely since one metal expands more than the other. The same thing happens with the paper/metal coil except that the paper swells with moisture whereas the metal does not, thus causing the coil to change one way or the other, so that a needle or pointer attached to the coil can move across a dial and indicate moisture changes.

However, the paper ages with use, the fibers may become dis-aligned and inconsistency may result over a period of time with consequent inaccuracies appearing.

In General Time's new Hygrometer, which is one member of its current home environmental instrument family, a special hydroscopic plastic material is used which remains consistent in its response to moisture and is not significantly affected by the temperature ranges usually found at home.



Judy Rodriguez compares the Nylon #6 ribbon loop in her right hand with a few strands of her very pretty blond hair. Judy is a secretary at Corporate headquarters in Stamford.



The General Time Hygrometer movement showing the Nylon #6 moisture sensing element and the eccentric drum around which it winds itself.

This material is known as Nylon #6. It has a growth rate of 5.4% for a 0 to 100% relative humidity change. The tape as used in the General Time Hygrometers is 6″ in overall length and is doubled to form a 3″ long sensor in the instrument. This tape is 1/4″ wide and .001″ thick. A 0 to 100% change in relative humidity causes the strip to change .162″ in length which, through precise design of the drum around which it winds itself during changes in humidity, results in accurate readings over the extremes of humid environmental conditions. The indicator needle is attached to the drum mentioned above.

The basic design work on this instrument was initiated at the R & D operation at General Time of Canada Ltd., where a complete evaluation of many hydroscopic materials was made. It was later transferred to the Engineering group at General Time's Westclox Division at La Salle, Illinois, where it was production engineered and is currently manufactured.

Patents have been applied for covering several of General Time's weather instruments including those unique and important features of its Hygrometer which are responsible for its high degree of consistent accuracy.



In the design of new types of magnetic circuitry and analysis for motor modifications and improvement, long and tedious mathematical computation is frequently required. To save time and assure accuracy the Research Center has recently had a terminal installed for use with IBM Quicktran programs. The actual computer is located in New York City and is connected via telephone line to the terminal. The photograph shows Adele Domagala of the Research Center office staff using this equipment. The device in the background connects the typewriter keyboard in the foreground to the computer. Questions and data are then typed directly to the computer and a short time later, the keyboard locks, and the answers are automatically typed on the sheet in the typewriter. Research time is valuable and this system saves a lot of it.

To All Nations: Don't Have a Pack Mentality. Keep Antarctica Pure.



The New York Times/Robert Reinhold

By Charles Neider

PRINCETON, N. J.—It is not too early to speak up on behalf of a continent that has a reputation for being fiercely hostile to life and yet which, when the weather is quiet, impresses one with its gentleness, peacefulness, even innocence—a place remote from other great land masses, different because it is so extreme, the sole continent that never harbored man, that can be thought of as being otherwordly and therefore possibly expendable.

Jesus said, "The poor ye shall always have with ye," and one has to agree, sadly, that He has not been proved wrong. Now it seems likely that we will have overpopulation with us for a long time, and the increasingly rapid depletion of the earth's fossil-fuel resources that will be an inevitable result.

The present oil crisis has dramatized the pressure to exploit such reserves, and it is not surprising that the eyes of certain nations, our own among them, have turned to Antarctica, for Antarctica comprises one-tenth of the earth's land mass, and there are many reasons to believe, if we are to trust geological research and extrapolation, that the continent and its continental shelves contain great oil and gas reserves. It is only a question of a decade or two before the advanced nations possess the technology for exploiting them.

The harm that can be done by unchecked commercial activity in Antarctica was witnessed early in the last century when freewheeling, often secretive sealers decimated the fur seals to a point close to extinction. It may be observed today in the frightful depredations being committed by Japanese and Soviet whaling vessels outfitted with the latest apparatus for killing and processing blue whales, the largest animals in earth's history, whose like, if they are not soon protected by international outcry, mankind may never see again.

The Antarctic Treaty has reserved certain regions for the protection of special fauna and flora, but the areas are small, isolated and scattered, and the provisions covering them are limited in scope and do not envision the desirability of selection and protection of sites for esthetic as well as ecological reasons. Furthermore, their life is limited to that of the treaty.

The heart of the matter was touched in a little-publicized resolution of the second World Conference on National Parks, held in Wyoming in September, 1972. More than 400 delegates from 75 countries urged (unanimously, it was reported) that a world park be established in the Antarctic region, under the direction of the United Nations, to "further protect the unaltered natural ecosystem of the Antarctic continent and the areas surrounding it."

In Antarctica, man can view a truly primeval wilderness. It is essential to his psychic well-being that his feelings of awe, wonder, mystery, humility, his appreciation of incredible and unspoiled natural beauty on a tremendous scale, not be taken from him. But what will protect this so-called savage place against the coming ravages of man if it is not a concordance of international opinion?

Antarctica is an everyman's land, and any nation, however small, or any private firm, for that matter, if it has the capabilities, can go there to do its commercial will.

Those who have experienced Antarctica and have fallen under its great spell imagine a time of the continent's commercial exploitation, of hostile international rivalry, perhaps even of physical conflict in a huge land mass where, as far as is known, no murder has even been committed.

But one does not need to know Antarctica personally to be profoundly saddened by the prospect.

What more appropriate place for an international park than Antarctica, where, although a number of nations claim sovereignty over various slices of the Antarctic pie, all such claims were shelved for the duration of the Antarctic Treaty, which went into effect in 1961 and whose life span, without counting possible renewals, is thirty years.

It should be agreed that no exploitation of any sort may take place in the proposed park. We owe it to our descendants, near and remote, to undertake this task before it is too late.

Charles Neider, who writes novels and criticism, is author of "Edge of the World: Ross Island, Antarctica."



BANKER FORBES sits behind a big glass case holding a model, built in 1843, of the whaling ship *Benjamin Tucker*. Other desk ornaments include a ballast rock from the *Sparrowhawk*, wrecked off Cape Cod in 1626; a historic polo ball (*upper right*, on top of case); iron spiders full of paper clips, and a piece of Plymouth Rock.

LIFE MAGAZINE
28 JUNE 1948

Wash Post (DC) Post Staff 1 June '79

Ban on Killing at Issue

Little Progress Seen In Whaling Talks

U.S. and Japanese officials conducted cordial but inconclusive talks yesterday on whaling operations which critics contend will kill off some species for all time if they are not halted soon.

At issue is Japan's refusal to stop unlimited killing of the species of whales which the majority of nations in the International Whaling Commission believe are in danger of extinction.

To bring political pressure on Japan, Sen. Warren G. Magnuson (D-Wash.) and Rep. John D. Dingell (D-Mich.) are pressing for a U.S. ban on Japanese imports.

In advance of any such government action, a coalition of private conservation groups has organized a consumer boycott of Japanese products in hopes of saving whales from extinction. Representatives of that group picketed Japan Air Lines offices here yesterday to protest the whale killing.

U.S. officials said that yesterday's meeting at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration here between Robert M. White, head of that agency as well as U.S. whaling commissioner, and Iwao Fujiga, Japan's whaling commissioner, will be followed up with other sessions soon.

Fujiga refused to make any major concessions on conservation issues at yesterday's meeting, officials said. But Japan's willingness to continue to discuss the problems in advance of the next formal International Whaling Commission meeting in London on June 23 was viewed by specialists here as a hopeful sign.

Japan at the London meeting last year refused to go along with the majority of commission nations which recommended phasing out the killing of the finback whale altogether and setting quotas for the killing of sperm and minke whales.

Three Unionists Slain in Argentina

BUENOS AIRES, Argentina, May 31 (AP) — Three leftist unionists kidnaped by a gang of 20 youths from a meeting hall of the Socialist Workers Party were found dead yesterday in nearby Pacheco, police reported.

The killings apparently were part of a campaign against the leftist union, during which at least two union headquarters in interior cities were bombed.

WASH

Frederic Lewis



True June '79

Q: Are there any manatees left in the United States? *Thomas St. Charles, Boston, Mass.*

A: Only a few. Aquatic, plant-eating mammals which grow to 12 feet in length and weigh up to a ton, manatees are still found in Florida waters. Because their meat is savory and because of the commercial value of their hides, oils and fat, manatees are disappearing fast. Florida conservationists hope to keep them in existence because an adult manatee can eat as much as 100 pounds of underwater plants a day, helping to clear Florida's fast-choking waterways. Manatees have a blunt head, small eyes, thick lips and a bristly muzzle. Their meat tastes much like beef.

U.S.-Japanese Meetings May Bring Reprieve for Whales

By George C. Wilson
Washington Post Staff Writer

A meeting between American and Japanese government officials in Washington today may signal safer days for whales threatened with extinction.

Iwao Fujiga and Robert M. White, the whaling commissioners of Japan and the United States, are scheduled to discuss the plight of whales at a face-to-face session at the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, which White heads.

At issue is Japan's refusal to go along with the majority of other nations in the International Whaling Commission that wanted to reduce or stop the slaughter of certain whales to preserve the species.

To bring Japan around, Chairman Warren G. Magnuson (D-Wash.) of the Senate Commerce Committee and other lawmakers have introduced bills to impose an official government boycott of Japanese goods.

Beside that pressure, the State Department warned Japan earlier this month that the United States might resort to banning the import of Japanese fishing products if the whale slaughter continued unabated.

Already a coalition of private conservation groups have organized a boycott of Japanese goods of all kinds in an attempt to persuade Japan to spare the whales.

"I hope this meeting means the Japanese realize everybody has to practice conservation," Magnuson said last night. Then, referring to the boycott he is advocating, Magnuson said of the Japanese:

"To coin a phrase, they've got bigger fish to fry than catching whales."

Among those now hunted, the whales considered the gravest danger are the finback, sperm and Minke. The countries attending the International Whaling Commission last year voted overwhelmingly to stop the killing of the finback altogether and set area quotas for the sperm and Minke. Japan and the Soviet Union were within their legal rights in refusing to go along.

Magnuson said last night that the Russians probably could have been persuaded, but that Japan was adamant in its refusal. That is why, he said, boycott bills are targeted on Japan rather than the Soviet Union and Norway, which also kill a lot of whales.

The U.S. government has the authority to impose a boycott of Japanese fishing products under the Fishermen's Protective Act of 1967. An amendment to that act sponsored by the late Rep. Thomas M. Pelly (R-Wash.) allows such a boycott against nations that flout international programs designed to conserve marine resources.

Senate fishery specialists theorized that Japan is worried about a boycott and thus decided to send its officials to Washington to talk directly with White and his staff about abiding by some conservation measures. The next formal meeting of the International Whaling Commission is on June 23 in London.

White himself said it would be premature to assume Japan will soften its opposition to quotas and other conservation measures. He added, however, that the preliminary figures on this year's kill of whales are higher than the levels conservationists believe many species can sustain, thus adding urgency to the need for a restraint agreement.

The Japanese and Russians have displayed a "total lack of international concern" at a time "the whales and fishes of the world's oceans are being wiped out at an astonishing rate," Magnuson has charged.

"Some of these species (of whales) may be so depleted as to be already doomed," he has warned, "for it is impossible that enough males and females will be able to find one another over the vast expanse of the ocean to breed in sufficient numbers to perpetuate the species."



Change of Pace
...Change of Place

Living Sea Drama At Mystic Seaport



The masts of the Joseph Conrad jut up at right over Mystic Seaport.

—Photographs by Patrick Young

MYSTIC, CONN.

STEP aboard the Charles W. Morgan. Tread her weather decks back into a distant era, the age of sails and whales.

She is a proud ship, sturdy and well-rigged, the lone survivor of that great fleet of wooden-hulled sailing vessels that rounded Cape Horn to seek the mighty Pacific whale. Today she rests beside a pier here, the flagship of a squadron of floating artifacts at Mystic Seaport.

The Morgan's three masts thrust skyward, visible from almost any outdoor vantage point on Mystic Seaport's 37 acres. The Seaport is no ordinary museum of musty halls and dusty display cases, though it has a few of those. Rather it is a living museum where the 400,000 visitors each year can see and feel what nineteenth Century New England seaport might have looked like and wander the decks of several sailing vessels of the past.

Mystic Seaport is operated by the Mystic Historical Association, a nonprofit group formed in 1929 by three Mystic area residents to perpetuate knowledge about and promote an interest in America's maritime history. In its 39 years, the association has grown to some 12,000 members and it has acquired one of the nation's finest collection of maritime memorabilia and historic sailing ships.

Next to the Morgan, the Joseph Conrad, the former Danish training ship on her round-the-world voyage in the 1930s chronicled by Capt. Alan Villiers in *Way of the Conrad*, bobs lightly in the gentle swells of the Mystic River.

Around the point, there is the L. A. Dunton, a classic example of the New England fishing schooners that reaped the harvest of the Grand Banks off Newfoundland and Georges Banks off Cape Cod. There are others—the Regina M, the Nathan, the Dorothy A. Parsons, and the Frederick A—each with its own sea story.

Inside of Mystic Seaport

The Morgan [illegible]

Ornate door knocker on the Mallory Building has seagoing theme.



Shipsmith Herbert Norton hammers out a hook at Peters-Driggs shop.

defect by developing an area to represent a seaport of the 1800s. It sits on a small point of land with a cobblestone street along the waterfront, hardly a place for high stepping in high heels.

Some of the buildings [illegible]

ter's admission, provides a 35-minute tour of the night sky (once each weekday afternoon, twice on week ends). The machine that projects the pinpoints of light onto the planetarium's domed ceiling, a rather odd Rube Goldberg-type device, is reset each day so that the show depicts the sky for the coming evening.

Besides providing a rest for tired feet, the planetarium show offers a brief explanation of the sextant and its importance for navigating at sea. In the lobby, there is a chart showing the Morgan's first voyage. By using the latitude and longitude readings taken from the Morgan's 1843 log, a visitor can locate the ship's position on the date of his visit.

Several buildings at Mystic Seaport house displays of navigation aids, ship models, whaling equipment, and bow figures, those often ornate busts and statues that graced the bows of old sailing ships. The best of these is the Stillman Building, with its display of ship models and scrimshaw, the intricate etchings and carvings that sailors made from whale bones and teeth. Like all of Mystic Seaport, these can be savored or passed quickly.

Behind the Stillman Building, a visitor can touch history. Alongside the wharf rests the huge anchor and thick metal chain from the U.S.S. Hartford, Adm. David G. Farragut's flagship at the Battle of Mobile Bay during the Civil War. It was aboard the Hartford that Admiral Farragut issued his defiant order: "Damn the torpedoes . . . full speed!"

Nearby are three cannon, raised from the 60-gun H.M.S. Winchester, which sunk on Craysfort Reef off the Florida Coast on Sept. 24, 1695.

Mystic Seaport caters to more than the mind and spirit of ship lovers. The cafeteria at the Seamen's Inn provides a tasty selection of lunches at moderate prices. For a heartier meal and more potent potables, at a leisurely pace, there is the Whaler Room at the inn. There is a picnic area, too, for those who want to pack in their own provisions.

Mystic Seaport is open year-round except on Thanksgiving and Christmas. The best time for a visit is between late April and late October, when the interpreters are on duty. Summer admissions cost $2.50 for adults and $1 for children 6 through 15. Yachtsmen can arrange overnight docking, but reservations must be made in advance with the Harbor Master at Mystic Seaport.

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Pride of Mystic Seaport

The Morgan, however, is the pride of Mystic Seaport. She was built in 1841 in New Bedford, Mass., and named for her first owner. On Sept. 6, 1841, the Morgan set sail on the first of her 37 whaling voyages. When she returned three years and four months later, the Morgan was laden with 2,400 barrels of oil and 10,000 pounds of whalebone from the rich Pacific whaling grounds.

Whaling was long, hard, and dangerous, particularly when the small boats set out to harpoon their prey. Boats capsized and men drowned. Sometimes the whale would tow the boat out of sight of the ship. There were dangers, too, alongside and aboard ship as the men used sharp tools to cut up the mammal for rendering.

The Morgan's career as a whaler spanned 80 years. Mystic Seaport acquired her in 1941, but not before she appeared in three Hollywood movies, including the 1921 version of *Down to the*



Shipsmith Herbert Norton hammers out a hook at Peters-Driggs shop.

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Some of the buildings are authentic, like the Elihu Spicer Countinghouse, built in 1833 at Old Mystic, Conn. Some are new, like the apothecary shop and doctor's office, but furnished with authentic pieces. Each is staffed by "interpreters" to explain the history of the building and the crafts represented. "We strive towards live interpretation rather than electronics or video tapes," says Edmund Lynch, the Seaport's curator.

The Lore of the Sea

Conversation with some of these interpreters can be an interesting experience, for many of the men are retired seamen and shipyard workers. At Schaefer's Spouter Tavern, which dispenses nothing stronger than historical lore, James McGuire may be holding forth on his 17 years at sea, recalling the time the cargo ship Eastern Tempest ran aground in the Baltic Sea.

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Only Two Men Survived

The drama of the sea wasn't confined to the larger sailing ships. Resting along the water's edge at Mystic Seaport, its brown-and-tan paint chipped and peeling, is a jolly boat from the British steamer Anglo-Saxon. The ship was sunk by a German raider off the west coast of Africa on Aug. 2, 1940, and its crew machine gunned. Seven men escaped in the small boat, but only two survived the 3,000-mile, 70-day voyage that followed to the Bahama Islands.

Mystic Seaport is more than a collection of ships. Mystic itself was once a shipbuilding center, and part of the Seaport is on ground once occupied by Geo. Greenman & Co., which built 94 clipper ships, packets, and steamers. But Mystic was never a seaport. The Marine Historical Association has remedied this local



Florence Butten operates a loom at the Mystic Bridge Weavers.



Shipsmith Herbert Norton hammers out a hook at Peters-Driggs shop.

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"We threw all the cargo out of the No. 1 and No. 2 holds to raise the bow up," he says. "A ship came out from Copenhagen and towed us in. We had to spend three months in Copenhagen. That was tough."

A popular spot is the Peters-Driggs Shipsmith Shop. The shop originally stood on Merrill's Wharf in New Bedford during the years when whaling flourished. Today it still operates to demonstrate how the smithies fashioned the metal parts used aboard ships. It's a favorite spot with children, who are allowed occasionally to pump the forge's hand bellows. Herbert Norton, the shipsmith, is a descendant of the Morgan's first captain and a fount of whaling lore.

At the Nantucket Cooperage, Charles Zuccardy lectures on the art of barrelmaking with the aplomb of a college professor. Mr. Zuccardy was trained as a cooper, but he found it boring and became a ship joiner. Now in his 80s and retired, he brings both knowledge and enthusiasm to his talks about barrels and their importance aboard ships. "When people go out of here, they know how a barrel is made," he says with assurance.

The apothecary shop and doctor's office ably demonstrate the medical advances of a century. There is, for example, an explanation of the use of leeches in healing the ill. And among the wonder cures on a shelf in the doctor's office, amid such marvels as Kemp's Balsam (for the throat and lungs) and Dr. Ordway's Celebrated Pain Destroyer (for curing practically any ailment), is a tiny bottle of chocolate-coated aphrodisiac tablets.

A Willing Hand

At the Mystic Bridge Weavers, Florence Butten and her colleagues work the looms, weaving towels for sale in the Seaport's Variety Store. Mrs. Butten, for one, acquired her skill after coming to Mystic Seaport in search of a job. "If they'd asked could I blacksmith, I'd have learned that," she says.

The Seaport Planetarium, for a quarter's admission, provides a 35-minute tour of the night sky (once each weekday afternoon, twice on week ends). The machine that projects the pinpoints of light onto the planetarium's domed ceiling, a rather odd Rube Goldberg-type device, is reset each day so that the show depicts the sky for the coming evening.

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Sahara Sand Dusts Swiss Area

That fine "red stuff" filtering down from the sky around Lake Como near Mendrisio, Switzerland, was sand from the African Sahara. Experts explained that fine sand borne on high air currents from the Sahara finally ran out of wind over Switzerland. A similar deposit from 1962 can still be seen as a pink tinge on some high glaciers in the Swiss Alps.

N.Y. Times

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1966.

BLUE WHALE GETS SURVIVAL CHANCE

Scientist Hails Ban on Hunt for Last 600 of Species

By WALTER SULLIVAN
Special to The New York Times

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29—It appears that the blue whale, largest creature that has ever moved across the face of the earth, has a fighting chance of being saved from extinction.

This was the gist of a report presented here today by a leading expert on the problem.

In the nineteen-thirties, an average of about 14,500 of these giants, some of them 100 feet long and from 125 to 150 tons in weight, were harpooned annually by newly built catchers fast enough to overtake them. Today, an estimated total of 600 are left in the vast ocean surrounding Antarctica.

However, this year, for the first time, a total ban on their pursuit has been agreed to by the nations that take part in Antartic whaling — now reduced to Norway, Japan and the Soviet Union.

The result, according to Dr. Douglas G. Chapman of the University of Washington, is that the blue whale may yet survive as a species.

Dr. Chapman, served as the American representative on the international committee of specialists that recommended the current ban. He spoke at the Shoreham Hotel at a symposium on over-exploited animals. The panel was part of the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He elaborated on his views in an interview.

The difficulty in making a firm prediction that the blue whale will survive is the lack of knowledge concerning its breeding habits.

A Practical Question

With only 600 of the giant animals in the world ocean, how difficult is it for boy to meet girl, so to speak?

Dr. Chapman believes they will manage. The blue whale appears to be monogamous. However, observations in recent years suggest that small groups of them congregate in certain patches of sub-tropical water during the breeding season.

Like many other polar animals, the blue whales migrate to food-rich polar waters in summer, then retreat to warmer latitudes in winter for breeding. Little is known of their breeding behavior because they remain far at sea.

The seasons in the Northern and Southern Hemispheres are reversed. Hence, the blue whales of the north are feeding in icy waters when those of the south are breeding in the subtropics and the two varieties apparently never meet. The northern blue whale is even more rare than his southern cousin.

Dr. Chapman said that, ironically, if the whaling nations had agreed to a sharp cutback in the blue whale harvest in 1950, when the annual catch ran above 6,000, no cutoff would have been necessary.

For many years the whaling nations, through the International Whaling Commission, have agreed—or sought to agree—on annual quotas for the Antarctic whale catch.

The quotas traditionally have been in "blue whale units," which are designed to give whalers some flexibility in their catch. Two whales or six sei whales equal one blue whale unit.

Observers from the government of the nation whose flag is flown by each factory ship ride the ship and report the catch. Two fin whales or six sei reaches the agreed limit, all are told by radio to go home.

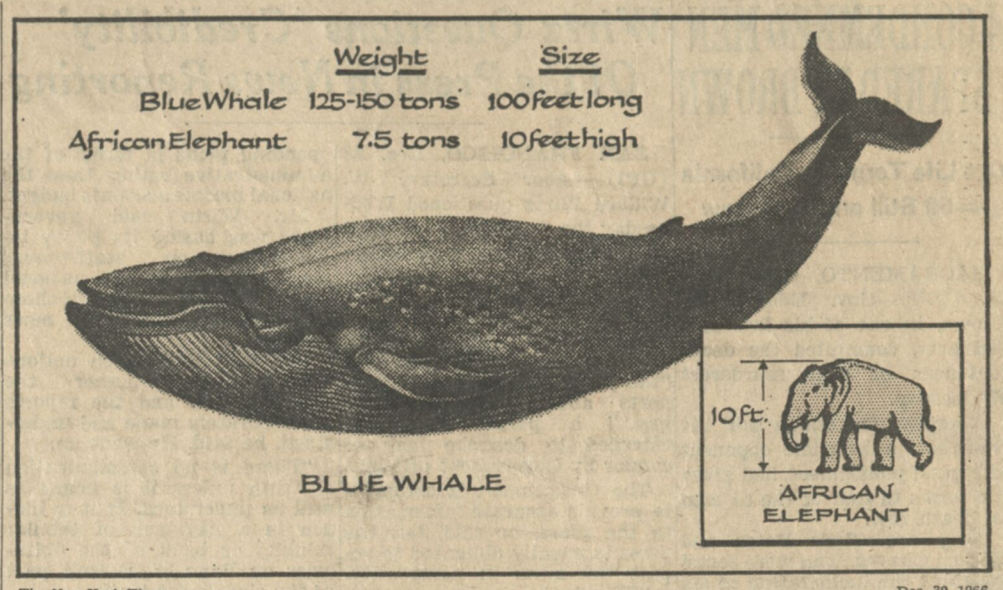
In the current Antarctic season, which began this month, a record low quota of 3,500 blue whale units has been agreed to, but no blue whales can be taken.

Last year a small area was open for blue whale hunting. None were taken there, but one was taken, illegally, as reported by one of the national observers.

Last year, the Antarctic catch was 2,314 fin whales and 17,558 sei whales. The latter, although low in whale oil, have increased in value because their meat has become popular, particularly in Japan. Dr. Chapman expressed concern for both these species.

He noted that there had been a dramatic decline in whaling. Until a few years ago, the whaling fleet in Antartica included 22 factory ships for processing the catch, each with its fleet of catchers. This year, there are four or five.

However, he believes a small whaling harvest can be continued until the whaling population recovers its former abundance.

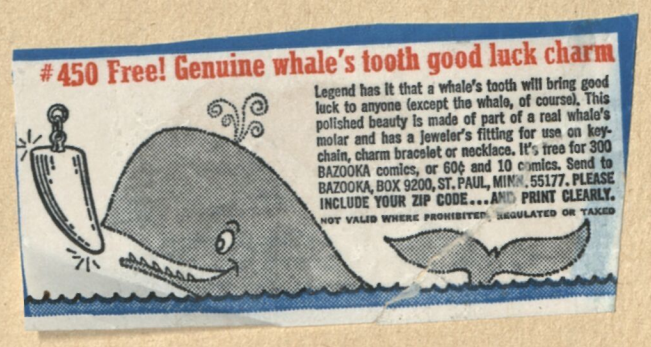


The New York Times Dec. 30, 1966

MATTER OF RELATIVITY: Next to a blue whale, drawn above, an elephant is small

California Birth Rate Lags

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28 (AP)—California's birth rate dropped in 1966 to the lowest level in 25 years, the State Health Department reported Wednesday. It was the third straight year the rate has fallen. The department said that the total of 345,000 births in 1966 represented about 18 per 1,000 persons, the lowest since 1941.



The Schizophrenic Azores

Continued From Page 16

and the airport area have electricity, and most of the roads are unpaved.

However, it is possible to tour the 37-square-mile island by taxi in one day for about $10, stopping to visit the picturesque hillside hamlets and fishing villages. At Lugar dos Anjos, one can enter the modest whitewashed chapel, where it is said Christopher Columbus's crew gave thanks for their successful voyage back from the West Indies in 1493. Columbus is believed to have remained on shipboard because he feared Portuguese ill-will for his sailing under the Spanish flag.

Farther east, the white chapel of Fatima dominates Santa Maria from a hilltop. On any day, the faithful can be seen struggling up the 158 steps on their knees. Inland, the Picos Mountain, covered with pines and ferns and wildflowers, offers walks and picnic grounds.

Outstanding Beach

On the western coast, São Lourenço is a ghost town in winter, but many islanders have summer homes there. São Lourenço's steep slopes are covered with terraced vineyards, and at the bottom lies a white sandy beach, one of the best in the islands. Another popular excursion for sport fishermen is the 30-mile boat ride to the Formigas (Ants) Islets, north of Santa Maria.

Angra do Heroismo, on Terceira Island, was twice the capital of Portugal. In the 16th-century, when the Spanish had overrun the mainland, the people of Angra temporarily drove the invaders away from the islands by setting wild bulls upon them. Then in the 19th century, the liberal King Pedro IV established the Regency at Angra, until his brother, King Miguel, could be driven from the throne in Lisbon.

Brave Bulls

The city is still proud of its brave bulls and aristocratic past. There is a fine view of Angra's bullring, palaces and churches from the old fortress of São João Baptista on Monte Brasil.

The Agualva golf course on Terceira is part of an old crater and has excellent greens. American airmen can be found on the course even during hurricane weather and like to tell how their golf balls stop in mid-air. The clubhouse, built by the Americans, is open to the public.

Terceira's countryside is neatly shorn and carefully laid out like a Japanese landscape. Odd pyramid structures called *piões* dot the fields. These are corn racks, with plates of tin wrapped around the bottom of the poles to protect them from climbing rats. Terceira has been plagued by slow-walking rats, but the island has been conducting an intensive campaign to exterminate them.

The island of Graciosa is a gracious place, with modest whitewashed cottages, windmills, green pastures and vineyards. It is the site of the Furna do Enxofre, or Sulfur Cavern, accessible by way of a spiral stairway leading to the sulfur lake deep in the heart of the crater.

São Jorge is rolling pastureland, with massive hydrangea hedgerows, waterfalls and fat chocolate cows. It is said that there are just about as many head of cattle as inhabitants on the island—about 16,000.

The island of Pico has a 7,500-foot-high peak that is a fair challenge for alpinists. A road goes part of the way up, but there's still a good hike to the top. Pico's seamen are reputed to be the best whalers in the islands and still use only the traditional small flat skiffs and hand harpoons. It's an exciting but dying sport, because the fishermen are increasingly reticent to risk their lives for the low price that whale oil now brings. Hardy sportsmen are welcome to go out to sea with the motorboat that accompanies the whalers.

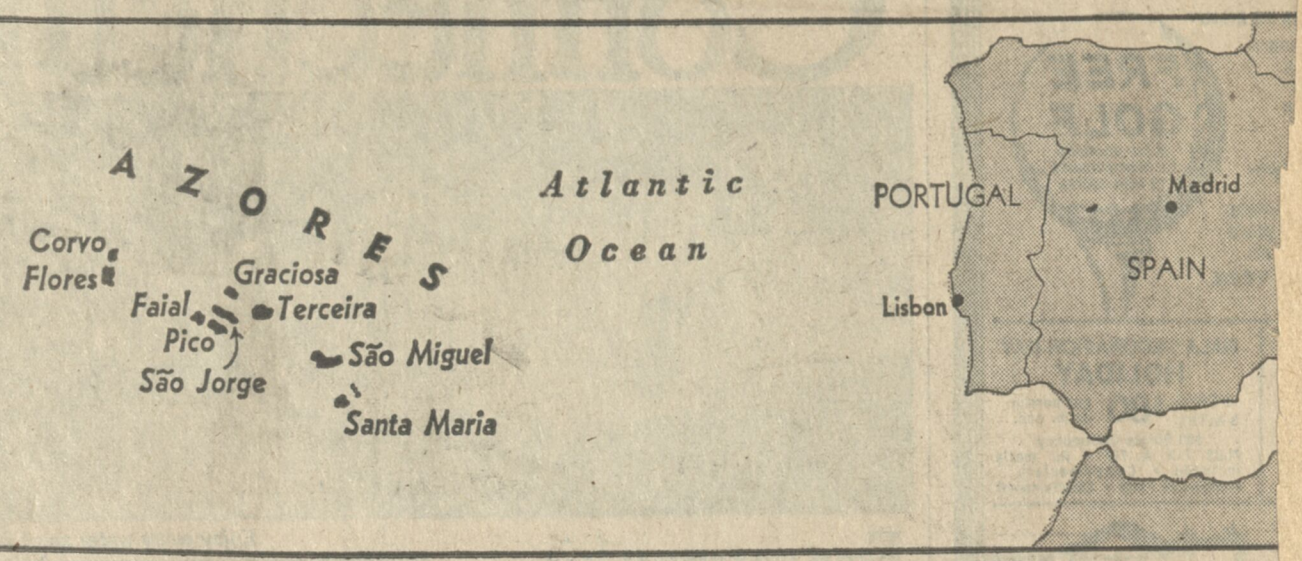
"The Blue Island"

Faial, which used to be the center for trans-Atlantic cables, is now beginning to be developed for tourism. It is sometimes called "the blue island" because of the hydrangeas that abound everywhere. In the center is Caldeira, a splendid crater, 3,420 feet high, covered with cedars, ferns and moss and with a small, green lake at the bottom.

Flores, as is evident from its name, is truly a garden island. It has streams, waterfalls and lakes, and is a favorite haunt for fishermen.

Corvo is the northernmost and the smallest island of the group, with an area of six square miles and a population of about 600. Until recently, money was useless there. Cattle was the main sign of wealth.

The Schizophrenic Azores



By MARVINE HOWE

VILA DO PORTO, Santa Maria Island, the Azores — Some time ago, two Swedish cruise ships, two French warships and one American Navy vessel arrived almost simultaneously at nearby São Miguel Island. With a sign in the harbor proclaiming in four languages "Welcome to Ponta Delgada" and thousands of well-heeled sightseers scrambling ashore, the local shopkeepers, fearing trouble, peremptorily shut down.

Among other things, this episode mirrors the Azorians' mixed feelings about tourism. The islanders in short are fraught with a schizophrenic yearning for tourism without tourists. They talk about tourism all the time and say that it's the only way to bring affluence to the islands. But at the same time, they acknowledge sadly that the islands are not ready for tourists.

They say there is little to do on the islands except to take it easy. But in the same breath, they point out that the sportsman with initiative can follow whale fishermen out to sea, take part in village bull-running, hike or ride horseback around the rim of a volcano, swim in a lava rock pool, hunt rock pigeons or scuba-dive to their heart's content.

Bit by Bit

True, there are few regular inter-island excursions and no organized entertainment, but the Azores are opening, little by little, not to mass tourism, but to individual imaginative travelers who have a sporting soul and who do not have to be led by the hand. Accommodations are also a matter of concern to the islander.

"We need hotels, transport and organization," says Hermano Cabral, the Mayor of Vila do Porto, who is also the senior representative for Pan American World Airways in the Azores. "It's too soon for tourism."

This view is disputed by a British businessman, who is currently looking into the hotel investment on Faial Island. "Tourism will come to the islands despite the Azorians," he declared.

Strangely, this lovely archipelago of nine volcanic islands, two-thirds of the way across the Atlantic from the United States, has yet to be really discovered of trans-Atlantic tourists.

The Allies appreciated the strategic value of the Azores in World War II and have maintained military installations here. North Atlantic Treaty Organization forces, particularly the United States, have improved the Azores' port and airport facilities, but have had little effect on the islands' way of life.

Vila do Porto, for example, remains a drowsy village built around a 15th-century parish church and seems to have little connection with the modern world. This is the capital of Santa Maria, which in the 1420's was the first of the Azores to be discovered by Portuguese navigators. Portuguese fishermen and peasants, as well as Flemish farmers, soon settled on the fertile islands.

Today the Azores remain bucolic and restful. There are no plush gambling casinos, jazzy hotels for the jet set or fashionable beaches — and there are no go-go clubs or drug dens.

> "The Azorians have mixed feelings about tourists. They want them but say they're not ready for them. They also say that there's little to do on the islands but add that you can follow whalers to sea, join in bull - running, hike around a volcano, or swim in a lava pool."

One of the main discouragements to development in the Azores is the weather.

"We have five seasons in one day—the usual four and a combination of all of them," the Azorians complain with a certain pride. According to the statistics, the temperature is pleasant and mild all year round, with an average of 70 degrees in summer and 55 in winter.

Nevertheless, anyone expecting to find eternal spring will have been misled. Winters are penetratingly cold and wet. The islands are often wrapped in mist swept by hurricane winds and relentless Atlantic rains.

The "season" runs from May through September, but there's no guarantee even then that there will not be a series of dark foggy days. This makes one wonder why anyone wanted to settle on the mid-Atlantic islands in the first place. It seems, however, that the residents are fond of the damp misty weather and use it as a scapegoat for all their own shortcomings: mainly a general indolence and lack of precision and initiative.

One of the main problems facing visitors here is the fact that the facilities are often monopolized by non-tourists. Each year, thousands of emigrants to Canada and the United States return with their families to the Old Country. In season, it is generally difficult to find a place to stay because of the gathering of the clans.

Island communications have improved somewhat in recent years, but they still leave much to be desired. The Santa Maria airport is the international gateway to the archipelago and can accommodate giant jets. The airport was built by the Allies and turned over to the Portuguese for civilian use after World War II. The terminal, however, is totally inadequate for present traffic. Often passengers must stand in line on the apron in driving wind or rain, waiting to get into the small room where police formalities are carried out.

Generally Full

Inter-island air communications are handled by SATA, which now operates, in addition to two DC-3's, a British Avro plane that carries 48 passengers and can land in almost any kind of weather. SATA flights are generally full in spring and summer, and its flight schedules are rather irregular, depending on passenger demand and the weather. There is talk about SATA merging with TAP (Portuguese National Airlines) and starting an Azores air taxi service.

The people of São Miguel, the most and summer, and its flight schedules are important island in the Azores, used to call their airport *Aero-vacas* (air-cows) because the field of grass and mud was better suited to cattle than to aircraft. In August, 1969, São Miguel's new airport at Ponta Delgada was officially inaugurated, but it is already too small for most international traffic. TAP has recently started a direct service between Lisbon and Ponta Delgada in April, which should alleviate some of the heavy traffic and long delays between Santa Maria and São Miguel.

The airport on Terceira Island is the best, but it has not been used for international commercial traffic because it is part of the Portuguese military base of Lajes.

Anglo-American forces built Lajes Field in 1943, and it is still used by the United States as a jet refueling and reconnaissance station. SATA has a special arrangement with the Portuguese Air Force and uses Lajes for regular inter-island commercial flights. Lisbon's Ministry of Communications recently announced that TAP is now authorized to stop over at Lajes once a week on flights between Lisbon and the United States. But some Portuguese military quarters are said to oppose this move.

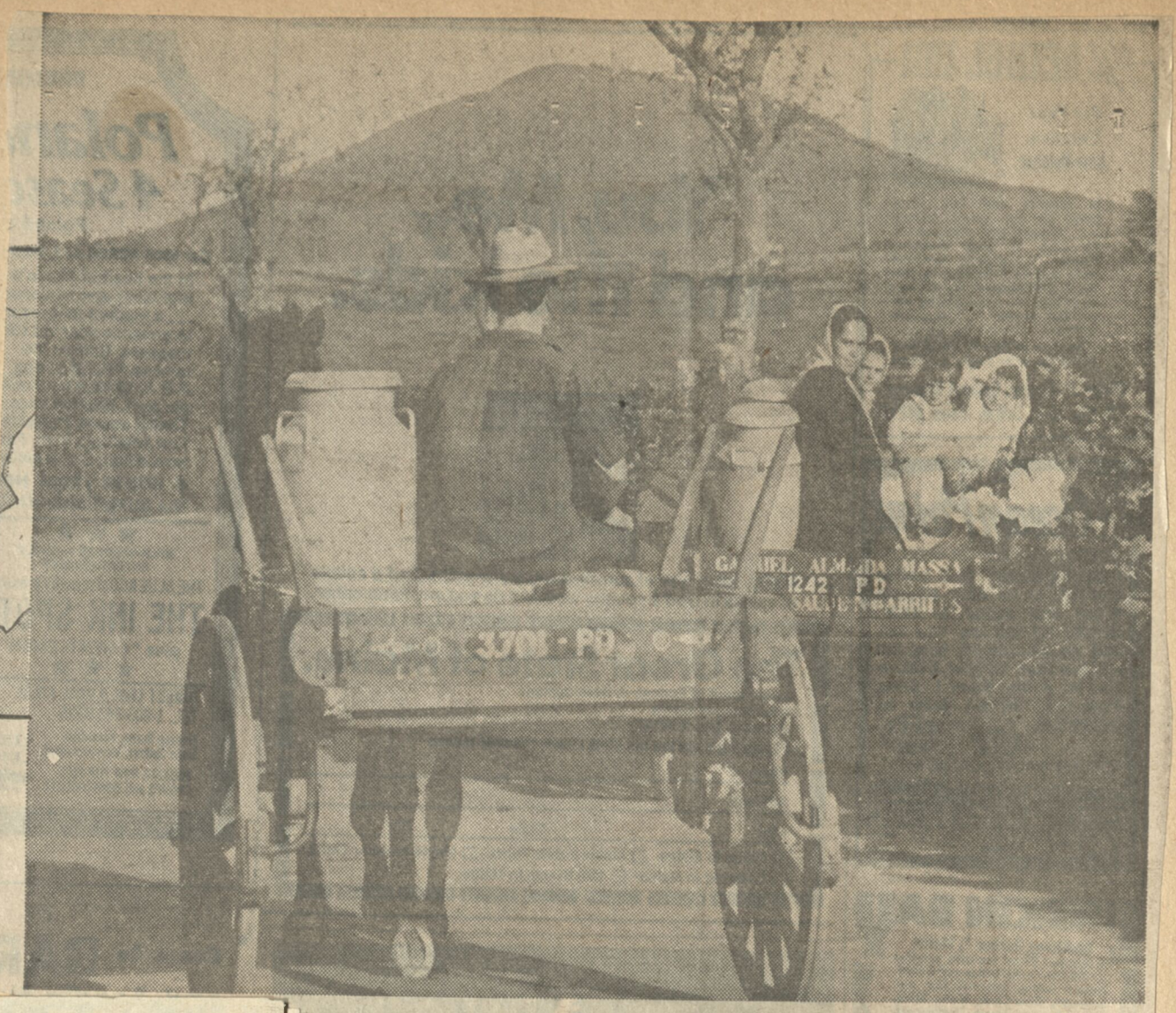
The new airport at Faial Island, west of Terceira, will be opened this summer and work has now begun on an airport for Graciosa Island to the north. In spring and summer, there are two or three inter-island tours by ship each month as well as the regular fortnightly run of the islands by Lisbon liners. But at present the main tourist trade comes from cruise ships that sail into port for the day, their passengers swarming over the place for a couple of hours and then leaving. The Italian and Greek lines, as well as Scandinavian lines, make calls here.

Cruise Ships Favored

Dutra Faria, a native Azorian and head of the Portuguese news agency ANI, believes that cruise ships are the answer to the Azores' tourist problems. "It's a good way to see all the islands in comfort, and it solves the problems of transport, food and accommodations," he points out.

The hotel situation in the archipelago is pretty bad, although there are plans for improvement. There are only seven hotels in the nine islands, and a sprink-

MARVINE HOWE is a correspondent for The New York Times based in Lisbon.



Ingebord Lippmann

Navy Oceanographic Office wants to put nuclear subs beneath surface of hurricane to learn what goes on.

either be thrown surfaceward or pushed downward, depending upon the state of the water. A number of German submarines are believed to have been lost due to this effect in World War II.

• In the Arctic Ocean, particularly when the ice is melting or almost melting, a shallow layer of very cold, fresh water often forms. "If a submarine is coming up nicely from a layer of dense saline water," says James, "and hits that shallow layer unexpectedly, the craft will pop out of the water much faster and much harder than you would expect."

For those persons who like numbers, one Navy publication illustrates the importance to submarine operations of sudden changes in the density and saltiness of ocean water in these words:

"A change in density of one part in 1,000 changes the buoyancy of a fleet type submarine by as much as 5,400 pounds. A change in salinity of one part in 1,000 changes the buoyancy by 4,200 pounds."

That means in either case, the submarine commander would have to dump or take on more than two tons of ballast immediately if he wanted to maintain his depth beneath the surface of the sea.

If both the density and salinity changed at the same rates noted above, the amount of ballast to be shifted, of course, would be more than four tons.

Regarding the subsurface waves that seem to move through the deep oceans, Dr. James confesses that no one knows what causes them. But theories run from earthquakes to turbidity currents that may pour down continental slopes at speeds of 60 or more miles an hour.

One possible new clue to a source of internal waves, both Dr. James and Captain Treadwell note, was uncovered just last summer by Lt. Eric Schneider, of the United States Oceanographic Office. He was on an oceanographic ship en route to Bermuda when Hurricane Dolly went rampaging. To avoid the storm, the ship slipped behind Dolly, taking routine oceanographic measurements as it went along.

The surprising thing was that when the ship crossed the track of the hurricane there was a sudden increase in the salinity and a sharp decrease in the temperature of the water.

Preliminary studies of the phenomenon seem to indicate that hurricanes create a suction on the surface of the sea that literally lifts dense, cold water to the sea surface. The discovery was totally unexpected, according to the Navy Oceanographic Office. Significantly, if hurricanes lift cold, dense water to the surface it must necessarily sink downward again and perhaps produces a slow pumping action on the ocean until it reaches its own level.

Such pumping action could continue for some time and produce "internal waves" hundreds of thousands of miles away from the hurricane track itself. That's the reason why the Navy Oceanographic Office wants to put a nuclear sub right under a hurricane. What happens to it beneath the surface will add to our growing body of knowledge about stormy weather under the waves.

ling of rather primitive *pensões*, or boarding houses.

Restaurants are not quite so rare. At Vila do Porto, Angra and particularly Ponta Delgada, there are a number of good family restaurants, where one can have a substantial and tasty meal for about $2, including wine. The local wine is known as *vinho de cheiro*, or scented wine, and actually tastes and smells like roses. Local food specialties include octopus stew and *alcatra*, which is a tender cut of beef roasted in wine.

There are also *tavernas* in most villages where one can have a robust snack of freshly baked corn bread, pungent São Jorge cheese and wine for about 15 cents. The traveler, however, should not waste time looking for self-service cafeterias or for gourmet restaurants—there aren't any.

Tranquil Despite Volcanoes

Despite an occasional eruption — the last one occurred on São Jorge in 1964 — these volcanic islands inspire tranquillity. They resemble some oriental rock garden with lush green pastures, ivy-covered stone walls, wooded craters and profusion of flowers everywhere. The only traffic jams occur after the milking of the cows when donkeys and oxcarts, loaded with milk cans, line up along the roads.

The air of the Azores, according to residents, is the freshest in the world because it has come straight down — undefiled — from the North Pole. There is little industry to speak of, besides cattle raising. The first modern milk and meat factories are to begin production this year.

The total area of the islands is 890 square miles, with a population of about 330,000. In recent years, the population has been dropping because of heavy emigration to the United States and Canada.

São Miguel is the largest island and offers the most varied scenery. The capital, Ponta Delgada, is the principal metropolis of the archipelago, with a population of 35,000. It is a handsome city of baroque 16th- and 17th-century churches and monasteries, palatial 18th-century mansions and rich semitropical parks and gardens. There is a theater and several cinemas, which get shows about a year later than Lisbon. Foreign visitors can use the facilities of the Naval Club and the Sport Fishing Club.

A vast crater rises on the western side of São Miguel island, and at its foot stand the village of Sete Cidades (Seven Cities) and two lakes, one green and the other blue. According to one of the many Azorian legends, the twin lakes were formed by the tears of a blue-eyed princess and a green-eyed shepherd, whose love was doomed to frustration.

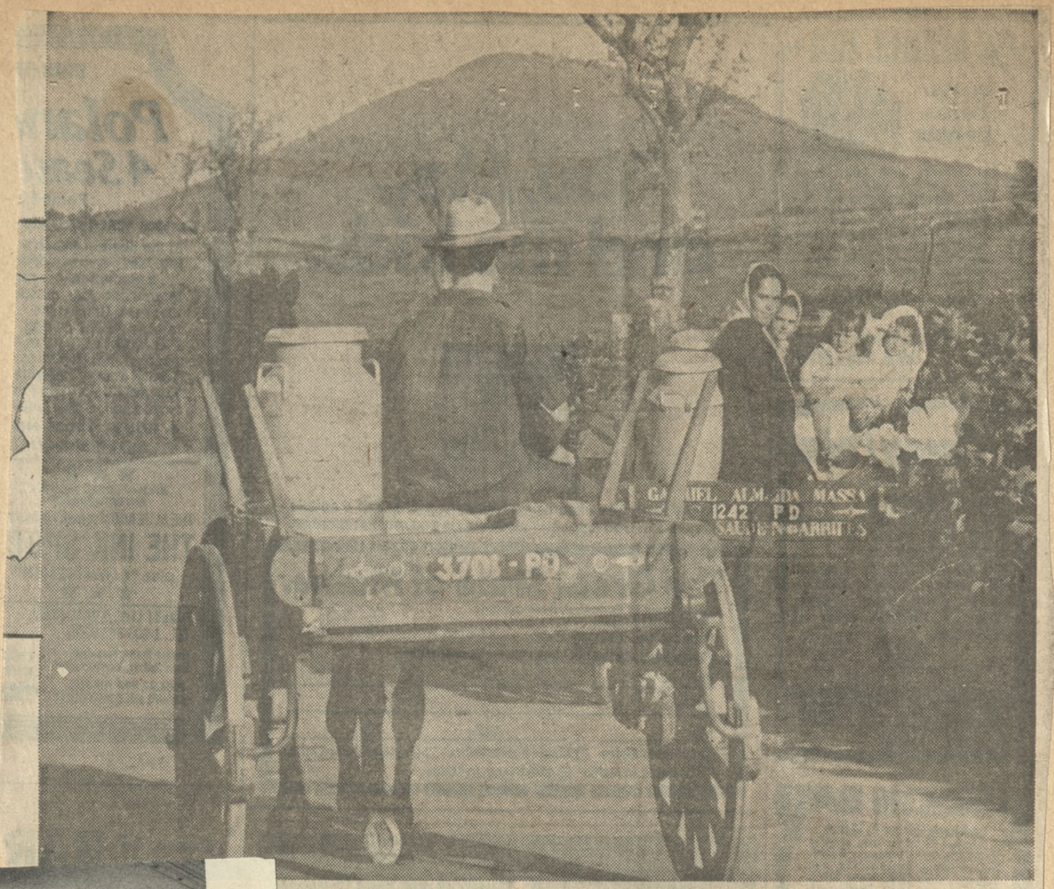
In the east, the Valley of Furnas is even more spectacular than Sete Cidades. Here ugly gray geysers steam and bubble amid azalea gardens. Azorians come to bathe in the warm, thermal pool and to drink the mineral waters. A favorite pastime is to wrap one's uncooked lunch of codfish or chicken stew in a sack and bury it deep in the steaming mud to cook for about five hours. There is boating on the Furnas Lake, tennis at the Terra Nostra Hotel and golf on the plateau above the valley.

Pottery Factories

In the Ponta Delgada vicinity, there are excursions to the pineapple farms and tea plantations. At nearby Lagoa, one can visit the hand-operated pottery "factories" and the 18th-century Franciscan Monastery, which turns out fine wickerwork articles, mostly for export to New York. Among the several popular beaches in the area are Praia de Populo and Agua d'Alto.

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Ingebord Lippmann

New whale for an old fish hall

THE MOST POPULAR exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City is about to be "broken up and swept away." Since 1908, the favorite of tots and adults alike has been the big blue whale. This 76-foot, plaster replica has been replaced with an enormous 94-foot, 21,000-pound whale made of polyurethane foam and fiberglass.

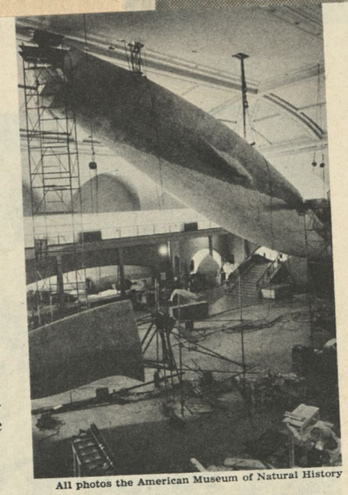
The new whale took about 2½ years to construct and cost better than $200,000. It is on display in the museum's Hall of Ocean Life.

Just getting the huge sculpture into place was a long, dangerous process that was visibly unnerving to the workmen involved — even though they were hired for the job because they build skyscrapers.

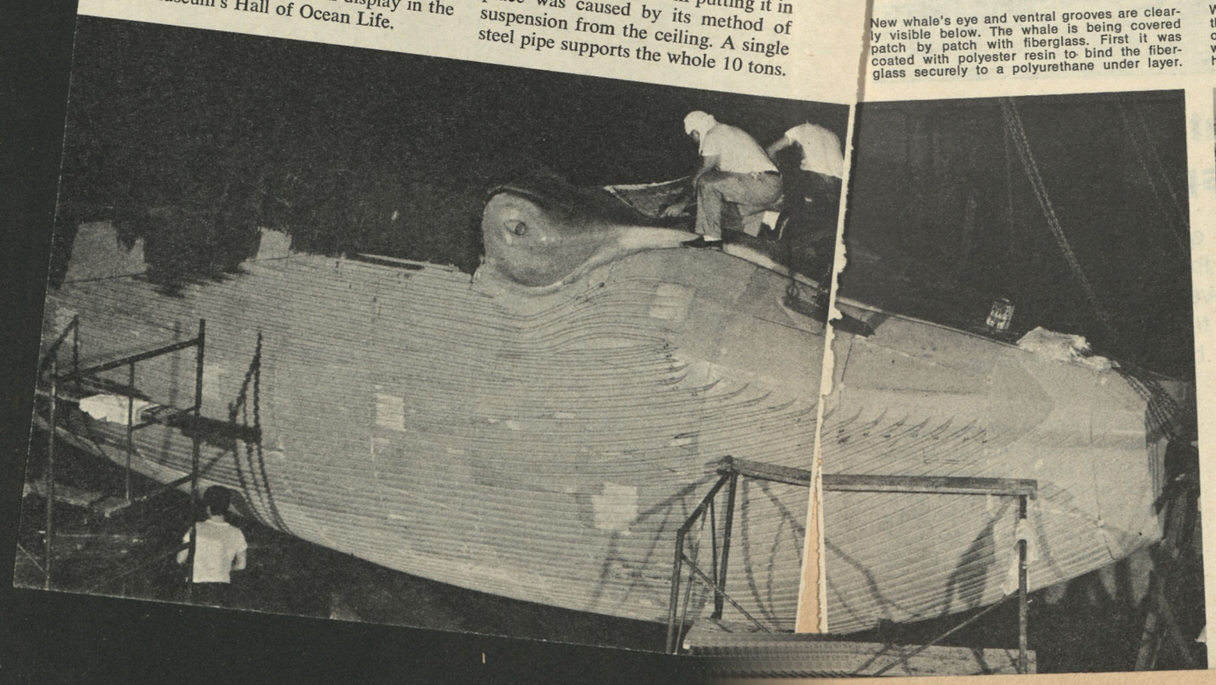
They raised the whale 52 feet above the marble floor of the museum by chain hoists in two sections: first the 66-foot front part, then the 28-foot rear section.

Part of the problem in putting it in place was caused by its method of suspension from the ceiling. A single steel pipe supports the whole 10 tons. This pipe extends from above the reinforced ceiling through a point just in front of its dorsal fin. The whale is shown sounding or diving to the water after surfacing..

For a length of ten inches, the whale seems to disappear into a cornice on the ceiling, and creates the impression of floating.

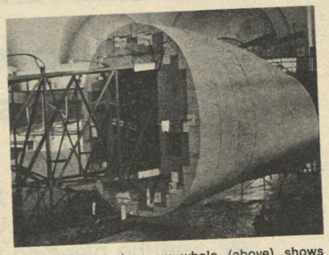


All photos the American Museum of Natural History



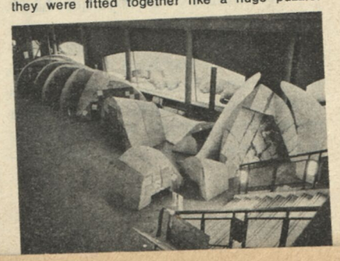
New whale's eye and ventral grooves are clearly visible below. The whale is being covered patch by patch with fiberglass. First it was coated with polyester resin to bind the fiberglass securely to a polyurethane under layer.

Weighing 21,000 pounds and costing $200,000, the whale is suspended 52 feet above the floor of the Hall of Ocean Life. Front section of the whale is being hoisted (above) by workmen hired because they build skyscrapers.



Inner core of the new whale (above) shows blocks of polyurethane which are fitted individually over an enormous framework of steel.

As the pieces of polyurethane foam arrived from the manufacturer, Barton Plastics, Inc., they were fitted together like a huge puzzle.



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Continued on Page 26



Ships crushed like eggshells in loss of 33 arctic whalers

The same marine tradition that shaped Atlantic's insurance protection for lost New Bedford ships produces better insurance for you today

When you hunted down the whale in the waters north of Alaska, you gambled your ship against the treachery of the ice.

In 1871, thirty-three adventurous captains took that gamble. And lost.

Like a white steel trap, the arctic ice had opened its jaws. Between them was a clear strip of water. In went the fleet, lured by the bait—rich whaling fields. With an unexpected shift in the wind, the jaws snapped shut. All 33 vessels were trapped in the crushing, grinding ice.

Most of the vessels hailed from New Bedford . . . and sailed under insurance protection written by four prominent marine insurance companies of the time. Only one of these—Atlantic—survives today.

For 124 years—from the days of the clipper ship and whaler to the modern ocean greyhound—Atlantic has operated under the broadminded spirit and philosophy of the marine underwriter: *what's best for the policyholder comes first.*

What does this mean to you today? Simply this. When you insure your business, your home, your car or your boat with the Atlantic Companies, you can rely not only on *quality* insurance protection, but also on fast, fair, and ungrudging claim payments for insured losses—in the true tradition of the marine insurer.

You can buy this quality Atlantic insurance just *one* way—through independent agents or brokers. We believe they serve your interests best.

THE ATLANTIC COMPANIES

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TIME 11 MARCH '66



WHALING BARK WANDERER LOST ON THE ROCKS AT CUTTYHUNK

Crew Abandon Ship in Two Whaleboats ---Eight Men Missing

ONE BOAT REACHES ISLAND

Doomed Bark Breaking Up Fast---Missing Boat Reported Seen in Vicinity of Sow and Pigs Lightship and Coast Guard Boat Will Go Out at Daybreak

Announcements that the voyage upon which the whaling bark Wanderer started from this port Monday morning would be her last have had tragic fulfilment. The gallant old bark lies fast aground on the rocks of the "Middle Ground", off Cuttyhunk, with the waves lashed by the fiercest gale Cuttyhunk has experienced for several years pounding her to pieces.

One of the bark's whaleboats, with a crew of eight men, is missing, though the hope remains that they may be found safe on board the Sow & Pigs lightship, as it was reported seen near the ...ship before dark ...erer struck, ...wo whale- ...by ...

Her rudder and stern planking have gone, the water can be seen pouring out of her broadside above the waterline, and the beach is covered with wreckage that has come ashore from her."

Capt. Williams reports the storm the worst that he has seen during his three years' service at the Cuttyhunk station, and the lighthouse keeper, who has been there five years, states it is the worst he has seen.

Captain Williams, who has been transferred to Nantucket, would not have been in charge of the crew yesterday except for the storm making it impossible for him to leave the island, as he had already formally turned over ...ation to his successor, Cap-

From The Morning Mercury
New Bedford, Mass.
August 27, 1924

Charles W. Morgan's charmed existence has led her to Mystic Seaport and to the destiny of the enshrined.

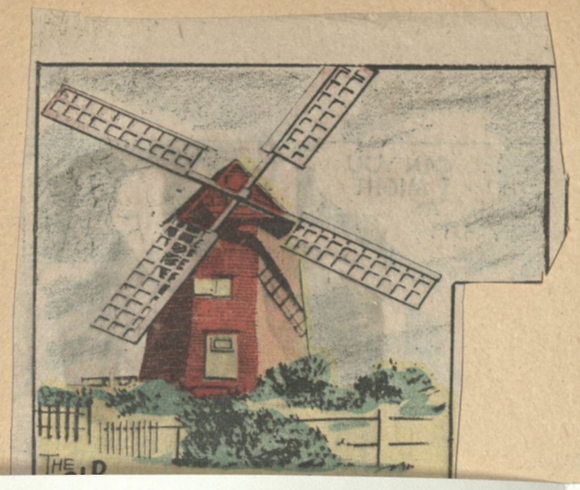
Since August 27, 1924 she has been the *last* of the whaling fleet. On her 126th birthday in 1966 she was decreed a National Registered Landmark.



Photograph by Joseph Gordon

Upon her arrival at her final berth at Mystic Seaport, much remained to be done before the first visitors came aboard. She was leaking badly and took on such a list she almost settled on her beam ends. In time she was righted and berthed by the shore. Now she is permanently embedded in sand and concrete. Thousands of visitors go aboard annually.

Heart transplants are the order of the day. A comparison existed when *Wanderer*'s salvageable gear was used to fit out the *Morgan* after she came to Mystic. Now much of this—wire rigging, whaleboats, miscellaneous gear—must be replaced. It is over 50 years old. It is dangerous to leave it. It is expensive to replace it, but replace it we must if she is to survive.



Knowledge of her existence increases daily, and people come from everywhere on earth to see her, to touch her, to stand on her deck, to gaze aloft at her spars, to view the fo'c'sle and meditate on the hardihood of her sturdy seamen.

During a five-year voyage, fewer than thirty-five whalemen trod the decks of their ship.

During the five years just past, more than two million individuals, men, women, and children, have walked these same decks and 'tween decks, experiencing a momentary kinship with a brave people and a lasting pride in our heritage.



A search is on for suitable hackamatack knees — almost impossible to find in such large sizes. The photograph at left illustrates the size of the timber.



Rot around the sill of the aftercabin skylight chips out with little effort. Replacement requires skill as well as adequate and appropriate materials.

Immediate needs for craftsmen and materials are desperate, for the maintenance, preservation, and very life of this lone survivor of a glorious era, hang in the balance.

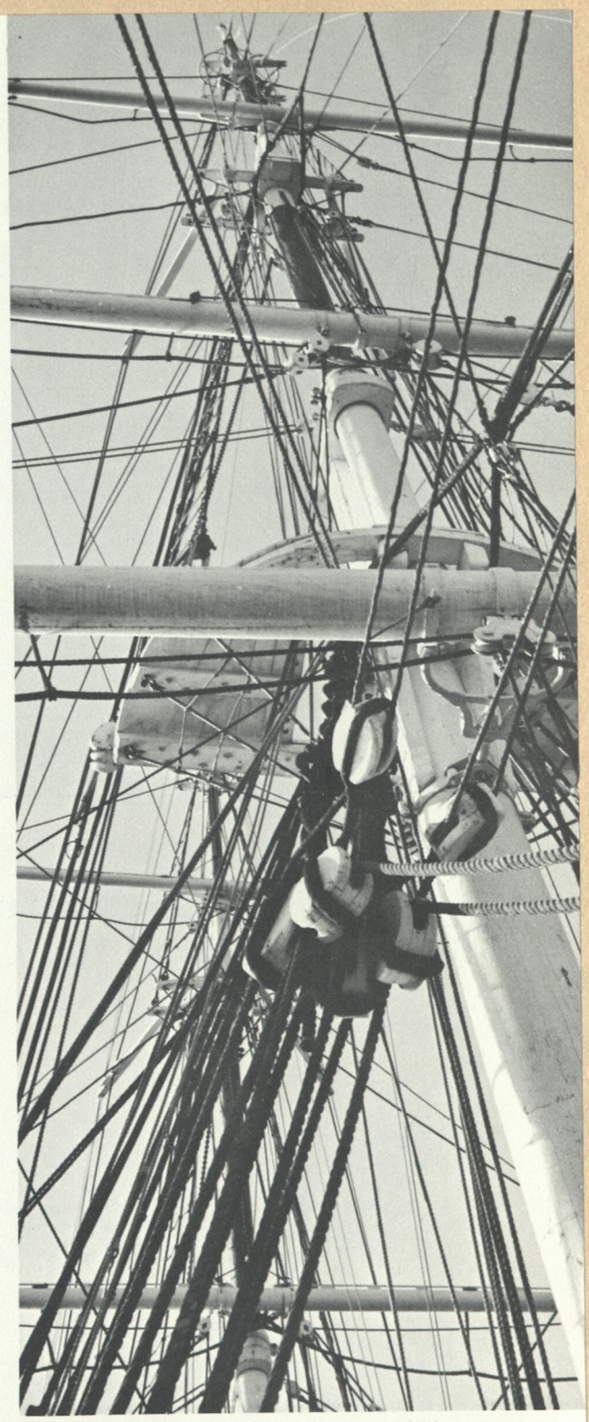
For a century and a quarter this ship has withstood the ravages of storm and time. But now, ancient and weary, she cries for very special care to renew her strength and assure her continuing survival.

IS THE
Charles W. Morgan
OUR
MOST TREASURED POSSESSION
?

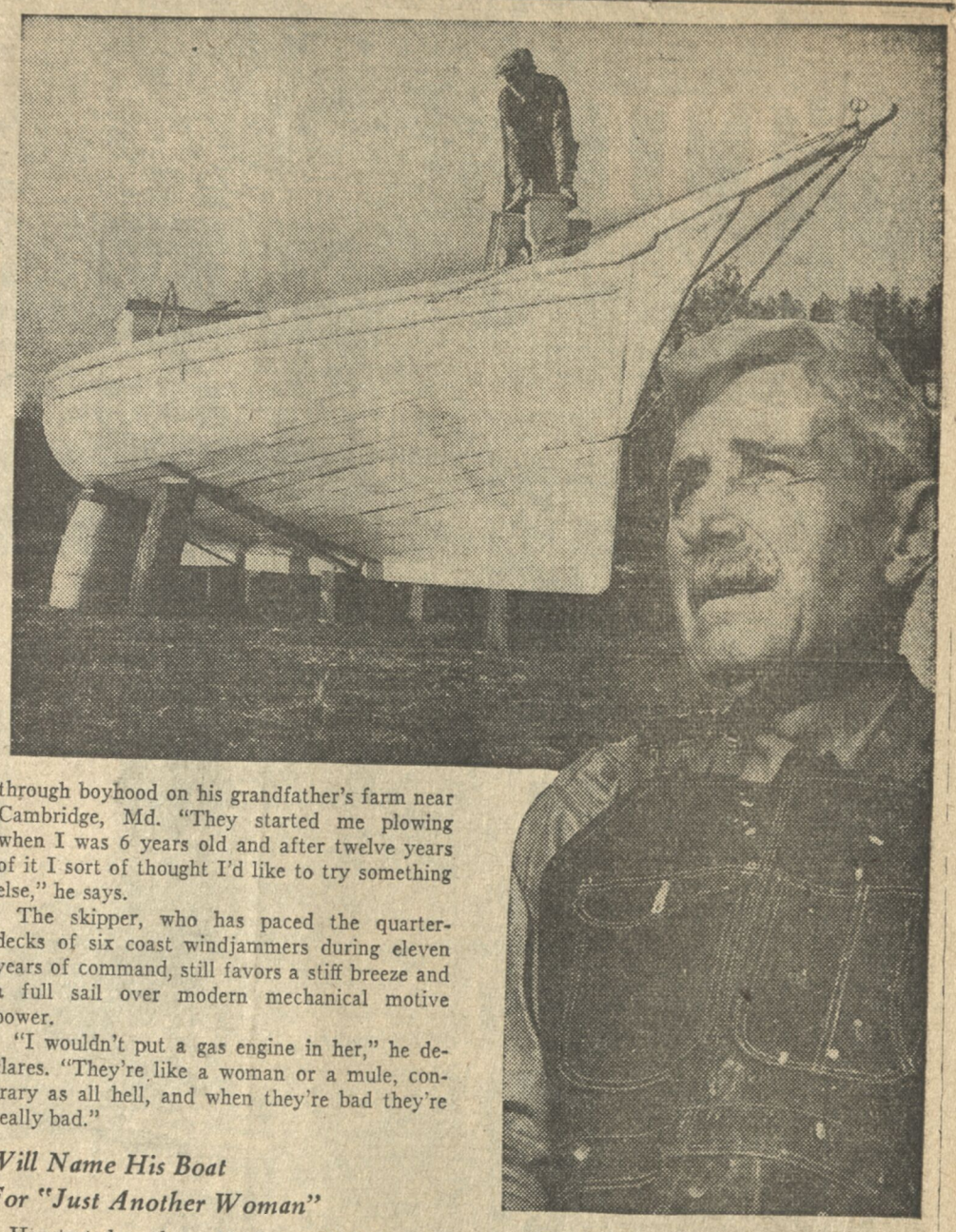
If the millions who have come to see her agree that she is, then sacrifices must be made to save her.

Your support is essential

FOR THE
PRESERVATION
OF THE
Charles W. Morgan.



Miles of wire and cordage will be required for necessary rerigging.



BACK-YARD BOAT YARD
Capt. S. E. Le Compte and the boat he is building behind his home at 3818 West Garrison avenue

through boyhood on his grandfather's farm near Cambridge, Md. "They started me plowing when I was 6 years old and after twelve years of it I sort of thought I'd like to try something else," he says.

The skipper, who has paced the quarter-decks of six coast windjammers during eleven years of command, still favors a stiff breeze and a full sail over modern mechanical motive power.

"I wouldn't put a gas engine in her," he declares. "They're like a woman or a mule, contrary as all hell, and when they're bad they're really bad."

Will Name His Boat For "Just Another Woman"

He started work on his boat, which he will name the "Moma Marie" (after "just another woman"), last March, from locust wood, cut for the ribs, which had been properly seasoning through the winter. All alone he completed the task of steaming and bending wood so tough he couldn't drive a nail into it. He built the hull of hard edge-grain North Carolina pine and intends to calk it with crpress shingles.

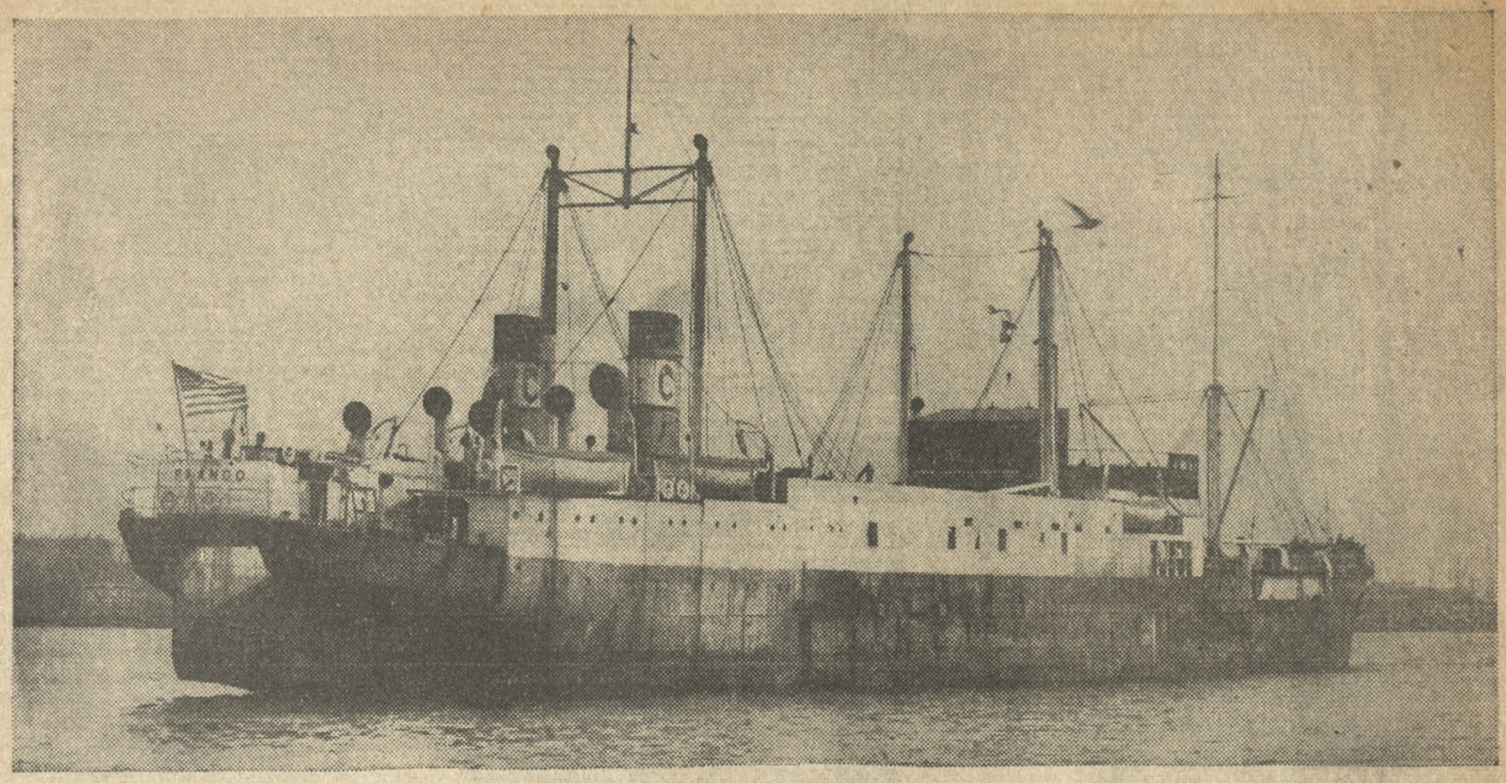
"You fellows who use oakum and cotton just don't know how to calk a boat," he advises. "Why every winter the ice pulls the stuff out and then you have to do the job over again. The best way is to drive the shingles in between the planking from the inside. The cyprus swells and makes as tight a boat as you could find. And when the ice does pull the shingles out a little, all you have to do is saw and plane them off and your boat is as good as ever in the spring."

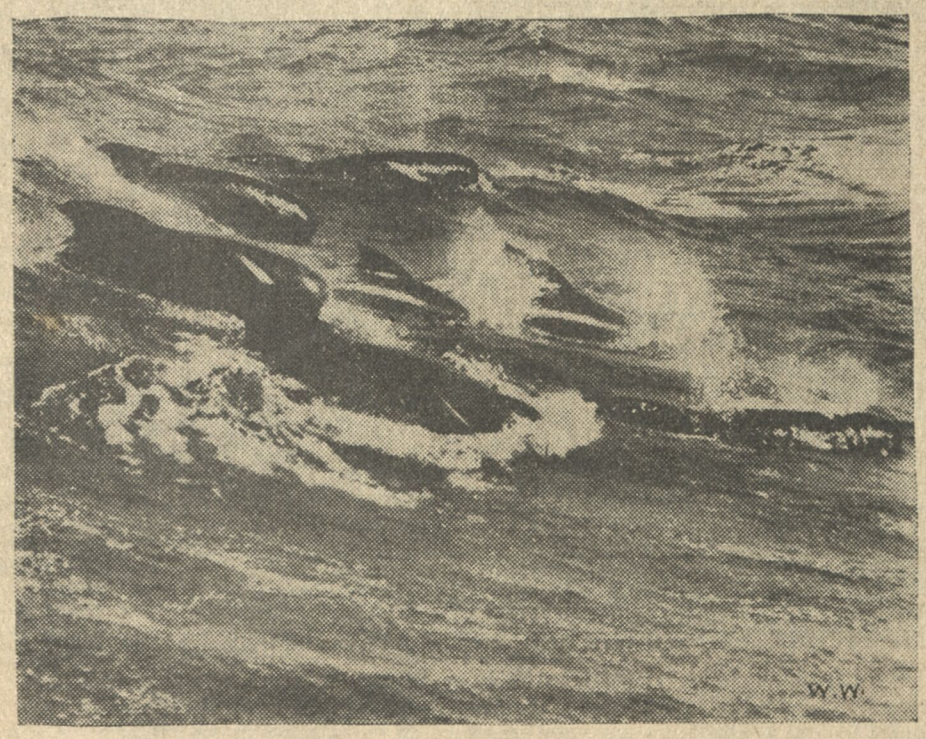
Capt. Le Compte plans to install two bunks and two galleys in his craft, one forward for summer cooking and one aft to provide a bit of cheering warmth in the winter.

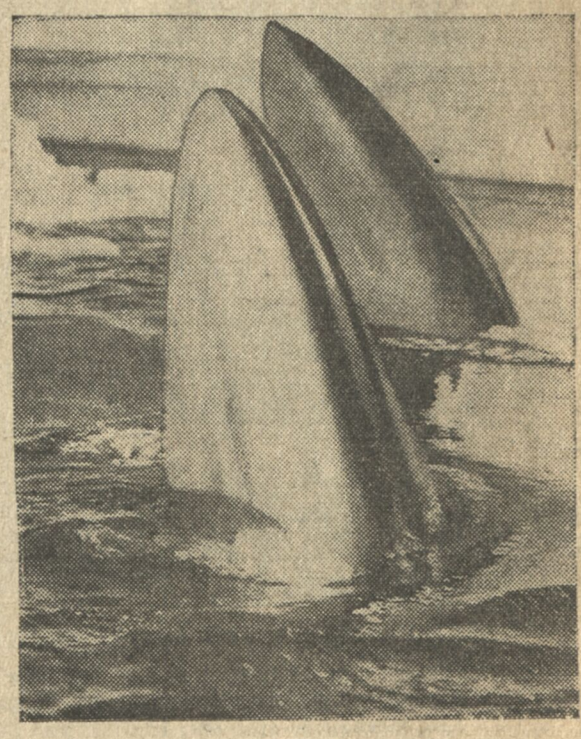
"I'll take a few beans, rice and potatoes along with me, and when I get down to Florida I'll shoot myself a bear," he explains.

"You don't have to go looking for them. All you need to do is tie up to a bank and start cooking a steak, and pretty soon a bear will come sniffing around and put his paws up on the boat and then all you have to do is poke a rifle out a porthole and you've got your meat."

While the skipper does not exactly shun the use of water for drinking purposes, he intends to sail well fortified with other refreshment, two fifteen-gallon casks of wine and two five-gallon kegs of whisky. He's confident he will make the trip to Frisco and back in a year and a half. And when he returns he plans to enter the oyster and melon trade in Chesapeake Bay.







PURSUER AND PURSUED

The Frango, one of the two large American whaling ships, is shown above during a visit to Baltimore. Below are two shots of whales, which soon will be harpoon targets as the season opens in the Antarctic

Whalers Ready For New Season

By R. L. CARSON

UNMISTAKABLE harbingers of spring in the Antarctic are the flocks of whaling vessels now gathering about the edge of the grinding ice floes waiting for a passage to be opened to the last major whaling grounds in the world. The American-owned whaler Ulysses is already in Antarctic waters ready for the 1938-39 season.

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spring and summer. The rest of the year they spend in temperate waters off the coasts of Australia, South America and Africa. Here the young are born, the calf about one-third the length of its mother, or 17 to 27 feet long, depending on the species.

The Whale Calf Gets Its Food

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Only 76, He Builds A Ship For Himself

Cpt. S. E. Le Compte Plans Caribbean And Panama Canal Trip Early In The Spring

By FRED D'AVILA

FIFTY-EIGHT years ago the siren call of the sea lured an 18-year-old youth from the drudgery of a farm. Today, 76 years old, he is heeding that call again.

Perhaps "76 years young" would be a more apt description of sailing ship Capt. S. E. Le Compte, of 3818 West Garrison avenue. For the tanned, gray-mustached, nimble little man is building all alone a forty-one-foot sloop in a lot back of his home. And all alone he plans to sail her next April down the coast and through the Caribbean Sea and the Panama Canal, up to San Francisco, and back to Baltimore.

"I want to give her a trial run," he says with a twinkle in his sea-blue eyes that squint from looking at far horizons. "I might as well take that keel box around to Frisco as lay off the Magothy river and look at dead pine trees, crows and seagulls."

Wants To Sail Through The Golden Gate

He wants to sail again through the Golden Gate and see the mighty bridges built across the bay and visit a crony or two at picturesque Fisherman's Wharf, where Italian and Portuguese seafarers dock their cockle-shell craft to unload catches of crabs and oysters and other delicacies of the sea.

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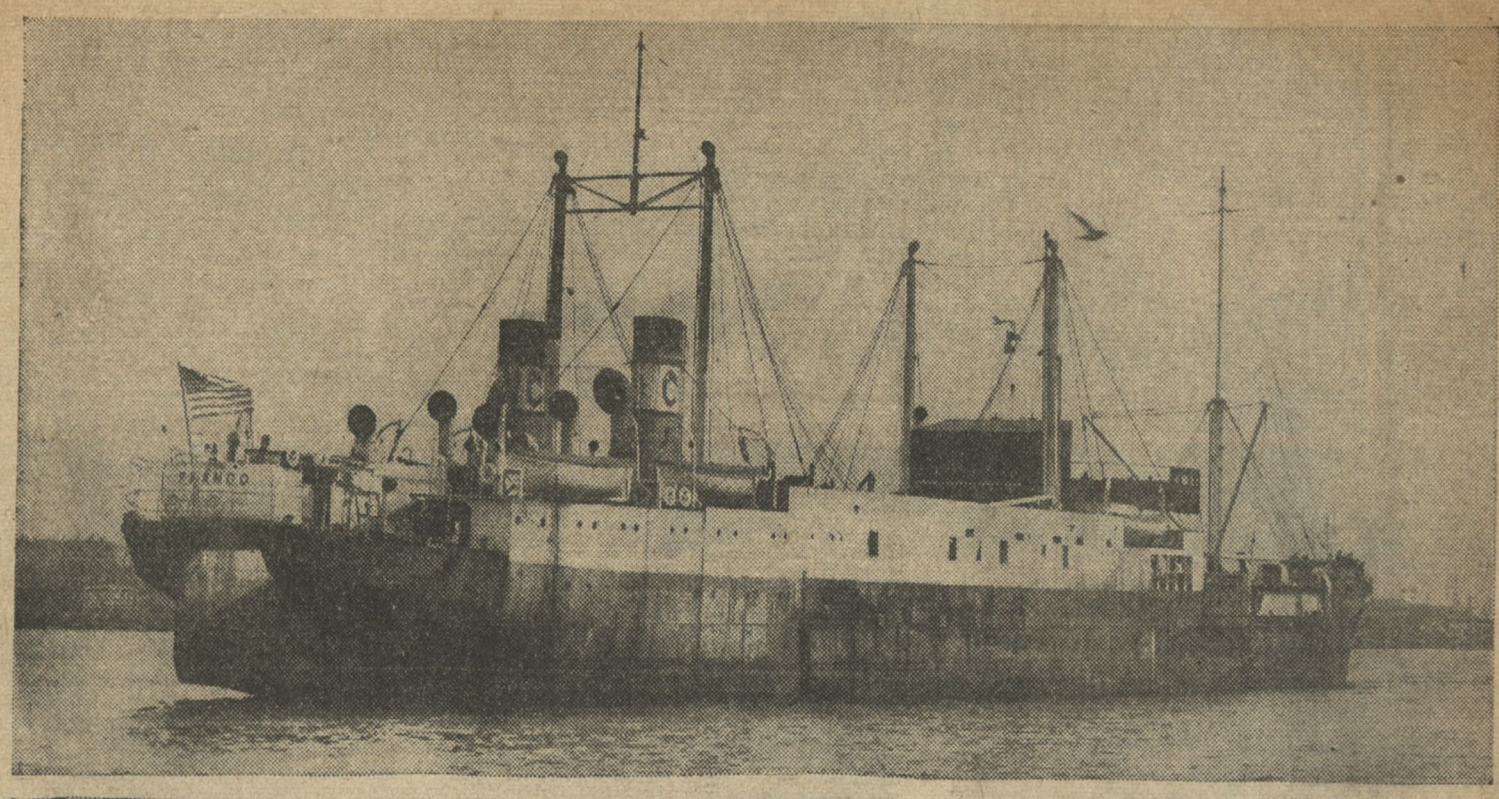
He's proud of his sturdy little ship, the sixth he's built, by the way.

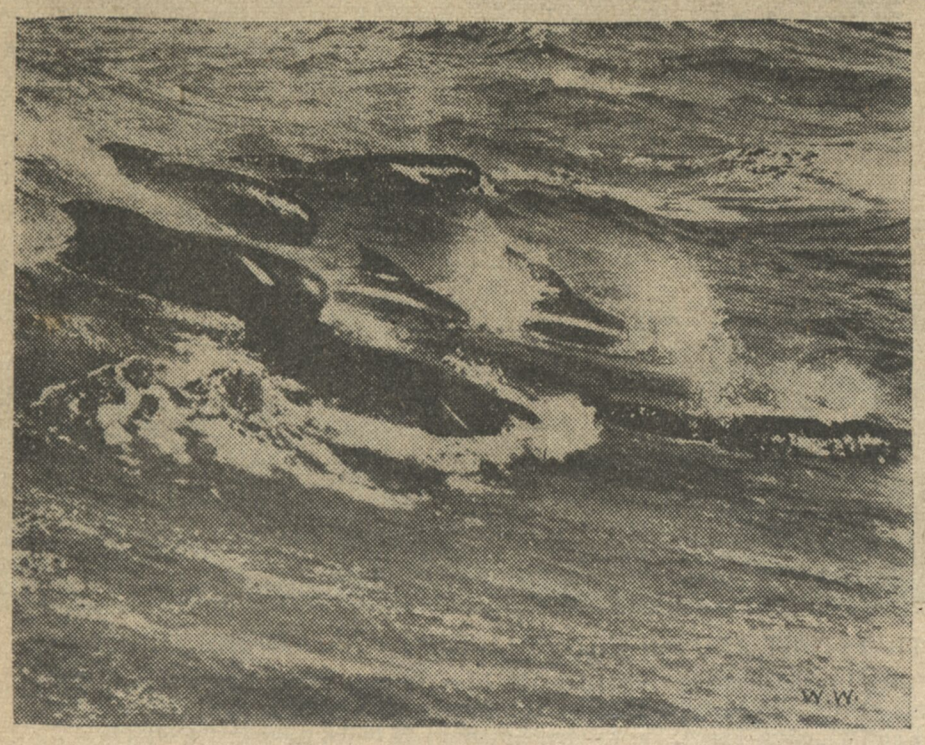
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"Sure, I can sail her alone. When it's blowing so hard it takes fourteen men to hold a sheepskin over a gimlet hole, I'll just take three reefs in the mainsail, clew up the jib, lash the wheel and go below and read a novel."

The captain, descendant of Frenchmen settled here over two hundred years ago, ran away to sea when he was 18, after







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The picture of Antarctic whaling has recently been changed in several important respects. Whereas, vessels once began operations the moment it was possible to make the passage into the Ross and Antarcatic seas, now they must wait until December 8, the opening of a ninety-day season fixed by international agreement among the principal whaling nations.

Whaling, by tradition individualistic, is now governed by an international treaty that exempts certain groups of whales from capture and prescribes rules for the taking of others. Whaling companies must obtain licenses from their Governments. United States whalers ship one or more Coast Guard officers whose duty it is to see that the whaling game is played according to the rules. This is no great drain on Coast Guard personnel, however, for the number of large American whaling vessels is reduced to the Frango, operating off Australia, and the Ulysses in the Antarctic. In addition, one and sometimes two shore stations operate in Alaska.

Treaty Provisions Imposed To Preserve Whale Herds

The somewhat drastic provisions of the treaty were imposed in an effort to save at least a remnant of the world's whale herds from extermination. The period since 1900 has been the era of greatest exploitation in the thousand-year history of the industry. Between 1920 and 1930, the average annual catch of whales exceeded 19,000 individuals, compared with an average catch per year of 3,000 whales during the previous three centuries.

During the season before the international treaty went into effect (1936-37) the total number of whales killed in all areas was 51,256, the largest number ever recorded in a single year. Of this total 34,579 were taken in the Antarctic. The oil yield from the world production was 3,210,671 barrels, about 82 per cent. of which came from Antarctic whales.

Whalers of 1938 go about the business of capturing the sea's largest mammals in a manner never dreamed of by the author of Moby Dick. They go to sea in immense "floating factories," equal in size to modern transatlantic liners of 20,000 to 30,000 tons. These mammoth whalers are nearly 600 feet long by 75 feet wide and have deck accommodations for cutting up two or more whales at one time and for trying out the oil of fifteen in a single day.

Turning The Tables On Jonah's Whale

Turning the tables on the whale that swallowed Jonah, these modern vessels swallow the whale. Most factory ships are equipped with large slipways that open to the water at the stern. Powerful winches and derricks raise the whale to the deck where the cutting is done with special saws. Pieces are then dropped into the vats and boiled.

Large factory ships have a capacity of three to six million gallons of oil. In a recent year Norway alone sent twenty-four floating factories to the Antarctic. The amount of oil that may be carried home is frequently stepped up by the use of special oil carriers which accompany factory ships.

Whale herds of the southern hemisphere do not remain in Antarctic waters throughout the year but are now assembling there from widely scattered areas to feed on the shrimp-like crustacea and other minute "whale food" which is abundant in the Antarctic during the southern spring and summer. The rest of the year they spend in temperate waters off the coasts of Australia, South America and Africa. Here the young are born, the calf about one-third the length of its mother, or 17 to 27 feet long, depending on the species.

The Whale Calf Gets Its Food Just As Any Other Calf

The mother suckles her calf in the manner of a cow or sheep, nursing it from its birth until December. (A young whale, like its parents, can feed under the surface without taking water into its lungs. There is no connection between the nostrils and the mouth, and the nasal openings are closed when the whale is under water.) During the first months of its life, the daily growth of a whale has been found to equal the weight of a full-grown man.

Whalers operate in these temperate waters during the summer, although they are now forbidden to take immature whales or mothers accompanied by young. During the fall (the Antarctic spring) the southern whales journey toward the polar seas, followed by the whalers.

Apparently the whales' compass on these oceanic wanderings is their remarkable sense of where and when food is to be found, a sense shared by whales of both northern and southern hemispheres. Off the coast of Finmark, Norway, for example, fin whales make their appearance at exactly the same time in the spring as the vast spawning shoals of a small salmon-like fish on which they feed. Likewise, the big blue whale times its visits to coincide with the spawning period of an Arctic crustacean which swarms in these waters in midsummer. How the whales chart their course through the sea and how they find the particular banks where their prey is to congregate at a certain time is a mystery.

Products Of Whaling Turn Up Frequently

Although we no longer light our streets with lamps that burn whale oil this and other products of whaling turn up with surprising frequency in everyday life. Some of the mildest and most widely used soaps in the United States have a whale-oil base. Many face creams contain a white crystalline solid derived from spermaceti wax, a refined grade of the oil in the immense "cask" of the sperm whale's head.

Users of light, rapidly moving machinery, as well as manufacturers of textiles and leathers, depend upon refined sperm oil as a high-grade lubricant. Whale oil is now converted by hydrogenation into a white, odorless fat and widely used for making margarine and lard in Europe, and to some extent in the United States.

Although the remarkably elastic whalebone is little used today, in Civil War times it provided corset stays, whips, ribs for umbrellas, and hair springs for watches; braced the high collars and ruffs of aristocratic ladies; and supported the hoopskirts of Southern belles.

Ambergris Is The Product Of A Sick Whale

Most remarkable of all products of the whale industry is ambergris—that strange and enormously valuable substance that men hunt for on the beaches of Madagascar, China, Japan and Sumatra, and sometimes find floating on tropic seas. Ambergris has no substitute as a fixative for odor essences in first-class perfumes and cosmetics. Often the pieces found are rather small, and 300 pounds is considered an excellent haul. The largest piece ever reported was a lump weighing 750 pounds, taken from a single whale by the crew of a Nantucket ship in 1859.

According to the most plausible theories, ambergris is the product of a sick whale—the visible evidence of a monstrous stomach-ache caused by overfeeding on cuttlefish, the beaks of which are indigestible. Ambergris is found only in sperm whales, which, unlike the whalebone whales, descend to great depths to feed on the giant squid. Their hides carry scars—the marks of the squids' clinging tentacles—from these terrific submarine encounters. The horny beaks are often found in the whales' entrails, free or embedded in lumps of ambergris.

Choice pearls excepted, ambergris is the sea's most valuable product by weight. Ambergris hunters are accordingly fairly numerous, and experts are often besieged by hopeful persons whose find proves to be nothing more valuable than a bit of soap.

What about whale meat as food? In Japan those too poor to buy beef consume hundreds of tons of whale meat annually. One whale of good size is said to provide as much meat as a herd of one hundred cattle. According to a recent news dispatch, the war is driving increasing numbers of Japanese to eat whale meat. The Japanese Government is reported to be sponsoring a campaign to popularize the product, although the odor of whale, impossible to disguise, is cited as a discouraging factor.

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By James K. W. Atherton—The Washington Post

Shirley Temple Black being greeted by Russell Train, center, and E. K. Fedorov.

Whales, Man, Environment

By Dorothy McCardle

Shirley Temple Black, the child movie star who grew up to become a busy delegate to the United Nations, was back on stage yesterday, this time speaking to the American-Soviet Joint Committee on Cooperation in the Field of Environmental Protection.

Her subject was whales, the largest endangered species of mammals.

She won applause at the meeting, and last night was congratulated by the delegates—both Russian and American—at a reception at Blair House given by Russell Train, the U.S. chairman of the committee, and Mrs. Train.

The party was to honor the 18 members of the Soviet delegation, headed by E. K. Fedorov. The first meeting of the committee was held in Moscow last year.

Mrs. Black, who says she is working for every kind of endangered species of animal—not overlooking man, either—is trying to persuade the Russians to give up whaling as the United States and many other countries have done to protect the species.

"They have been very encouraging and very kind," she said at the party. "They are talking seriously of phasing out the various kinds of whaling."

Soviet Ambassador and Mrs. Anatoliy F. Dobrynin arrived shortly after Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas and Mrs. Douglas and the talk turned from the environment to the energy crisis.

Ambassador Dobrynin said he does not know yet how his embassy stands on the thermostat problem for the winter.

"We have yet to get guidelines from the State Department on how we set our thermometers," said Dobrynin with a smile.

As for that 50 mile speed limit, he's all for it. "I like it," he said. "Nobody needs to go any faster."

Justice Douglas declared that he likes turning down the heat. "If we all open our windows, we'll be lots healthier," he said.

Mrs. Jacob D. Beam, wife of the recently retired U.S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union, was here without her husband, although yesterday was their 21st wedding anniversary. Beam was tied up at a seminar.

WSJ.

AL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1973

The Energy Crisis in Perspective

By W. PHILIP GRAMM

Much of the prevailing rhetoric on the "energy crisis" expresses this kind of logic: Since there is just so much oil, coal, natural gas and other energy sources, sooner or later we are going to run out. We must, therefore, begin to ration these resources not only to meet the current crisis but to conserve energy in our time and move the day of reckoning further into the future. Americans have been "energy pigs," according to Stewart Udall, and have been operating on the misguided assumption that there is no limit to the quantity of energy. Since we are at the end of the era of cheap fuel and dealing with a problem without precedent, strong and previously unacceptable policies are called for: government regulation of the production and distribution of energy.

Ignored is the fact that mankind has frequently experienced instances of increasing scarcity, and by ingenuity and free action has solved all of them. In fact, we are currently experiencing the *second* major energy crisis in American history.

From the colonization period until the Civil War the major source of artificial lighting in the U.S. and Europe was whale and sperm oil. Since there were no good substitutes for these oils as sources of light, the world's supply of artificial light depended almost exclusively on the whaling industry. People did not need computers to project that the supply of whales could not keep pace with the rapid expansion in demand.

Sperm oil rose from 43 cents per gallon in 1823 to $2.55 a gallon in 1866. Whale oil rose from a low of 23 cents in 1832 to $1.45 a gallon in 1865. As prices rose, gas distilled from coal became an economically feasible substitute causing whale oil demand to fall off sharply in Europe.

In 1859 sperm oil was over $1.36 a gallon. But that same year, an event which in nine years would end the whale oil crisis forever occurred: petroleum was discovered in Pennsylvania. In the meantime, the demand of the Civil War boomed whale oil prices. Not only was there increased demand, the war disrupted production. Conscription of whaling vessels as freight ships and the capture or destruction of ships by Southern privateers caused a decline of more than 50% in the number of U.S. ships in whaling and a 60% decline in tonnage. By 1866, sperm oil had reached a high of $2.55 a gallon.

The high prices for whale and sperm oil between 1849 and 1867, provided a growing profit incentive to develop an efficient refining process for crude petroleum and induced the investment required for the production of kerosene. Beginning in 1867, kerosene broke the sperm and whale oil market and prices tumbled. By 1896, sperm oil was cheaper than it had been in any recorded period—40 cents a gallon—but whale oil lamps were no more than relics for succeeding generations.

Two Vital Functions

Aside from providing an incentive for the development of petroleum products rising whale and sperm oil prices performed two other vital functions. Rising prices caused consumers to act out of their own self interest to economize the use of oil. Rising prices gave an inducement for producers to increase output of whale and sperm oil through increases in investment, improvements in technology, and increased labor input. The rise in prices from 1820-1847 induced a rise in the tonnage of whaling vessels of almost 600% and produced numerous technological improvements in the whaling industry. It appears that rising prices caused output to increase perhaps by 1,000% or more. Had government possessed the power and volition to ration whale and sperm oil to hold its price down or to levy a tax on oil to reap the gains from the price rise, the shortage would have been catastrophic and the advent of kerosene and other petroleum products might have been delayed for decades.

The whale oil crisis is a case study of how the free-market system solves a scarcity problem. The end product of this process of discovery and innovation is the Petroleum Age in which we live. We owe the benefits and comforts of the present era to free enterprise and the scarcity of whales.

The history of our first "energy crisis" demonstrates that there is no reason to believe that we face long-term doom. If technology were suddenly frozen, some of the dire projections being made now might be realized in several hundred years or less, depending on which "expert of the week" one believes. But technology is *not* frozen. It is instead progressing at a rate unprecedented in history. The Petroleum Age will pass as did the Stone Age (and the Whale Oil Era). The real danger is that we may foolishly restrict the exploitation of current energy sources and allow them to become valueless. Only if we eliminate the market incentives for innovation and investment will we face a real, long-term "energy crisis."

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Though there is no long-term "energy crisis" there is a short-term problem. Economic science teaches that shortages cannot exist in free markets. In free markets prices rise in order to eliminate shortages. "Crisis" as opposed to simple scarcity, results from market disruptions; and the *only* sector of society which possesses the power to disrupt a large market is the government. Government price ceilings on natural gas at the well-head have been one of the most disruptive public policies. By setting the price of natural gas artificially low, the government has stifled the incentive of producers to increase supplies, while the artificially low price has stimulated demand. Furthermore, since profits are low at these artificially low ceiling prices, investment and exploration have fallen off sharply.

Price controls have also had a detrimental impact on the supply of petroleum products and the construction of refinery capacity, essential to increasing domestic energy supplies. Due to the pressure to keep prices below what the free market would specify, shortages of petroleum products have occurred at both the retail and wholesale levels. Had prices been allowed to rise, the quantity supplied would have expanded to meet the quantity demanded; and each consumer would have had direct incentive to economize on usage. We are only now beginning to realize the distorting impact on the production of inputs essential for fuel production (drilling equipment, tubular steel, etc.) which four phases of price controls have produced.

Environmental legislation and court action also have had a significant impact on the supply and demand for energy. Injunctions against atomic and conventional power plants have prevented the supply of electricity from keeping up with the demand. The injunction against the Alaskan pipeline has impeded the growth of oil supplies. Pollution control devices on automobiles have increased fuel consumption and, thereby, increased the demand for gasoline. Mass conversion from high sulphur to low sulphur fuels in order to comply with EPA regulations to abate pollution has caused a change in the composition of energy demand from plentiful, cheap sources of energy to scarcer more expensive ones.

The energy crisis has made it clear that pollution abatement has a definite cost to society. Only by understanding the costs involved in various forms of pollution abatement can we choose how much environmental protection is optimal.

The bureaucratic method of looking at the supply and demand for energy products differs substantially from the market-directed approach. The bureaucrat presumes first of all that the supply of the product is absolutely fixed. Price does not matter. A price rise, he argues, will not put more oil in the pipelines—at least not before the next election. People "need a certain amount" of the product, and they will always buy the same quantity regardless of price unless they are too poor to afford it at all. These views are, of course, economic nonsense. In weighing the various courses of action which might be followed in minimizing the cost of dealing with the current energy problem it is useful to make a ball park estimate of the price level that the free market would yield in the shortage period.

Estimating Output and Demand

Estimates of how much the demand for energy sources would decline in a period less than a year, if prices rose by 1%, range from roughly 0.2% to 1.2%. Estimates of how much the quantity supplied would rise in the same period, if prices rose by 1%, vary from roughly 0.6% to 2%. A reasonably conservative estimate is that a price rise of 1% will provoke a decline in the quantity demanded of 0.5% and a rise in the quantity supplied of 1%.

The practical importance of these estimates is that a 10% shortage in the supply of fuel at current prices would yield a free market rise in price of less than 7%! If we are more pessimistic about the shortage and assume that demand exceeds supply by 20% at the current price, we might expect a price rise of less than 14%.

The above estimates, though conservative, do not take account of the disruption produced by the crisis atmosphere that surrounds this issue. Since the magnitude of the crisis has been blown out of all reasonable proportions and people fear shortages and rationing, hoarding by both the supplier and demanders is a genuine possibility. In the very short run (up to three months) we might expect prices to rise above the long-term market price. After roughly one to three months we should expect the crisis mania to pass and a general dishoarding to occur so that prices would fall to a level below the above estimates. The estimates are of course based on the assumption of unhampered market adjustments. Government attempts to interfere with this market process would tend to shift the estimates upwards.

The first step in solving the energy shortage is to allow the free market system to work. *All price ceilings and government controls should be eliminated.* Such action would greatly stimulate the supply of energy sources and eliminate shortages. Prices would rise but the expansion of output would hold prices to the minimum which current conditions dictate. Furthermore, the free market will insure that energy will be allocated to the highest priority users. Price increases are not pleasant, but they are better than low prices and no energy. If these higher prices work hardships on the less fortunate among us, special provisions, which would be preferable to the distortions and waste of rationing, could be provided for this small minority.

There is an additional advantage of allowing domestic prices to rise. As prices rise in the U.S., the cost to the Arabs of maintaining the restriction on sales to the U.S. will get higher. If we simply allow the market to work, the agreement to restrict sales to the U.S. will break and with it Arab unity will break. The Arabs are playing a dangerous game. If we allow prices to rise we can expect the development of new domestic sources such as oil shale and domestically produced substitutes for petroleum.

Costs and Clean Air

Another step in solving the energy problem is to *inform society of the cost of environmental and ecological programs and allow the people to chose.* If people want the end products of such programs, they will have to pay the cost in higher energy prices. Without adequate information, society will not be able to decide which programs are worth the cost and which are not. If people prefer cleaner air to lower fuel cost they can choose to convert from coal to oil. If they choose lower fuel cost they can burn cheaper and dirtier fuels. Such a system seems preferable to allowing a bureaucrat to decide for them.

To increase supplies we should *open the continental shelf for drilling* but make firms liable for oil spills and other forms of ecological disturbances. Most oil spills are not from drillings but from tankers. By employing the Naval oil reserves, the continental shelf and areas which will become economically feasible at higher prices, output could be greatly

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The Energy Crisis in Perspective

By W. PHILIP GRAMM

Much of the prevailing rhetoric on the "energy crisis" expresses this kind of logic: Since there is just so much oil, coal, natural gas and other energy sources, sooner or later we are going to run out. We must, therefore, begin to ration these resources not only to meet the current crisis but to conserve energy in our time and move the day of reckoning further into the future. Americans have been "energy pigs," according to Stewart Udall, and have been operating on the misguided assumption that there is no limit to the quantity of energy. Since we are at the end of the era of cheap fuel and dealing with a problem without precedent, strong and previously unacceptable policies are called for: government regulation of the production and distribution of energy.

Ignored is the fact that mankind has frequently experienced instances of increasing scarcity, and by ingenuity and free action has solved all of them. In fact, we are currently experiencing the *second* major energy crisis in American history.

From the colonization period until the Civil War the major source of artificial lighting in the U.S. and Europe was whale and sperm oil. Since there were no good substitutes for these oils as sources of light, the world's supply of artificial light depended almost exclusively on the whaling industry. People did not need computers to project that the supply of whales could not keep pace with the rapid expansion in demand.

Sperm oil rose from 43 cents per gallon in 1823 to $2.55 a gallon in 1866. Whale oil rose from a low of 23 cents in 1832 to $1.45 a gallon in 1865. As prices rose, gas distilled from coal became an economically feasible substitute causing whale oil demand to fall off sharply in Europe.

In 1859 sperm oil was over $1.36 a gallon. But that same year, an event which in nine years would end the whale oil crisis forever occurred: petroleum was discovered in Pennsylvania. In the meantime, the demand of the Civil War boomed whale oil prices. Not only was there increased demand, the war disrupted production. Conscription of whaling vessels as freight ships and the capture or destruction of ships by Southern privateers caused a decline of more than 50% in the number of U.S. ships in whaling and a 60% decline in tonnage. By 1866, sperm oil had reached a high of $2.55 a gallon.

The high prices for whale and sperm oil between 1849 and 1867, provided a growing profit incentive to develop an efficient refining process for crude petroleum and induced the investment required for the production of kerosene. Beginning in 1867, kerosene broke the sperm and whale oil market and prices tumbled. By 1896, sperm oil was cheaper than it had been in any recorded period—40 cents a gallon—but whale oil lamps were no more than relics for succeeding generations.

Two Vital Functions

Aside from providing an incentive for the development of petroleum products rising whale and sperm oil prices performed two other vital functions. Rising prices caused consumers to act out of their own self interest to economize the use of oil. Rising prices gave an inducement for producers to increase output of whale and sperm oil through increases in investment, improvements in technology, and increased labor input. The rise in prices from 1820-1847 induced a rise in the tonnage of whaling vessels of almost 600% and produced numerous technological improvements in the whaling industry. It appears that rising prices caused output to increase perhaps by 1,000% or more. Had government possessed the power and volition to ration whale and sperm oil to hold its price down or to levy a tax on oil to reap the gains from the price rise, the shortage would have been catastrophic and the advent of kerosene and other petroleum products might have been delayed for decades.

The whale oil crisis is a case study of how the free-market system solves a scarcity problem. The end product of this process of discovery and innovation is the Petroleum Age in which we live. We owe the benefits and comforts of the present era to free enterprise and the scarcity of whales.

The history of our first "energy crisis" demonstrates that there is no reason to believe that we face long-term doom. If technology were suddenly frozen, some of the dire projections being made now might be realized in several hundred years or less, depending on which "expert of the week" one believes. But technology is *not* frozen. It is instead progressing at a rate unprecedented in history. The Petroleum Age will pass as did the Stone Age (and the Whale Oil Era). The real danger is that we may foolishly restrict the exploitation of current energy sources and allow them to become valueless. Only if we eliminate the market incentives for innovation and investment will we face a real, long-term "energy crisis."

We owe the benefits and comforts of the present era to free enterprise and the scarcity of whales.

Though there is no long-term "energy crisis" there is a short-term problem. Economic science teaches that shortages cannot exist in free markets. In free markets prices rise in order to eliminate shortages. "Crisis" as opposed to simple scarcity, results from market disruptions; and the *only* sector of society which possesses the power to disrupt a large market is the government. Government price ceilings on natural gas at the well-head have been one of the most disruptive public policies. By setting the price of natural gas artificially low, the government has stifled the incentive of producers to increase supplies, while the artificially low price has stimulated demand. Furthermore, since profits are low at these artificially low ceiling prices, investment and exploration have fallen off sharply.

Price controls have also had a detrimental impact on the supply of petroleum products and the construction of refinery capacity, essential to increasing domestic energy supplies. Due to the pressure to keep prices below what the free market would specify, shortages of petroleum products have occurred at both the retail and wholesale levels. Had prices been allowed to rise, the quantity supplied would have expanded to meet the quantity demanded; and each consumer would have had direct incentive to economize on usage. We are only now beginning to realize the distorting impact on the production of inputs essential for fuel production (drilling equipment, tubular steel, etc.) which four phases of price controls have produced.

Environmental legislation and court action also have had a significant impact on the supply and demand for energy. Injunctions against atomic and conventional power plants have prevented the supply of electricity from keeping up with the demand. The injunction against the Alaskan pipeline has impeded the growth of oil supplies. Pollution control devices on automobiles have increased fuel consumption and, thereby, increased the demand for gasoline. Mass conversion from high sulphur to low sulphur fuels in order to comply with EPA regulations to abate pollution has caused a change in the composition of energy demand from plentiful, cheap sources of energy to scarcer more expensive ones.

The energy crisis has made it clear that pollution abatement has a definite cost to society. Only by understanding the costs involved in various forms of pollution abatement can we choose how much environmental protection is optimal.

The bureaucratic method of looking at the supply and demand for energy products differs substantially from the market-directed approach. The bureaucrat presumes first of all that the supply of the product is absolutely fixed. Price does not matter. A price rise, he argues, will not put more oil in the pipelines—at least not before the next election. People "need a certain amount" of the product, and they will always buy the same quantity regardless of price unless they are too poor to afford it at all. These views are, of course, economic nonsense. In weighing the various courses of action which might be followed in minimizing the cost of dealing with the current energy problem it is useful to make a ball park estimate of the price level that the free market would yield in the shortage period.

Estimating Output and Demand

Estimates of how much the demand for energy sources would decline in a period less than a year, if prices rose by 1%, range from roughly 0.2% to 1.2%. Estimates of how much the quantity supplied would rise in the same period, if prices rose by 1%, vary from roughly 0.6% to 2%. A reasonably conservative estimate is that a price rise of 1% will provoke a decline in the quantity demanded of 0.5% and a rise in the quantity supplied of 1%.

The practical importance of these estimates is that a 10% shortage in the supply of fuel at current prices would yield a free market rise in price of less than 7%! If we are more pessimistic about the shortage and assume that demand exceeds supply by 20% at the current price, we might expect a price rise of less than 14%.

The above estimates, though conservative, do not take account of the disruption produced by the crisis atmosphere that surrounds this issue. Since the magnitude of the crisis has been blown out of all reasonable proportions and people fear shortages and rationing, hoarding by both the supplier and demanders is a genuine possibility. In the very short run (up to three months) we might expect prices to rise above the long-term market price. After roughly one to three months we should expect the crisis mania to pass and a general dishoarding to occur so that prices would fall to a level below the above estimates. The estimates are of course based on the assumption of unhampered market adjustments. Government attempts to interfere with this market process would tend to shift the estimates upwards.

The first step in solving the energy shortage is to allow the free market system to work. *All price ceilings and government controls should be eliminated.* Such action would greatly stimulate the supply of energy sources and eliminate shortages. Prices would rise but the expansion of output would hold prices to the minimum which current conditions dictate. Furthermore, the free market will insure that energy will be allocated to the highest priority users. Price increases are not pleasant, but they are better than low prices and no energy. If these higher prices work hardships on the less fortunate among us, special provisions, which would be preferable to the distortions and waste of rationing, could be provided for this small minority.

There is an additional advantage of allowing domestic prices to rise. As prices rise in the U.S., the cost to the Arabs of maintaining the restriction on sales to the U.S. will get higher. If we simply allow the market to work, the agreement to restrict sales to the U.S. will break and with it Arab unity will break. The Arabs are playing a dangerous game. If we allow prices to rise we can expect the development of new domestic sources such as oil shale and domestically produced substitutes for petroleum.

Costs and Clean Air

Another step in solving the energy problem is to *inform society of the cost of environmental and ecological programs and allow the people to chose.* If people want the end products of such programs, they will have to pay the cost in higher energy prices. Without adequate information, society will not be able to decide which programs are worth the cost and which are not. If people prefer cleaner air to lower fuel cost they can choose to convert from coal to oil. If they choose lower fuel cost they can burn cheaper and dirtier fuels. Such a system seems preferable to allowing a bureaucrat to decide for them.

To increase supplies we should *open the continental shelf for drilling* but make firms liable for oil spills and other forms of ecological disturbances. Most oil spills are not from drillings but from tankers. By employing the Naval oil reserves, the continental shelf and areas which will become economically feasible at higher prices, output could be greatly expanded.

We should *institute peak-load pricing for electricity in shortage areas.* Brownouts and blackouts occur because in peak use periods overloads occur. By charging more for power in peak use periods, nonessential use would occur in nonpeak load periods when power is cheaper. Under the current system there is no incentive to spread out power use. Peak load pricing could minimize overloads in the current system and allow time for supply sources to catch up to peak load demand.

In a free market, when the price of a good starts to rise, three simultaneous forces are produced. First, people start to use the good more judiciously, second, producers and consumers who use the product begin to search for cheaper substitutes, and third, producers of the product attempt to expand output by using and developing technology to meet the demand. It is this process which has always forestalled doom. We will run out of energy *only* if we prevent the free market from working. Herein lies the real danger of the "energy crisis."

Dr. Gramm is professor of economics at Texas A&M University and a consultant to Canada's Ministry of Natural Resources. An editorial related to this subject appears today.



Fisherman's Dream? No, a real "Catch"...1878

That's the year I started out in the whiskey business

Nantucket fishing boats used to scare schools of "blackfish" (not whales) up on the shore where fishermen finished them off. Steel engraving from Julius Kessler's private collection.





84-year-old
JULIUS KESSLER
Dean of Distillers

My Private Blend is backed by 61 years' experience

EXPERIENCE means everything in the whiskey business. I'm sure I have had more than any living man—61 years of it. Always learning, always improving.

And I tell you today with modesty—yet with pride—that my Kessler's Private Blend is the finest whiskey I've ever made. It's mild and throat-easy . . . as smooth-as-silk. At the bar or your favorite package store—always ask for Kessler's.

• ALSO TRY MY *KESSLER'S GIN*—"MAKES GOOD DRINKS BETTER" •

KESSLER'S *Private Blend*

WHISKEY- SMOOTH AS SILK

AT BARS AND PACKAGE STORES

KESSLER'S PRIVATE BLEND—A BLENDED WHISKEY. 25% Straight Whiskey—75% Neutral Spirits distilled from Grain. 90 Proof. KESSLER'S DISTILLED DRY GIN. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Copr. 1939, Julius Kessler Distilling Company, Incorporated, Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

Hunting of Whales Outlawed by U.S.

POINT RICHMOND, Calif. (AP) — We'll go no more a'whaling.

The federal government has outlawed whale hunting by Americans, effective today, because, it said, whales — species of which are the world's largest living animals — are threatened with extinction.

The only hunters who'll hang up their harpoons have been manning three rusty whalers on this wind-battered point across the bay from San Francisco.

They're all that's left of a U.S. whaling fleet that once was the mightiest in the world, 750 ships in 1840.

The 31 men worked for Del Monte Fishing Co., which had the exclusive whaling license in the United States since 1967.

"We're locking all the doors and trying to sell the boats," owner Charles Caito said yesterday of the faded red warehouse where whales were hoisted from the sea to be butchered for pet food and lubricants.

The weather this past year has been "exceptionally bad," Caito said, and his crews bagged fewer than 100 whales although they were licensed to take 166.

"I'm bitter, very bitter," Caito said.

He has other prosperous fishing ventures, but believes his whaling cperations were "made a scapegoat" for a government that wanted to please ecologists.

Caito agrees that protection is needed for some species such as the humpback and blue whale, but he says those that Del Monte hunted—sperm, finback and sei — are not endangered.

He said Japan and Russia together take more than 20,000 whales a year in 400-man factory ships which butcher carcasses at sea.

Caito says his men will try to find jobs fishing for sole and cod along the Northern California coast.

Eve. Standard (Lnd) 15 Dec 71

N.Y. Times SUN 12 DEC 71

The Whale-Killers

Last June the International Whaling Commission, meeting in Washington, heard a plea from Under Secretary of State U. Alexis Johnson for forthright action to save the world's vanishing population of whales. Since then Congress has passed a joint resolution directing the State Department to seek a ten-year worldwide moratorium on whaling. Yet even modest controls long since accepted by the commission itself continue to be flouted by two of its member nations, with the tragic result that one of the world's most magnificent creatures is farther than ever down the dark road to extinction.

The two powers are the Soviet Union and Japan, which accounted for 84 per cent of the 42,000 whales killed last year alone, not to mention some 200,000 dolphins and porpoises. For 21 years all members of the commission have in theory accepted the principle of having an international observer aboard whalers to check on quotas and prevent the killing of protected species, undersized specimens and females caring for their young. But such observation has still to be put into effect; a few weeks ago three Soviet whaling fleets sailed for the Antarctic just before a Russian agreement with Japan and Norway to permit observers could be ratified and the observers taken on board.

The tragedy is that signing of the whaling convention in 1946 was followed by two decades of the most unrestrained and barbaric slaughter of the seas' great mammals in all history. A recent report from this newspaper's correspondent in Tokyo showed that where a whaling boat accounted for one animal a month in Captain Ahab's day, whales are now killed at the rate of one every twelve minutes throughout the year.

In contrast to the nineteenth century, they are killed today without need, though hardly without profit. There are substitutes, easily available, for every use to which whale products are put—such as pet food, transmission fluid, lipsticks and fertilizer. And if Japan and Russia are as dependent on whale meat for human consumption as they falsely claim to be, they are surely irrational to be driving the creatures out of existence instead of keeping their take to a maximum sustainable yield, thus assuring themselves a moderate but permanent supply.

It has long been apparent that what motivates these greedy interests—the Communist and capitalist alike—is getting a maximum short-run yield from their investment in a butcher fleet rather than the slow return compatible with the survival of these fascinating and highly intelligent creatures. Since the offending countries seem impervious alike to argument and the example of other nations, it is not at all far-fetched to make the saving of the world's whales a concern of the United Nations, specifically at next year's environmental conference in Stockholm.

WPSH Post THURS. 10 FEB 72



United Press International

STRANDED WHALES—A group of sightseers are dwarfed by the carcasses of 36 whales that died after being stranded on the beach south of Melbourne, Australia.

much interested in their features. N.Y. Times

3 Scientists in Japan Find Fossils of Whales in River

MON 13 MAY 68

TOKYO (UPI)—Whale fossils believed to be 20 million years old have been found near Japan.

The find was made by three scientists in the prefecture. The whale fossils were found exposed in the Kraura River near the village of Yoshii.

Yoshii has the Tertiary Period stratum of between 20 and 25 million years ago.

Fri. 24 MAY '68

VINEYARD GAZETTE, MARTHA'S VINEY.

Scrimshaw Is the Subject of Talk to Men's Club

Col. Eugene S. Clark Shows Slides of Whalemen's Work Origin of Craft Ancient

The Baptist Men's Club went into seasonal adjournment at the end of its 26th consecutive year, following the annual Ladies' Night observance on Friday evening. An illustrated lecture on the development of scrimshaw, the handiwork of sailors at sea, was followed by a social hour.

The lecture, delivered by Col. Eugene S. Clark of Sandwich, was a masterpiece of exploration into the past and colored slides showed many items, from the heavy, ivory trimmed rolling-pin of coconut wood to earrings and tear bottles less than an inch in height, beautifully carved.

The speaker said that this sort of work dates from 6,000 B.C. according to research through which examples have been found in Norway. Strangely enough, these ancient examples allude to the capture of whales. Eskimos, Basque whalers who visited Greenland in 1660, and Dutch, English and German whalers all made scrimshawn articles.

Although it is widely believed that scrimshaw is a Yankee art. Colonel Clark said Yankees were late comers, and that the beginning by New England whalers was as recent as 1700.

Origin of Name Uncertain

Of the name, which has been widely discussed, he said that no one is certain as to its origin. His own research has turned up three different men whose name was Scrimshaw although not one knew anything of the art. But the Polynesians did a great deal of bone carving, using cocoanut shells, ivory, mother of pearl, and other materials, and he suggested that since our whalemen learned much from these people, they may have adopted a word for it which sounded like scrimshaw.

Interest in scrimshaw has lately developed into a hobby for many persons, and gift shops are filled with whales' teeth, which are not genuine scrimshaw, but machine-made etching. Schools which teach scrimshaw have been established and are turning out some good examples of the art although collectors do not place any great value upon work that is not done by hand and at sea by sailors during their idle hours.

Scrimshaw has been given a impetus by the fact that whales' teeth are in plentiful supply and inexpensive. They are being shipped into this country by the barrel from Peru, the Azores and Japan, and some of the best specimens can be obtained for as little as $2.00. Smaller ones are sold at the Whaling Museum in New Bedford for 85 cents apiece.

Genuine Article Comes High

The genuine article, made at sea and by hand, Colonel Clark said, brings fabulous prices. He exhibited from his own collection some 40 jagging-wheels in elaborate designs. He had paid as high as $50 for some of these he said, but today such articles sell for from $500 to $800 apiece and he quoted one as selling at an auction for $1,600.

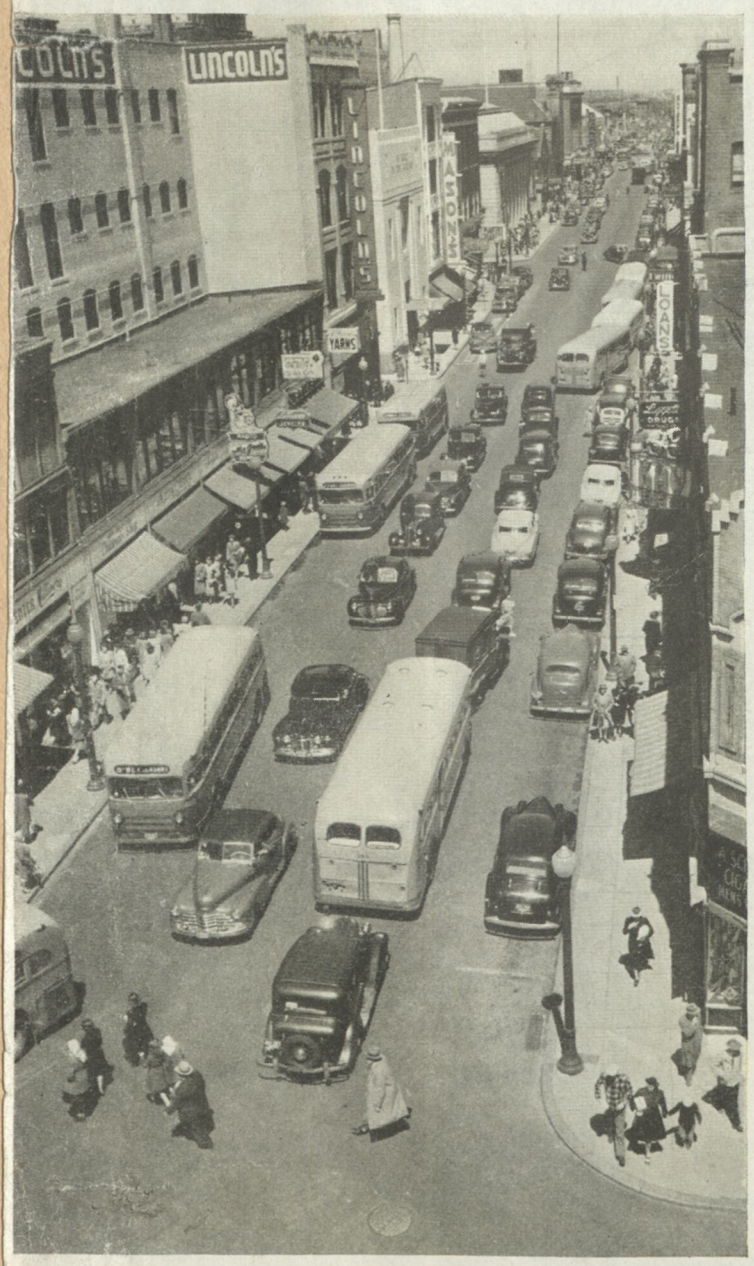
At this auction a chest of drawers, made of tropical wood for a child's doll house decorated with scrimshaw, attracted the attention of two women who bid against each other with the result that this tiny article brought $22,000.

The colonel fascinated his audience, and his display of jagging-wheels was of great interest. Some were in the form of galloping animals, such as greyhounds, complete even to the long, slender tails, all carved out of the same piece of ivory.

The lecture was given in the church and the exhibit of scrimshaw in the parish house where refreshments were served by a committee headed by Sidney White and Henry Burt. The club now stands adjourned until Oct. 18.



Madeira Islanders doing hand work in the Wamsutta Mills. Portuguese make up the city's largest foreign-born group.



Looking north along Purchase Street, the main business section. The city's population is 111,000.

Should he be freed?

Big ruckus over 'Moby Dick'

VICTORIA, British Columbia, March 9 — The capture of a rare, albino killer whale off race rocks on the west coast of Vancouver Islands last Sunday has sent a wave of protest rolling across Vancouver Island.

A number of individuals and various organizations termed plans by Sealand of the Pacific to put the sea creature on display "criminal" and are demanding its immediate release.

"This has to be a concerted move by all of us who are disgusted by the capture," said Mrs. Dinah Kowalczk, a resident of Albert Head, British Columbia, who is circulating a private petition.

She noted killer whales are migratory mammals and "it's criminal to confine them in small areas like the pool at Sealand."

The executive of the Victoria Natural History Society sent a letter to Fisheries Minister Jack Davies asking for all details on whale hunting permits issued by his department.

The Victoria chapter of the Voice of Women and the British Columbia Federation of Naturalists called special meetings to debate the issue.

Lighthouse keeper Bruce Rogers, who said he has been watching killer whales for 61 years, suggested the Fisheries Department make a study of the white whale and "not stick it in a teacup for dollars and cents."

Sealand President Robert Wright said he has received an offer from an undisclosed American aquarium to purchase the 12½ foot albino.

When he turned the offer down, Mr. Wright said, the representatives of the U.S. aquarium argued that because the Sealand whale is the only one of its kind in captivity it should be kept in one of the chief centers of population.

The white whale, which Mr. Wright said could be worth more than $250,000, is presently penned at nearby Pedder Bay under a 24-hour watch.

The sex of the two or three-year-old whale has not yet been determined but Mr. Wright said if it turns out to be a male, it probably will be called "Moby Dick."

THE CITIES OF AMERICA

NEW BEDFORD

By JOHN BISHOP

Few cities have known a more turbulent past than New Bedford. Now—after plunging recklessly on both whaling and textiles—the town has settled down to a safer, and quieter, future.

This is the fifty-first of a series of articles on America's most colorful cities. The next, which deals with Savannah, Georgia, will be published in our July 17th issue.

NEARLY a hundred years ago Herman Melville wrote in his famous novel of whaling, Moby Dick, "New Bedford is a queer place." The career of the city does present a curious paradox.

The native character of old New Bedford was a combination of the Yankee and the Quaker—sternly righteous and diligent in sober self discipline. On the other hand, the behavior of the city has been outrageously un-Puritan and un-Quaker. It has played the part of the reckless gambler, the plunger betting his bank roll on the turn of a single economic card.

A first prodigious wager, on whaling, made New Bedford in Melville's day the richest city per capita in all the world, but it lost all to petroleum and the steel corset stay. A second wager—equally enormous—on fine cotton spinning, brought winnings as dazzling as the first, and they were drained away in the general decline of New England's textile industry after World War I. Despite its heritage of Puritan righteousness and Quaker sobriety, New Bedford has managed to be New England's closest approximation of Boom Town, and not just once but twice.

New Bedford looks like a typical New England mill town, larger than most, but little less shabby. It is about ten and a half miles long by three and a half miles wide, and sprawls on the western shore of the harbor and estuary where the Acushnet River enters Buzzards Bay. One's first impression is of brick textile mills, warehouses, factories and factory chimneys, and thousands of drab wooden apartment houses three and four stories high, spreading across the city's low hills from the industrial districts along the water front. The churches, the schools, the public and office buildings might be those of any other New England city of comparable size; they stand like islands of stone or brick above the drab sea of wooden houses around them. To be sure, there are reminders that the city can boast a long history: old buildings of brick, shingle or clapboards, many of them leaning wearily out of plumb with age; and mustily cluttered antique shops; and a few splendid old mansions still standing on broad lawns shaded by elms and oaks, horse chestnuts and beeches. But these are commonplaces of the New England scene.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
26 JUNE 1948

N.Y. Times
FRIDAY 7 Feb/64

1964.

of Double-Header at Garden

Boat Shows Are Prow to Prow

Long Island Battle Near as 2d Event Opens Tomorrow

By STEVE CADY

AT 11 A.M. tomorrow, Mrs. Eadie Van Nostrand will pick up her hatchet, chop a ribbon and send Long Island's boat-show battle into its showdown stage.

For the first time, Long Islanders who feel like going to a boat show this weekend will be able to pay their money and take their choice. The events, five miles apart, are the Greater Long Island Boat Show at Roosevelt Raceway in Westbury and the Marine Recreation Boat Show at the Island Garden in West Hempstead. Dealers aren't happy about the conflict, but the chances of a merger appear slight. Each side apparently is convinced the other won't be in business next year.

Pleasure Boat News

The Westbury show, which drew 10,000 to its opening last Saturday, concludes its nine-day run on Sunday. Despite its fleet of 166 boats, it has been called "a stiff" by some of the dealers exhibiting in the West Hempstead event, which opens its nine-day run tomorrow. However, dealers at the raceway say they are selling boats.

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The word from West Hempstead is that Nassau County Executive Eugene H. Nickerson will not be on hand for the opening ceremonies. He reportedly offered his services, but was turned down. The West Hempstead exhibitors are still fuming over Nickerson's proclamation of Feb. 1 through 9—the dates of the Westbury show—as long Island Boat Show Week.

The hatchet Mrs. Van Nostrand will use tomorrow is not the same one she used last week to chop down four parkway signs advertising the rival show. It is gold-plated and was presented to her by Thomas Bottomley, the president of the Around Long Island Marathon Association.

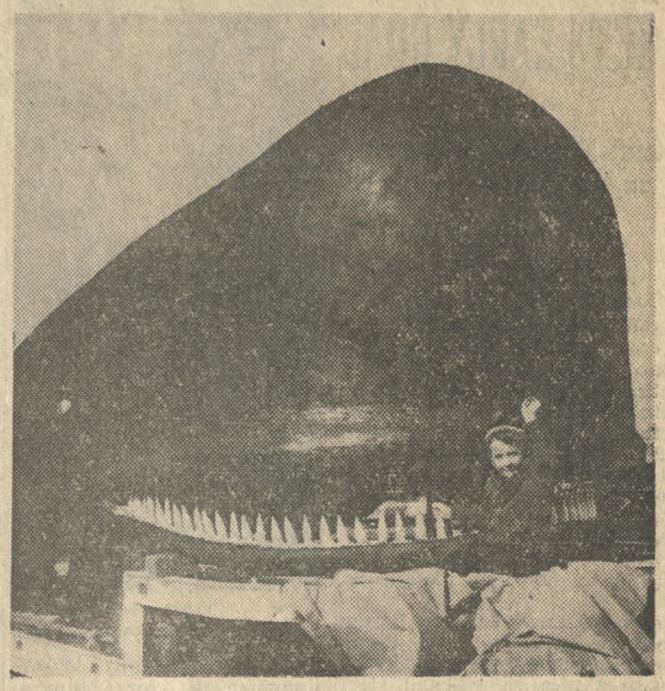
Mrs. Van Nostrand, the owner-operator of the West Hempstead show, was cited by the association of marine dealers for her "courage, regardless of cost, to stimulate and enhance the marine trade on Long Island."

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Explaining the decision to use a hatchet instead of a scissors, Mrs. Van Nostrand said, "You have to be a little different when you're putting on a regional show. Remember, this isn't the National Motor Boat Show."

One of the "different" items lined up for this year's show is a 42-model of a whale boat built of wood, burlap, pitch and sawdush by Robert Freidal and Joseph Golaski of Sag Harbor, L. L. The fins, tail and lower jaw of the whale are moved by wires and pulleys operated by three "inside" men. Further realism is achieved by a compressed-air device that ejects water through the whale's spout.

The 10-foot-high whale—this year's show "theme"—is supposed to honor the whaling heritage of the colonial port of Sag Harbor. Starting Sunday, the whale will have a live running mate—a bottle-nosed porpoise named Stormy, who is being sent from Philadelphia.



A sort of whale, made in Sag Harbor, is theme figure of show at Island Garden. Visitor is Tommy Mazza, 5 years old, of Glenwood Landing. The show will run nine days.

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There also will be a trout stream, with daily prizes for the largest and smallest fish caught; an electronic angling machine that tests ability to land big-game fish; fashion shows and various educational displays.

As for boats, no announcement has been made on the size of the fleet. However, the queen of the fleet will be a 37-foot Galleon express cruiser from the Owens Yacht Division of Brunswick Corporation. The Galleon, which sleeps six in four separate compartments, carries a $23,495 price tax.

Owens also is showing a 33-foot sport fisherman, a 24-foot express cruiser and sea skiff expresses of 26 and 28 feet. According to Mrs. Van Nostrand, there will be more than 80 exhibitors, including 40 Long Island marine dealers.

Hours for the West Hempstead show are 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. on Saturdays (and next Wednesday), 6 P.M. to 11 P.M. daily and 2 P.M. to 10 P.M. Sundays. At Westbury, it will be 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. tomorrow and 1 P.M. to 9 P.M. on Sunday.



"What makes you think you've hooked a whale?"

The Wash. D.C. Daily News-Tues 7 Dec/65

Ice Water 'Dives' Found To Help Heart Patients

By LAWRENCE K. ALTMAN

Four Dallas doctors have taught a small number of cardiac patients to submerge their faces in ice water and "dive" like ducks as a new way to help stop attacks of abnormally rapid heart beats.

The simple, convenient therapy was developed as an adjunct to existing therapies for the heart condition called PAT, for paroxysmal atrial tachycardia. The attacks stopped after the patients dunked their heads for 30 to 35 seconds, according to a report in the Jan. 4 issue of Lancet by Drs. Kern Wildenthal, Stephen J. Leshin, James M. Atkins and C. Lynn Skelton of the University of Texas Health Science Center at Dallas.

The new therapy is based on a long-known physiologic principle called "the diving reflex" that enables ducks to plunge for 15 minutes and whales for up to an hour as they seek food underwater.

The diving reflex has been known at least since 1870 when Paul Bert, the French zoologist and founder of the physiology of diving, published the first systematic studies of diving animals.

Oxygen Need Cut

Though man seldom needs to call on this reflex, the human body responds physiologically like that of an aquatic animal. The reflex acts to decrease oxygen needs—thereby extending the period the animal can go without breathing—by slowing the heart rate, constricting some blood vessels, and reducing the volume of blood that the heart pumps to the body. Breath holding and reflexes from cells in the nose and face trigger the diving reflex.

Dr. Wildenthal said in a telephone interview that he had been stimulated by reports from another researcher, Dr. Stewart G. Wolf Jr., now of Galveston, Tex., to learn if the diving reflex was merely an unimportant evolutionary artifact or whether it remained a potent vestige.

In doing these experiments, Dr. Wildenthal followed tradition of medical research by experimenting first on himself. Thereafter, he repeated the studies on medical student volunteers.

"We were pretty impressed" with results of the basic research studies" Dr. Wildenthal, who is a physiologist and internist, said. Only thereafter did he think of applying the findings to patients.

"It's one small example where basic science had a rapid pay-off for clinical medicine," Dr. Wildenthal said.

Attacks Stopped

With patients with PAT who volunteered for the experiments, the Dallas doctors found that the diving reflex could stop the PAT attacks in which the heart beats regularly but from 140 to 250 times per minute instead of in the usual 60 to 80 range.

PAT is a common disorder of unknown cause that usually appears first in youths without heart disease. Attacks can produce great anxiety on the part of the patient and the family as they tend to recur throughout life. Some attacks are precipitated by emotional upsets, nervous fatigue, indigestion and alcoholic cocktails.

Doctors long have known that most such attacks can be stopped abruptly when the patient purposely tries to breathe with his mouth closed in what is called a Valsalva maneuver, or when pressure is applied with the finger for 15 to 20 seconds on the carotid artery in the neck.

However, doctors are also aware that in rare instances, massage of the carotid sinus can provoke potentially fatal heart rhythm abnormalities.

The carotid sinus, which is situated where the common carotid artery divides into the external and internal carotid arteries, has a vast number of nerve endings that play a key role in regulating the heart rate.

Shock or Drugs Used

Sometimes attacks persist despite carotid sinus massage. In such cases, electrical shock or therapy with drugs like digitalis and quinidine may be required. If the blood pressure falls, intravenous injections of drugs may be needed before the normal heart rhythm can be restored. In unusual situations, attacks may stop only when the patient rests after an injection of morphine.

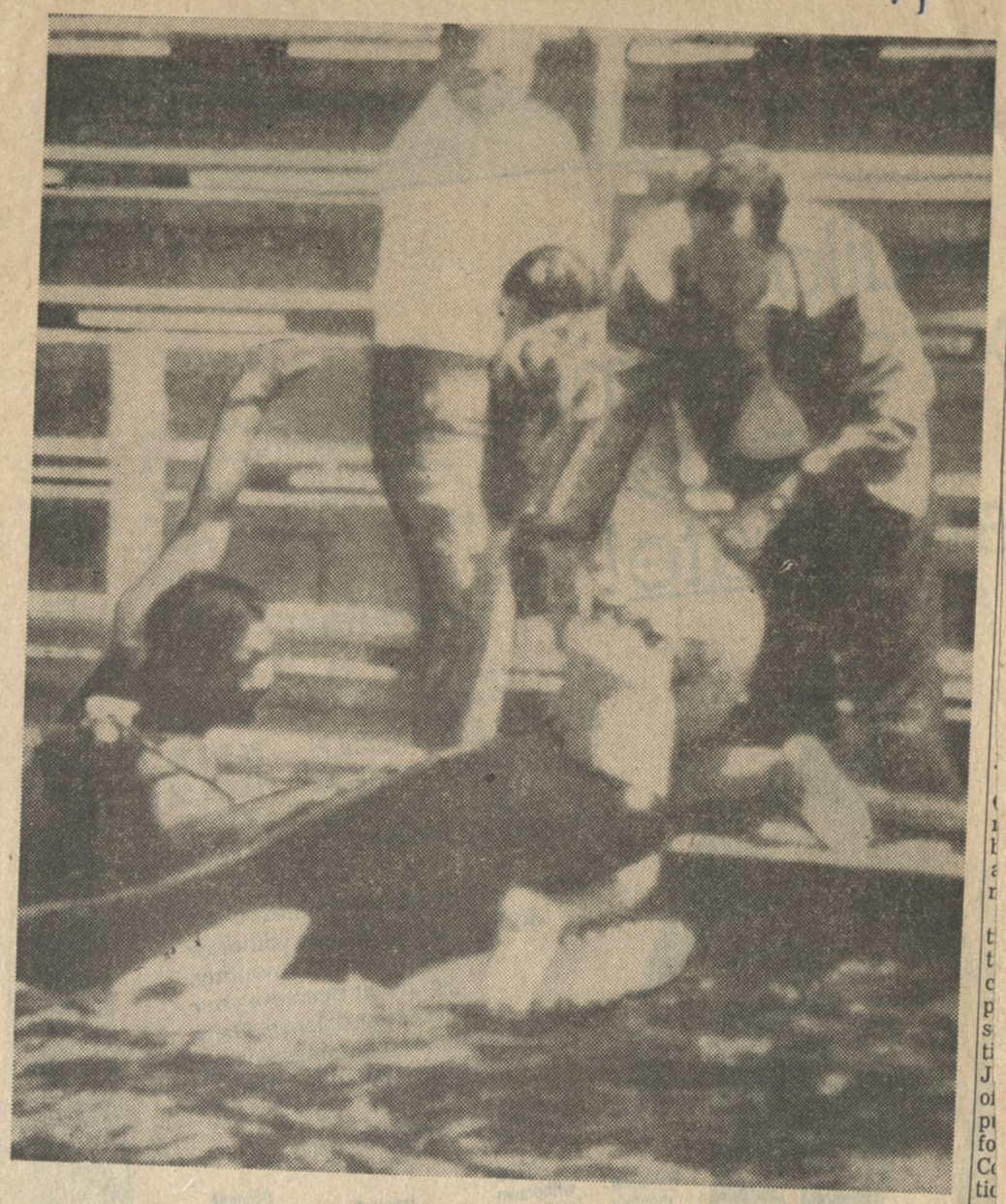
Now, the Texas doctors are offering the diving reflex as another PAT therapy, having found that it worked without complication in seven patients.

The doctors confirmed the diagnosis of PAT by electrocardiograms. Then they said they reassured the patients as they rested in an upright seated position for from one to three minutes. "Each subject breathed deeply several times and while leaning forward and holding the breath in inspiration, immersed his face in a pan of cold water (36 degrees F) for up to 35 seconds," the doctors reported.

The Dallas doctors said that the diving reflex could be used every time an attack occurred among many—but not all—PAT patients. However, they said that the new therapy did not provide protection against future episodes of PAT.

N.Y. Times Wed 15 Jan 75

EVG STAR (DC) WED 13 APRIL 11



—Associated Press

JUST PULLING HER LEG

The leg of Annette Eckis, 22, remains clenched between the jaws of a killer whale Shamu as rescuers attempt to pull her from the whale tank at Sea World in San Diego, Calif., yesterday. Annette slipped from the whale's back while practice-riding. The whale grabbed her before she could reach the side of the tank and its jaws had to be pried open to free her. She was treated for cuts and puncture wounds. Annette said Shamu was only being playful.

James River Whale Takes Swift Leave

CHARLES CITY, Va., April 12 (AP)—A 30-ft, 3000 pound whale dropped out of sight late today as mysteriously as he had appeared.

The whale, discovered by fisherman Norman C. Haynes as he went to set his fishing nets in the James River, took off for parts unknown about 3 p.m. after a Richmond visitor tickled him with a pole.

B. W. Haynes, son of the man who first found the big mammal, took half a dozen sightseers out in a boat to see the whale today.

Haynes said he reached under the whale with a pole and "I tickled him under his stomach and he really went away from there."

The whale swam rapidly downstream, Haynes said. After Haynes returned to shore, several other boats also put in and their occupants they had tried to find the whale without success.

"He swam like there wasn't anything wrong with him," said Haynes.

Fred C. Biggs, information officer for the Virginia Institute of Marine Science in Gloucester, had identified the mammal as a piked whale and said it appeared to be near death, its body covered with bullet wounds and lacerations.

Before the whale disappeared today, about 500 persons had come to the area to see it. The mammal was about 170 miles from its natural ocean habitat.

WED 13 APRIL 66

THE WASH POST

WASH (D.C.) POST SAT 19 DEC 70

Gift to Smithsonian

By Phil Casey

Mrs. A. Remington Kellogg, widow of one of the Smithsonian Institution's most notable scientists, presented her husband's library to the National Museum of Natural History yesterday.

The presentation was made in a brief ceremony held under the replica of the great blue whale in the Hall of Life in the Sea in the museum.

Dr. Kellogg, an internationally known marine mammalogist and an expert on whales, died in 1969 after 31 years with the Smithsonian. He was director of the Museum of Natural History from 1948 until his retirement in 1962. He was an assistant secretary of the Smithsonian from 1958 to 1962

Mrs. Kellogg has established a research fund in her husband's memory. The Remington Kellogg Memorial Fund includes contributions from Mrs. Kellogg, the National Geographic Society, of Dr. Kellogg.

The Kellogg Fund will be used to finance research on fossil marine mammals. Dr. Kellogg's books and papers will be the basis of a library of marine mammalogy at the Museum of Natural History.

SUN. 11 FEB 68

Vancouver Whale Crashes Through Aquarium Window

VANCOUVER, British Columbia (Canadian Press)—Skana, Vancouver aquarium's 3,000-pound captive killer whale, crashed through a plate glass window, suffering several jagged cuts on her head.

Prompt action by aquarium attendants saved the whale from possible drowning. They tied a rope around her and pulled her from the remains of an inch-thick underwater viewing window.

"We don't know why the window broke but we believe Skana hit it with her head," Curator Vince Penfold said.

"It would take a sledge hammer type of blow to break the glass. We don't believe pressure from repeated dives by Skana over the weeks she has been in captivity were responsible."

N.Y. Times

Around The Nation

$225,000 Bid for Treasure Sunk in 1715

NEW YORK — More than $225,000 was bid at the Parke-Bernet Galleries for jewelry and other articles salvaged from the wreckage of a Spanish vessel that went down off Florida in a hurricane in 1715.

The highest bid at the auction was $50,000 for a tiny golden whistle shaped like a dragon. The 2¾-inch-long whistle was the emblem of the office of the Spanish fleet's commander, Captain-General Juan Estaban Ubilla. The bid came from Horace Gordon of Villanova, Pa., whose wife runs an art shop.

The Smithsonian Institution bid successfully for several ship's articles, including plumb lines, navigational instruments and metal ballast discs.

Fallout Tests

ST. GEORGE, Utah—The Public Health Service reported that the thyroid glands of children exposed to nuclear fallout from the nearby Nevada test site last year have no apparent malignant tissue.

Health Service doctors said relatively routine abnormalities were found in a few cases, but they were not believed to be related to the exposure to radiation. No conclusions were drawn, but the doctors said the study showed no indication of thyroid cancers resulting from the low radiation exposure caused by the Nevada tests.

Radioactive Dirt

ST. LOUIS — A Chicago commercial loan company bought 100,000 tons of radioactive dirt that chemists say may contain minerals valued at $7.5 million.

The Commercial Discount Corp. paid $800,000 for the dirt at a public auction of the assets of the Continental Mining and Milling Co.

The dirt originally had come from the Belgian Congo during World War II and most of the uranium in it was skimmed off for the Atomic Energy Commission.

An official of the loan company said that "truthfully, we do not know at this time what we will do with the dirt," but since Continental had borrowed $2.5 million from Commercial the Chicago firm decided to buy the dirt to protect its investment.

Transfer Delayed

The Defense Department agreed to delay the proposed transfer of the New York office of Stars and Stripes to the Armed Forces News Bureau at Arlington until a congressional committee can examine the move.



Associated Press

REP. JOHN E. MOSS
. . . wins delay

Rep. John E. Moss (D-Calif.), Chairman of the Subcommittee on Foreign Operations and Government Information, had written Secretary of Defense Robert S. McNamara expressing concern about the possibility of "controlled news." He asked that the transfer be held up until his Subcommittee could study the plan in detail.

The Pentagon recently consolidated its Los Angeles, New York and Washington news bureaus into the central facility at Arlington.

Elevator Strike

NEW YORK — Elevator maintenance, construction and repair workers went on strike throughout the country when negotiations for a new contract broke down.

The strike involves more than 14,000 members of the AFL-CIO International Union of Elevator Constructors employed in every major city by firms represented by the National Elevator Manufacturing Industry, Inc. Local unions were permitted to reach interim agreements so work could continue until a settlement is reached.

Addenda

• Charles A. Lindbergh, the first man to make a solo flight across the Atlantic 40 years ago, observed his 65th birthday in his Darien (Conn.) home in the privacy he prefers.

• Walter G. Farr, former deputy assistant administrator of the Near East and South Asia Bureau of the Agency for International Development, was appointed director of the Model Cities Administration in the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

• Dr. John Harris Burt was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of the Ohio Episcopal diocese in ceremonies marked by the ecumenical spirit. Attending were a rabbi, a Roman Catholic Bishop and representatives of the Russian and Greek Orthodox Churches.

• The 1967 Golden Key awards of American education will go for the first time to a mother and son—former Gov. Terry Sanford of North Carolina and Elizabeth Martin Sanford of Laurinburg, N.C.

Compiled from Washington Post and news agency reports from abroad.

FLU TREATMENT It's hard enough to know what to do when a human being comes down with the flu, but how do you take care of a whale? The three whales at Sea World Aquarium in San Diego, Calif., were given 375 antibiotic pills every six hours by their veterinarian, Dr. David Kinney. The pills were concealed in mackerel, fed to the whales.

4 WASH POST SUN 2 MARCH 69 "PARADE"

Joaquin J. Pina, 100, Former Whaleman

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., March 5 (AP) — Joaquin Jack Pina, 100, one of the last of the whalemen who made New Bedford a major port, died Monday. Mr. Pina completed his last whaling voyage in 1914, a two-year trip aboard the schooner Carleton Bill.

WASH POST SUN. 7 MARCH 71

KILLER WHALE

Several months ago, my brother Bill and I got into a hot debate over the reputation of the killer whale. Bill maintained that this type of whale was not as dangerous as it was cracked up to be. I disagreed.

In September you came out with an article, "In the Jaws of the Killer Whale," in which you seemed to side with the "non-violent" viewpoint.

Before my brother (also an Argosy reader) comes jumping down my throat, would you please clarify where you stand?

John S. Anderson

Syracuse, New York

• *There is quite a difference between a "tame" animal and a wild one.*

The reputation of the killer whale, (Orcinus orca) is indeed an infamous one. Eskimos in the Arctic claim that packs

ARGOSY FEB. 1972

Japan's Poorest Whale Season

Japan's antarctic whaling expedition failed to achieve its goal for the first time in history in the just-ended season. The poor catch has placed Japan in a quandary on what stand it should take at the forthcoming meeting of the international whaling commission in London next month. *All that even Japanese fleets managed to haul was an equivalent of 4,125 blue whales, or 35 units short of their total quota of 4,160, in the Dec. 12-April 7 period.*

N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

SAT 17 APR 71 / 65

Whaleship to Be Rebuilt

SANDEFJORD, Norway (UPI) —The former Norweigian whaling factory ship Thorshavet will be rebuilt into a fish processing ship to catch a special type of a herring, the pilchard, off the South African coast. The pilchard is used as raw material for fishmeal and fish oil.

N.Y. TIMES. FRI. 7 NOV 69



ROCKWELL KENT

Drawings for
MOBY DICK

WEYHE GALLERY
794 Lexington Avenue, N. Y.

N.Y. Times SAT 3 April 66

THE WASHINGTON DAILY NEWS, TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1966—23

MR. MUM



The Eve Star
WASH-D.C.- 15 April 66

BEACHED WHALE'S STRUGGLE APPEARS ENDED BY DEATH

CHARLES CITY, Va. (AP)—Pokey the whale, whose courageous fight for life touched the hearts of many, appeared today to be dead.

His unmoving body, riddled with bullets, lay on its side on a mud flat in the James River 70 miles from his natural home in the Atlantic.

Birds of prey alighted on the 30-foot-long mammal.

A newsman observed Pokey for about 20 minutes from a helicopter and said the whale showed no sign of life.

Pokey was left for dead Wednesday night after he was tied to a tree along the shore and shot 12 times with a .30-caliber rifle.

But when a commercial fisherman began towing away the body yesterday, Pokey came to life. He swished his great tail, snapped three nylon towlines and swam off.



This whale carved by a Northwest Indian tribe is one of the jewels of primitive art included in the Washington Gallery of Modern Art's survey of 20th Century Art selected from private collections in the State of Washington. The show's strongest and most interesting entries are the Northwest's own artists, Mark Tobey and Morris Graves—there are also first rate works by other Northern American artists from John Marin to Kenneth Noland. Thru October. 30 Sept/66 WASH NEWS FRIDAY

THE EVENING STAR
Washington, D. C.
Wednesday, April 13, 1966

Metro Area

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X

BACK TO OCEAN

Everybody Is Tickled As Whale Swims Off

CHARLES CITY, Va. (AP) — Maybe it was ticklish and maybe it was just bashful.

Whatever the reason, that 30-foot, 3,000-pound piked whale apparently is on its way back to the Atlantic Ocean from which it appeared two days ago.

The whale was discovered Monday by Norman C. Haynes, a professional fisherman, as he went to set his fishing nets. It was about 70 miles upstream in the James River from its natural ocean habitat.

No amount of pushing, shoving or tugging could dislodge the whale from a mud flat on which it had parked.

Yesterday morning, the whale was nowhere to be seen—until the tide went out. There it was, however, still on the mud flat and spouting water.

A marine specialist said the whale appeared to be dying from lacerations and 25 to 30 bullet wounds.

More than 500 persons had been attracted to this area by yesterday afternoon to view it. Half a dozen of the sightseers went out in a boat with B. W. Haynes, son of the man who spotted the mammal.

Haynes, armed with a pole, said, "I tickled him under his stomach and he really went away from there."

When last seen, the whale was headed downstream.

"He swam like there wasn't anything wrong with him," Haynes said.

New from California

Rafael Alberti. Selected Poems

Edited and translated by BEN BELITT. The first volume to present in translation a wide selection from this modern poet. "Alberti takes his place with the best poets of his time."
—C. M. Bowra $6.50

The Heart

Its Function in Health and Disease. ARTHUR SELZER, M.D. "Aimed at educated laymen who want to keep up with the remarkable advances that medical science is making."
—David Perlman, *San Francisco Chronicle* $5.95

Whales, Dolphins, and Porpoises

Edited by KENNETH NORRIS. Recent cetacean studies have revealed surprising discoveries. This is the first book to take an international and interdisciplinary approach to the subject of current cetacean research. $15.00

New Paperbacks

ALCOOLS. GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE. *Translated by Anne Hyde Greet.* $1.75

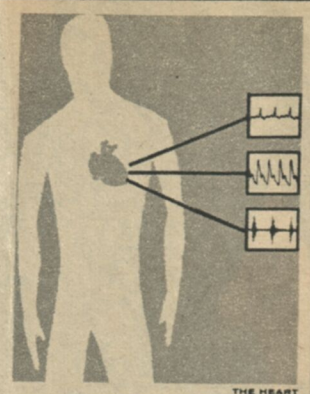
RAINER MARIA RILKE: *The Years in Switzerland.* J. R. VON SALIS. $1.75

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN GREEK AND ROMAN HISTORY. J. A. O. LARSEN. $1.75

FROM TWO TO FIVE. KORNEI CHUKOVSKY. *Translated by Miriam Morton.* "A unique contribution to our appreciation of the language of children . . ."—*Harvard Educational Review* $1.50

FILM: *An Anthology. Edited by Daniel Talbot.* $2.25

DOM CASMURRO. MACHADO DE ASSIS. *Translated by Helen Caldwell.* Cloth, $5.50; Paper, $1.50



RAFAEL ALBERTI



PAPERBACKS



COMMUNIST CHINA

Comparative Functionalism

An Essay in Anthropological Theory. WALTER GOLDSCHMIDT. Offers a point of departure for all who are concerned with either the nature of man or the character of society. It is, in fact, a call for a new approach to anthropological inquiry. $3.95

Democracy and Economic Change in India

GEORGE ROSEN. An analysis of the Indian experience since Independence, dealing with the impact of economic change on India as a whole and on the economic, social, and political positions of specific groups such as the rural castes and the urban classes. $6.75

Flowers in the Mirror

LI JU-CHEN. *Translated by* LIN TAI-YI. "Stands in a class by itself among the more outstanding Chinese novels."—Lin Yutang. "Of first-class importance in Chinese traditional fiction."—Cyril Birch $5.00



WHALES, DOLPHINS, AND PORPOISES

Ideology and Organization in Communist China

H. F. SCHURMANN. This book, after a discussion of ideology in its first part, attempts to answer the question of how the Chinese Communist organization functions and why it is so successful. Mr. Schurmann analyzes the organization of the Party and government, looks at industrial organization, and traces the history of village organization from the traditional times to communization in 1958. *A publication of the Center for Chinese Studies.* $12.50

University of California Press BERKELEY • LOS ANGELES • NEW YORK

Eve. Star Wash D.C. 20 Nov 65

Salmon Fishermen Snag Big Whale

SAN FRANCISCO (AP).—Two brothers fishing for salmon snagged a big whale.

Frank and Joseph Balestreri had cast many lines from their 35-foot trawler off San Francisco when the mammal surfaced beside them.

Tangled in the lines, the whale snapped them and one cut Frank's cheek.

"That mad whale got away with a lot of hooks in him," Joseph said.

OHIO MUSEUM GETS DUTCH ARTS WORKS

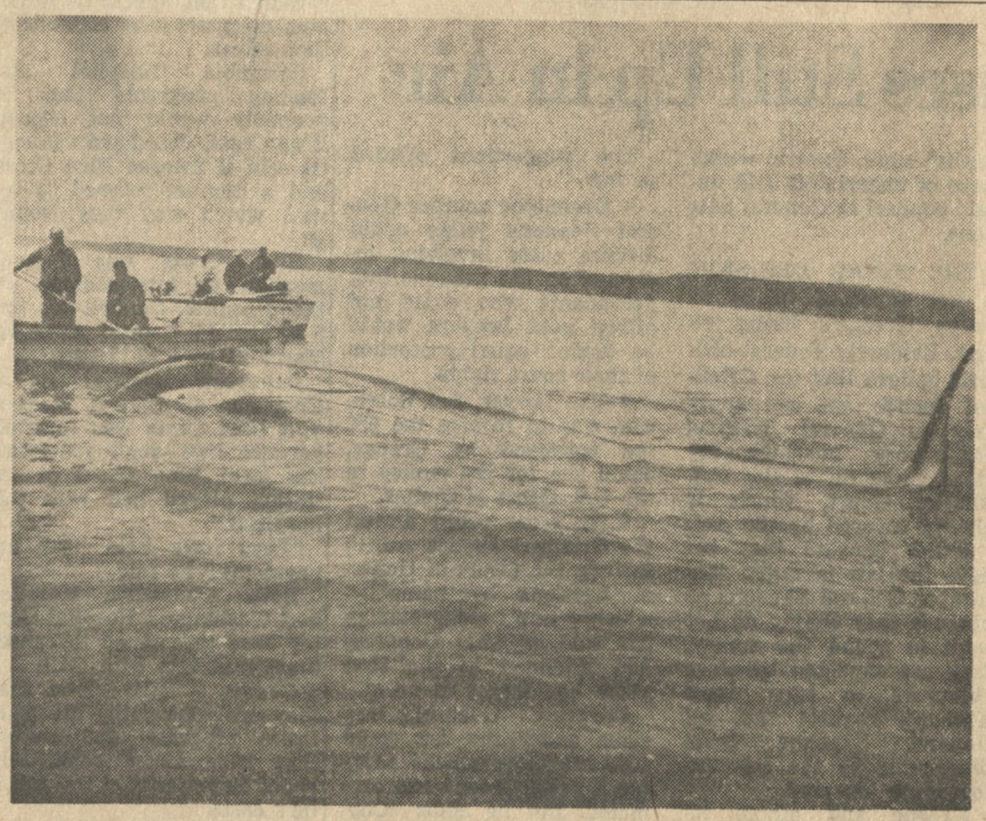
TOLEDO, Ohio (AP)—Two 18th-century Dutch works of art—both commemorating weddings—have been acquired by the Toledo Museum of Art.

One is an oil sketch for a ceiling decoration for an Amsterdam house by Jacob de Wit (1695-1754), which deals with the love story of Zephyr, god of the west wind, and his wife, Flora.

It was commissioned in 1723 by Jan Baptist de Surmont, Lord of Vlooswijk, and his wife, Margaretha Catharina Cromhout, right after their marriage. Both were members of rich Dutch mercantile families.

The second object is a silver beaker—a ceremonial cup—made in Amsterdam in 1730 to mark the marriage of Klaas Top and Marritje Handricks. It is engraved with scenes of a whale hunt in the arctic, an important industry dominated by the Dutch for a century after 1600.

N.Y. Times - Thurs 30 Jan 75



Associated Press

WHALE HO! — Fishermen and curious onlookers try to refloat a 30-foot goosebeak whale from the Upper Bay Flats, 25 miles south of Richmond. The whale ran aground in about three feet of water after wandering up the James River.

THE WASH POST
TUES 12 APRIL 66

Temporary Ban On Whaling Asked

LONDON, Jan. 23—The organization Friends of the Earth today called for outright suppression of the International Whaling Commission and, singling out Japan and the Soviet Union, it urged a temporary ban on all whaling to protect the species.

The organization, expressing its views in an article by the magazine New Scientist, said the commission "had done little more than provide a cloak of respectability to cover the continuing over-exploitation of the whale."

It criticized what it called the pseudo-scientific methods through which the commission fixed annual quotas for each whaling campaign.

Wash (DC) Post Fri, 24 Jan 75

The Wash-Post Friday 7 Feb/64

Smithsonian's New Director Proposes To Put 'Guts Behind Facade' of Museum

By Jean M. White
Staff Reporter

Smithsonian's collection of old fossils certainly hasn't been augmented by the arrival of S. Dillon Ripley II, the institution's new head.

Ripley, a tall, lean man of 50, is very much non-fossilized.

Yesterday he held his first press conference and talked about museum research and education, OSS undercover work, birds, architecture, and belly-dancing.

It was while he was director of Yale's Peabody Museum that Ripley quite innocently introduced the natural phenomenon of belly-dancing to New Haven.

"We were having an exhibit of King Tut's treasures," he recalled. "When I found out that one of the professors could play indigenous Egyptian folk music, I thought it would be splendid to have some indigenous Egyptian folk dancing.

"I Didn't Know . . ."

"I didn't know that meant belly-dancing. I was escorting a dowager in her 80s to the opening. I sat there sort of bug-eyed as the dancer began writhing on the floor.

"The dowager leaned over and whispered: "Don't worry. I've never had so much fun in New Haven."

At the press conference, it was clear that Ripley is a man who lives by the rule that he enunciated yesterday. "Keep your eyes open and be interested in everything."

There are few places that offer more opportunity to do just that than Smithsonian, with its vast complex of activities. These include the newly opened Museum of History and Technology, Museum of Natural History, National Air Museum, Bureau of American Ethnology, Astrophysical Observatory, Canal Zone Biological Area, National Zoo, Freer Art Gallery, National Gallery of Art, and the National Collection of Fine Arts.

"Guts Behind Facade"

It's the "guts behind the facade" of the museum exhibits that Ripley emphasized yesterday. He wants to expand Smithsonian's role in research and education.

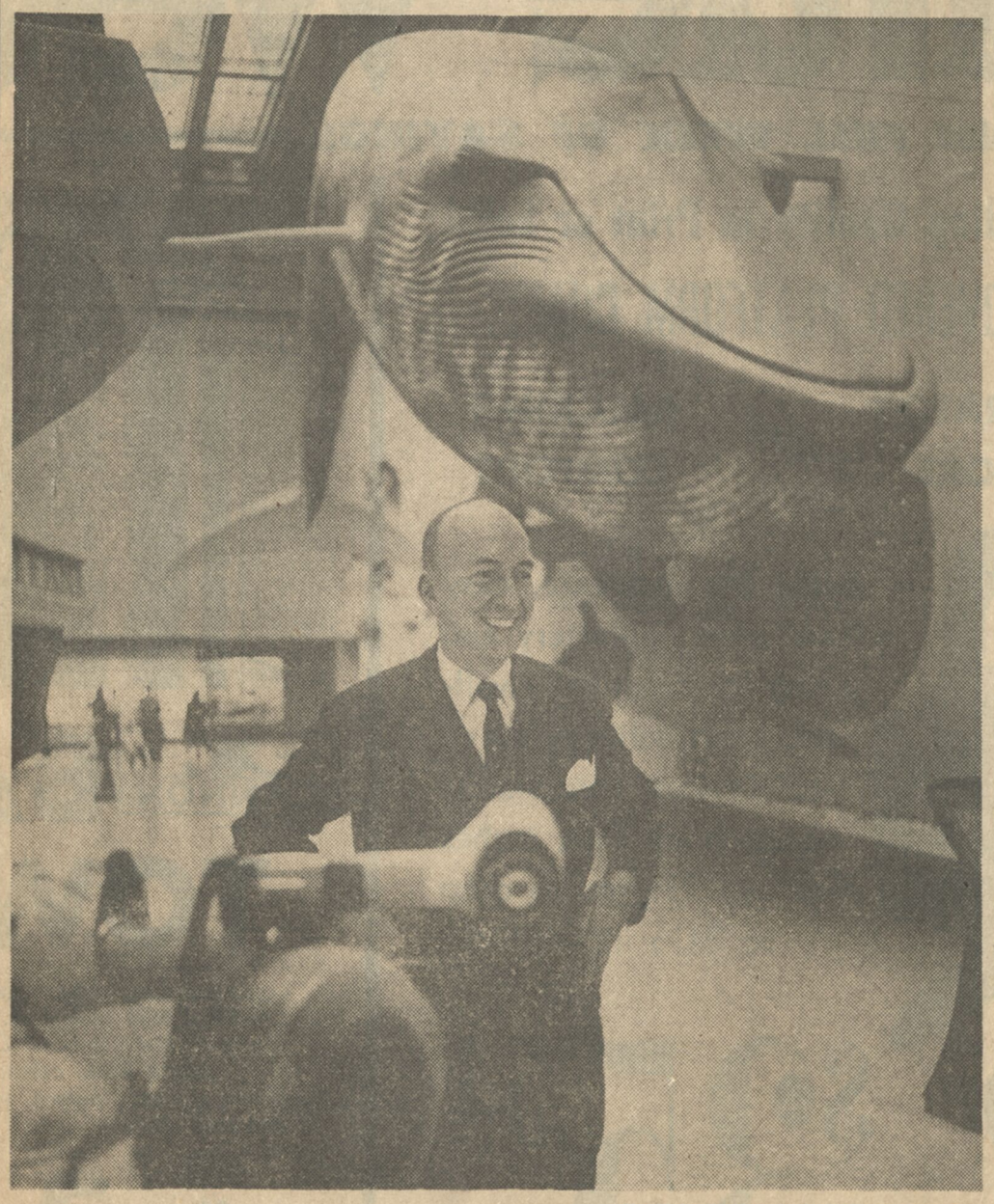
The new head of Smithsonian wants the institution to exercise leadership in museum research and education. He would have Smithsonian curators work closely with university scholars and students and hopes that some fellowships may be set up for study.

Ripley, a distinguished ornithologist, is coming back to Smithsonian, where he served as an assistant curator of birds in the early 1940s'. He is the institution's eighth secretary in its 117-year history. Leonard Carmichael, his lively predecessor retired Feb. 1.

Because of knowledge gained from bird-hunting expeditions in Southeast Asia, Ripley was attached as a civilian to an OSS undercover unit during World War II.

Indulging in some bird-watching on the side, he discovered a new sub-species of Ceylonese thrush and named it after his boss, Maj. Gen. William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan.

"I got back a note from Donovan," Ripley recalls. "It said: 'Dear Dillon, I knew you were giving me the bird all the time'."



By Wally McNamee, Staff Photographer

S. Dillon Ripley II, new Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, stands in front of the whale exhibit in the Museum of Natural History during his first meeting with members of the press. In foreground, a cameraman takes Ripley's picture.

Wash Post
PEOPLE
Fr. 12 Feb 72

A Benefit For Ecology

By Dorothy McCardle

Moby Dick, the great white whale made famous by the 19th century writer Herman Melville, became the symbol of modern ecology last night.

The setting was Ford's Theatre where actor Jack Aranson gave his masterful one-man performance of "Moby Dick." Tickets were sold to benefit Environmental Action, which is a lobbying group, and the Washington Ecology Center.

After the performance, the audience went downstairs to the Lincoln Room where they were greeted by Sen. Fred Harris (D-Okla.) and former Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall and their wives.

Sen. Harris told the group that he is sponsoring the Ocean Mammals bill, which will come up for a hearing on Tuesday and Wednesday.

"The bill will prohibit the killing of whales, seals and other mammals and also forbid the sale of any products of these mammals," Sen. Harris explained.

He predicted that if such a bill is not passed, seals and whales are in danger of becoming extinct.

Udall said that he has spent a lot of time lately on college campuses, where he has discovered that young people are more interested in the protection of the Moby Dicks of the high seas than is the older generation.

"We are in a time of shifting values," said Udall. "Ecology is a cause that will be won or lost by the oncoming generation. In the next 30 years we will have to have an enormous shift in our values."

Samuel Love, coordinator of Environmental Action, said that funds raised at the benefit will be used for a recycling center and for an educational program in ecology.

A Cold-War Report: Alaska Eskimos Claim Russia Is Attacking

Gunfight at Niyrakpak Lagoon And a Kidnapping Stir Island; Avon Lady and Howling Dogs

W.S.J. MONDAY 24 Oct 66

By PETER R. KANN
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

GAMBELL, St. Lawrence Island, Alaska—"The Russians are coming! The Russians are coming!"

To most Americans it's a movie title. But to the 800 Eskimo-Americans living in three tiny villages on this barren island 170 miles from mainland Alaska and only 47 miles from Soviet Siberia, it's a fact—or fantasy—of everyday life.

The island may qualify as the most isolated and inhospitable bit of land in the United States. Icy gusts of wind blow in from the Bering Sea; temperatures drop to 50 degrees below zero in the winter. The island has no roads, running water, sewage system, central heating, electricity, telephones, medical facilities or other "essentials" of life. The Eskimo islanders live in flimsy wooden shacks, often six or more people to a room. They eke out a subsistence living by hunting walrus, seals and whales, shooting stray ducks or seagulls, and sporadically carving cribbage boards or miniature polar bears from ivory walrus tusks.

Yet, despite its forlorn status, St. Lawrence Island appears to attract Russians like Hawaii does tourists—or so a sizable portion of the island's Eskimo population firmly believes. They cite such "evidence" as a recent gunfight at Niyrakpak Lagoon supposedly involving Russian frogmen, as well as a Soviet kidnapping.

Fruitless Searches

The hot war here is discounted by Alaskan state police and National Guard officials in Nome, the nearest mainland city. "What would Russians be wandering around there for," says Major Bill Caldwell of the National Guard's First Scout Battalion. "I searched that island

JOURNAL 24 Oct 66

ort: Some Eskimos ns Are Attacking

St. Lawrence Island Has Seen Woe and War Before

By a WALL STREET JOURNAL *Staff Reporter*

GAMBELL, St. Lawrence Island, Alaska—This island, which some Eskimos say is being attacked by the Russians, has seen its share of war and woe.

According to the book Alaska, published in 1939 as part of the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration, the last gun of the Civil War was fired in the Bering Sea near the island on June 22, 1865, by the Confederate war vessel Shenandoah. It occurred 74 days after Appomattox and nearly two months after the surrender of the South.

The book quotes one author as calling the island a "dreary, cheerless-looking mass of black lava, dotted with volcanoes, covered with snow without a single tree, and rigidly bound in ocean ice for more than half the year."

It also recalls that "visits of whalers wrought havoc among the islanders:"

"In 1880, a whaling vessel appeared off what was then a prosperous village. The master sent members of his crew ashore with bottles of grain alcohol, cut with water, and flavored with syrup. There was an immediate demand for the firewater among the Eskimos, and they traded ivory, whalebone, and furs for the bottles. The officers and crew selected a harem rom the young women of the village, and aid them in alcohol. When the whaling essel left, the entire village of 450 Eskinos was dead-drunk and beggared, for hey had even cut up their skin boats to ade for liquor. Around them were plenty f hair seal and walrus, but by the time he village had sobered and collected apons the game was gone. Only about villagers survived."

mo National Guard units for allegedly ing a dogsled.

onically, in light of the pervasive Rusmenace felt here, the St. Lawrence isrs are closely related to Eskimos in t Siberia. The Eskimo dialect spoken is unintelligible to mainland Alaskan Es-, but it's believed still to be spoken by 1,200 Siberian Eskimos. Most islanders have relatives in Siberia; some of them assume they still have parents living s the "ice curtain." Since the late 1930s, er, there hasn't been any trade or trafetween St. Lawrence Island and Siberia.

ne, that is, until last summer when Soviet seal hunters were spotted close re at Sevoonga. Several Sevoonga Eskiuardsmen set out in a skin boat to the Russians that they were within the s three-mile coastal waters. Instead of nging gunfire, however, the islanders ussians wound up exchanging cigarets. Russian cigarets were real long, but ardly had any tobacco in them," says voonga Guardsman.

Markets Sales

on:

E MARKETS, INC., reports sales:

	1966	1965	Changes	%
Five wks Oct. 1	$124,409,222	$114,128,974	$10,280,248	9.0
26 wks Oct. 1	638,658,844	593,506,076	45,152,768	7.6

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
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THE NEWS Fri. 9 JUNE '72

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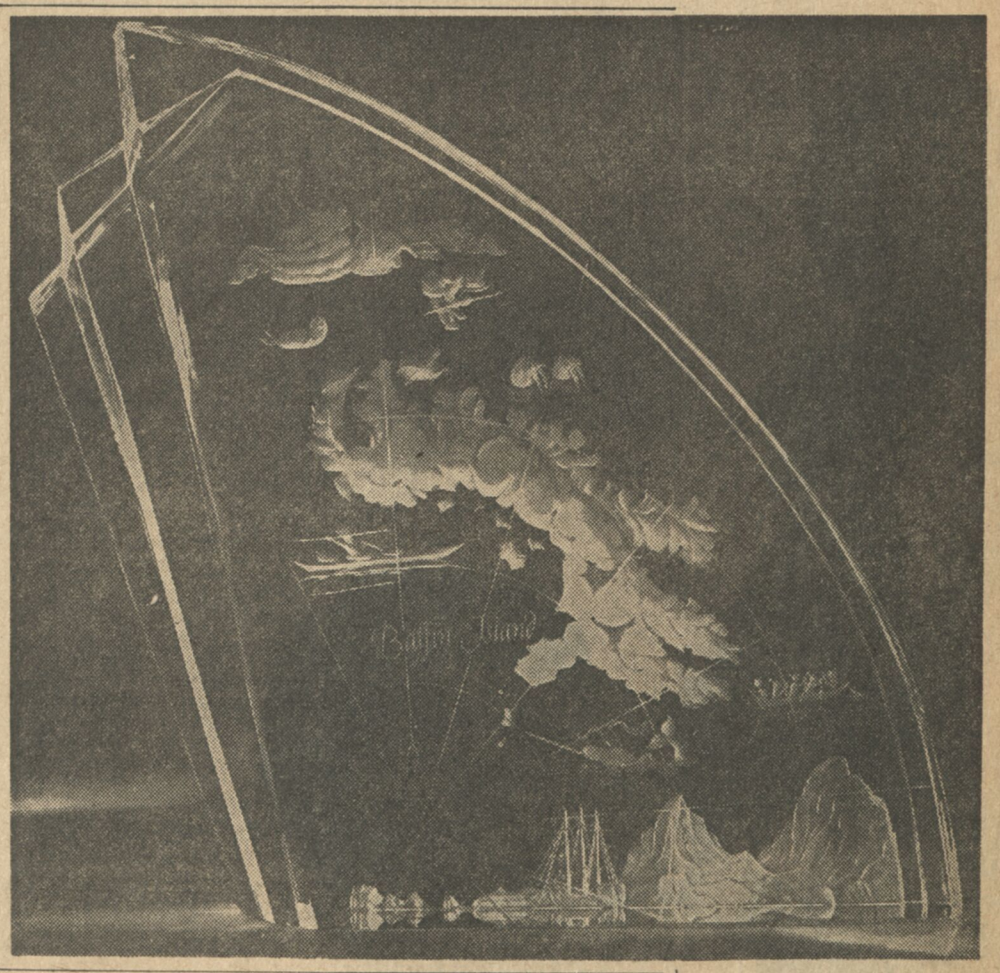
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A Cold-War Report: Alaska Eskimos Claim Russia Is Attacking

Gunfight at Niyrakpak Lagoon And a Kidnapping Stir Island; Avon Lady and Howling Dogs

W.S.J. MONDAY 24 Oct 66

By PETER R. KANN
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

GAMBELL, St. Lawrence Island, Alaska—"The Russians are coming! The Russians are coming!"

To most Americans it's a movie title. But to the 800 Eskimo-Americans living in three tiny villages on this barren island 170 miles from mainland Alaska and only 47 miles from Soviet Siberia, it's a fact—or fantasy—of everyday life.

The island may qualify as the most isolated and inhospitable bit of land in the United States. Icy gusts of wind blow in from the Bering Sea; temperatures drop to 50 degrees below zero in the winter. The island has no roads, running water, sewage system, central heating, electricity, telephones, medical facilities or other "essentials" of life. The Eskimo islanders live in flimsy wooden shacks, often six or more people to a room. They eke out a subsistence living by hunting walrus, seals and whales, shooting stray ducks or seagulls, and sporadically carving cribbage boards or miniature polar bears from ivory walrus tusks.

Yet, despite its forlorn status, St. Lawrence Island appears to attract Russians like Hawaii does tourists—or so a sizable portion of the island's Eskimo population firmly believes. They cite such "evidence" as a recent gunfight at Niyrakpak Lagoon supposedly involving Russian frogmen, as well as a Soviet kidnapping.

Fruitless Searches

The hot war here is discounted by Alaskan state police and National Guard officials in Nome, the nearest mainland city. "What would Russians be wandering around there for," says Major Bill Caldwell of the National Guard's First Scout Battalion. "I searched that island twice and never found any evidence to support the stories," says state trooper Lowell Palmer. The Russian "attacks" also are discounted by the half dozen Caucasians here, including several school teachers and Vista (domestic Peace Corps) volunteers, as well as by a strong faction of Eskimo islanders.

Nevertheless, the normally peaceable island has become sharply divided between be-



lievers and nonbelievers, and the stories about Russians have interfered with vital hunting and fishing activities, keeping normally fearless Eskimo hunters indoors discussing "the enemy," as many here call the Soviets.

The major scare occurred about two months ago. Clifford Iknikinok, at the time mayor of Gambell, chief of its village council and head of its National Guard unit, was on an extended hunting-fishing trip wtih his family. Mr. Iknikinok says that one evening at dusk his campsite at Niyrakpak Lagoon, 20 miles from Gambell, was attacked by six or seven khaki-clad men firing rifles. Mr. Iknikinok returned the fire with his hunting rifle, piled his family into his Weasel (a Jeep-like vehicle with treads and one of the very few mechanized objects on the island), and engineered a narrow escape. "It was close," he says.

"Clifford came roaring into Gambell on that Weasel like it was Paul Revere's ride," says Chuck Morgan, a Vista volunteer in the village. Trooper Palmer in Nome was alerted by radio.

Gambell's National Guard unit and the one at Sevoonga across the island headed for the campsite in Weasels. "We were out there looking for a week and all we found were the bones of a hunter and his dog team who got lost in a storm years ago," says Joe Noongwook, a Guard member.

Mr. Iknikinok isn't impressed by the lack of evidence. "I know I was shot at. How would you like it if you were shot at? Rus-

Please Turn to Page 14, Column 2

JOURNAL 24 Oct 66

...se assassination attempt that has left him partial-

The News Fri. 9 June '72 (DC)

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...ort: Some Eskimos Claim the Russians Are Attacking

Continued From Page One

sians are smart. They don't leave tracks and shells around," he says. Mr. Iknikinok has a strong body of supporters here, some of whom now are convinced the invaders were Russian frogmen from an offshore submarine. One islander, at least, suggests the attackers may have been scouting for "valuable minerals," though precisely what minerals underlie the island never has been geologically established.

The campsite attack "had people here scared stiff," says a Vista volunteer. "No one went hunting for a week. An Eskimo woman wanted me to escort her from one house to another in broad daylight," he adds.

Among those here who scoff at the incident is Vernon Slwooko, a stout walrus hunter who says, "Clifford has big imagination. Clifford work too hard." Mr. Slwooko's views are shared by his pretty wife, Beda Jane, who is the Avon representative here. (Mr. Slwooko, a natural salesman, attempts to sell a reporter several walrus teeth, a mammoth walrus hide, a walrus hunting expedition, and, failing that, a bottle of Avon deodorant—"You want smell better?" he pitches.)

Partly, at least, a result of the doubts of the anti-invasion faction here, Mr. Iknikinok's political career has been damaged. He recently resigned as mayor and council chief, leaving Gambell in a state of political upheaval.

The controversial campsite attack wasn't the first Soviet scare here—or the last. Still upsetting to islanders is the disappearance last winter of two experienced hunters. Their hunting supplies and dogs eventually were found at a campsite, but never any trace of the men. Police officials in Nome assume the men drowned. Here on the island, however, the mysterious disappearance is thought by many to have been a Russian kidnapping.

Currently, there are rumors of yet another Soviet encroachment on this island. A Russian officer's coat and cap are alleged to have been found near Niyrakpak Lagoon. One hunter definitely says the coat had "flesh inside it." But no one admits to having seen the garments first hand. (Major Caldwell in Nome says casually that "Russian caps are as common as cigaret butts along the coast.")

Also, there have been numerous islander reports of Soviet planes flying over the island at night (Asked how he knew it was a Soviet plane, one islander replied, "The dogs howled.") and of Soviet ships and submarines being seen offshore. Ship sightings are considered plausible by military officials who note that the Bering Sea is international waters and that the Russians have port facilities in Siberia. As for Russian overflights, officers at an Air Force radar station here on the island at Northeast Cape, an 8-hour dogsled ride from Gambell, decline comment.

Islanders' fears also have been fed by reports of several verified, if minor, international incidents elsewhere in this Arctic region. Last spring two Russians in a skin boat landed at Cape Wales on the Alaskan tip of the Bering Straits, frightening Eskimos there. The Russians claimed to have drifted there inadvertently. One eventually returned to Russia; the other remained in the U.S. And last winter a young Cleveland man touched off a bit of brouhaha when he set out across the Bering Strait, reportedly planning to hike through Siberia on his way to meet a girlfriend on Okinawa. He was intercepted by Eskimo National Guard units for allegedly stealing a dogsled.

Ironically, in light of the pervasive Russian menace felt here, the St. Lawrence islanders are closely related to Eskimos in Soviet Siberia. The Eskimo dialect spoken here is unintelligible to mainland Alaskan Eskimos, but it's believed still to be spoken by some 1,200 Siberian Eskimos. Most islanders here have relatives in Siberia; some of them even assume they still have parents living across the "ice curtain." Since the late 1930s, however, there hasn't been any trade or traffic between St. Lawrence Island and Siberia.

None, that is, until last summer when some Soviet seal hunters were spotted close offshore at Sevoonga. Several Sevoonga Eskimo Guardsmen set out in a skin boat to notify the Russians that they were within the island's three-mile coastal waters. Instead of exchanging gunfire, however, the islanders and Russians wound up exchanging cigarets. "Those Russian cigarets were real long, but they hardly had any tobacco in them," says one Sevoonga Guardsman.

St. Lawrence Island Has Seen Woe and War Before

By a WALL STREET JOURNAL *Staff Reporter*

GAMBELL, St. Lawrence Island, Alaska—This island, which some Eskimos say is being attacked by the Russians, has seen its share of war and woe.

According to the book Alaska, published in 1939 as part of the Federal Writers' Project of the Works Progress Administration, the last gun of the Civil War was fired in the Bering Sea near the island on June 22, 1865, by the Confederate war vessel Shenandoah. It occurred 74 days after Appomattox and nearly two months after the surrender of the South.

The book quotes one author as calling the island a "dreary, cheerless-looking mass of black lava, dotted with volcanoes, covered with snow without a single tree, and rigidly bound in ocean ice for more than half the year."

It also recalls that "visits of whalers wrought havoc among the islanders:"

"In 1880, a whaling vessel appeared off what was then a prosperous village. The master sent members of his crew ashore with bottles of grain alcohol, cut with water, and flavored with syrup. There was an immediate demand for the firewater among the Eskimos, and they traded ivory, whalebone, and furs for the bottles. The officers and crew selected a harem from the young women of the village, and paid them in alcohol. When the whaling vessel left, the entire village of 450 Eskimos was dead-drunk and beggared, for they had even cut up their skin boats to trade for liquor. Around them were plenty of hair seal and walrus, but by the time the village had sobered and collected weapons the game was gone. Only about 25 villagers survived."

Acme Markets Sales

Correction:

ACME MARKETS, INC., reports sales:

	1966	1965	Changes	%
Five wks Oct. 1	$124,409,222	$114,128,974	$10,280,248	9.0
26 wks Oct. 1	638,658,844	593,506,076	45,152,768	7.6

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JOURNAL 24 Oct 66

...We've been adding people and sub-contracting more and more of our work, but still our backlog increased in September," says an official of New Britain Machine Co., New Britain, Conn. "We're quoting deliveries well into 1968 right now." James C. Hodge, president of Warner & Swasey Co., Cleveland, seconds this view: "We're sold out for 1967." He says type of machinery pushed their shipment rate ahead of their incoming order rate for the second month in succession.

members at present.

SCOTSMAN 'DEFENDS' LOCH NESS MONSTER

INVERNESS, Scotland (UPI) For centures, Loch Ness has been the Monster Nessie's lake and the clan Fraser wants to keep it that way.

Lord Lovat, the Fraser clan chief who led commandos sacros European beaches in World War II, has piped a call to defend monster against an American-built miniature submarine.

"The monster is Scotland's greatest invisible asset," Lord Lovat said. "I don't mind the scientific survey going on to try to identify it, but I do object to it being harried and harassedbyasubmarine."

Lord Lovat has asked the Inverness polict to enforce National laws, which forbid attempts to "moles or hit the monster if it is sighted."

The one-man submarine was to assist the Lohc Ness Phenomena Investigation Bureau, Ltd., in trying to determine just what lurks in the peat-clouded waters of Scotland's biggest and deepest fresh-water lake.

The submarine planned to use sonar and radar to try to establish the size and shape of the monster. The Loch is too mucky for visual sightings under the surface.

The bureau has masse[d] enough evidence to be c[on]vinced that some strange [c]ture inhabits the loch.

The scientific purpos[e] submarine did not ca[me] Lovat.

"I djon't know wh[o] en authority for b[y] animal but I am g[oing] out," he said.

THAI AND

N.Y. Times MON 26 May 69



Nantucket is among what are described as "12 of the world's romantic islands — islands of fact and fiction — islands of history and legend" that compose a new collection of engraved crystal produced by Steuben Glass and on exhibition at its showrooms on Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York City, from May 3 through May 27. Designed by James Houston, the exquisite piece of crystal representing Nantucket is ten and one-half inches high. As shown above, it is in the form of a diving whale, half submerged. The crystal is engraved with a compass rose, a map of Nantucket and one of the square-rigged whaling ships that sailed forth from the Island to the farthest oceans of the world. Also in the collection is a representation in crystal of Easter Island, a port of call familiar to Nantucket whaling men.



Mark Silber

Springer: Landlubber scrimshanderer

Mariners' Fancy

As readers of Herman Melville know, the old whaling industry gave adventurous types a chance to visit faraway places and the occasion to pit their mettle against the furies of the high seas and the leviathans of the deep. When they weren't harpooning sulphur-bottoms, finbacks, narwhals, and sperm whales, however, even that job had its boring moments. To break the boredom, whalemen would sing chanteys, jig, spin yarns, or even catch a shark to "pull out his insides, heart and all, to see how long he'll keep flipping." They also developed one of the classic indigenous American arts—scrimshaw, or the art of carving and etching whalebone and whale ivory.

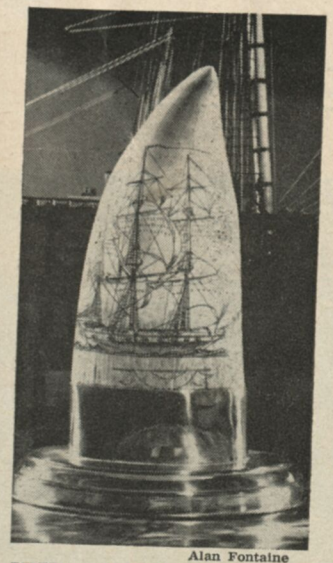
Indeed, scrimshaw (which might derive from the archaic Dutch word *skrimshander*, meaning idle fellow) was such a popular pastime that on some ships every man from captain to cabin boy had an article of scrimshaw under way. Men would swap tobacco, haggle and do menial tasks in steerage for a choice piece of whale's tooth. Sometimes they would be so engrossed in their handicraft that they would sight whales and not report them. But scrimshaw waned at the end of the last century when the whaling industry died and the sailors came ashore.

Within the last ten years, however, scrimshaw, according to Nantucket, Mass., historian Edouard Stackpole, "is coming back into its own. The fervent interest in antiques and the craze for collecting," he says, "have stirred up a renewed interest." Stackpole attributes some of the enthusiasm to the fact that President Kennedy was an avid scrimshaw collector. He kept a whale's tooth depicting a ship on his White House desk and he was buried with a piece that Mrs. Kennedy had given him.

Because of the interest, most antique scrimshaw has been bought up. Last year, a beautiful whale's tooth ivory, "Susan's Tooth," named after the ship on which it was etched, sold for $7,000. "I roam the world looking for authentic pieces," says Morgan Levine, a descendant of a Nantucket whaleman, who collects scrimshaw. If scrimshaw buffs can't have the antique made at sea, they'll often buy contemporary scrimshaw made on land. Between ten and fifteen "landlubber scrimshanderers" on Nantucket and in New Bedford, Mass., make a living scrimshawing, and there are many others in coastal American towns.



Fashionable lady

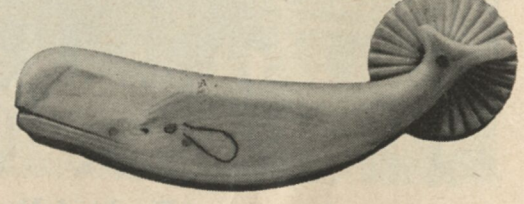


Alan Fontaine



Whaling Museum, New Bedford, Mass.

JFK's whale's tooth and scrimshawed suitor



Jagging wheel: Leviathan for pie crimping

They spend most of their time making scrimshaw whales, dolphins and sailfish as ornaments for the famous and fashionable lightship basket-purses made in Nantucket. They also etch whaling scenes on whale's teeth and carve whales for mantel decoration. "Charlie" Sayles, who "set to sea" at 15 and now builds ship models and carves scrimshaw in Nantucket, insists that the "only real scrimshaw is the stuff made out of whale's teeth and bones by sailors aboard a whaling ship in the nineteenth century. Stuff made out of elephant ivory or wood or seashells," he says, "is not scrimshaw."

Fakes: Today's scrimshaw is often carved with modern knives, etched with sewing needles, filed with rasps and polished with buffing wheels. One scrimshanderer, Robert Springer, a painter who makes scrimshaw in Nantucket in the summer, attempts to duplicate the original techniques. He "antiques" it by soaking it in a dye but never fails to put his own name on it. "There are so many fakes on the market," he says.

The whalemen would use anything they could get their hands on for scrimshawing. They would often use a jackknife for carving or sailing needle for etching and, in Melville's words, "turn you out anything you please, in the way of a mariner's fancy." They would polish the bone with sharkskin or by rubbing it with their palms. They would color their designs with soot from the tryworks, lampblack made from burning camphor, tobacco juice, paint and even blood.

The mariner's fancy would often be the picture of a whale, usually the sperm whale, a full-rigged schooner or a stormy seascape. On a tooth he would often etch a portrait of his girl friend or wife, as he remembered her, or perhaps copy a design of a fashionable lady or pinup girl in high-button boots from a magazine. He would carve useful objects for himself and for home: cane heads, sewing cases, tobacco boxes, dippers, corkscrews, rolling pins, corn skewers, cribbage boards and many other things.

Busk: For cleverness in workmanship and construction, the "swift," or yarn-winding reel, and the jagging wheel for crimping pies are among the most interesting pieces of scrimshaw. The most romantic type was the "busk" or frontal stay for a lady's corset. About 8 inches long and an inch wide, they depict cupid's arrows, hearts, and leaves entwined with flowers. On one busk is inscribed: "This bone once in a sperm whale's jaw did rest/Now 'tis intended for a woman's breast."

Although frequently crude in form and design because of the crude conditions under which they were made, some scrimshaw is more than a craft and deserves to be called a fine art. Unlike most contemporary scrimshaw, "Susan's Tooth" or a busk was a labor of love or symbol of man's triumph over nature and shows all of the inventiveness, inspiration and power of a Moslem ivory box or the primitive carvings of the Eskimo or South Sea islander. Melville went so far as to say that this authentic seafaring art was "full of the barbaric spirit and suggestiveness . . . of . . . Albrecht Dürer."

—DAVID L. SHIREY

FRIDAY Oct 27/67
Evc. Sun.

NING SUN, BALTIMOR

Tough Whale, Dented Ship

Harpooned Giant Attacks Vessel And Bends Its Starboard Plates

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 27 (AP)—Alaska whales are getting tough.

As the three-ship fleet of the Pacific American Whaling Company reached port today Ernest Kugler, manager of the company's Aleutian Islands base, told of an eighty-foot blue whale which, enraged because it had stopped a harpoon, suddenly turned on one of the whaling ships and smashed head-on into the starboard side.

The whale suffered only "a little scratch on its chin," Kugler said, but some starboard plates were bent and fittings buckled on the whaler.

Another company official said the present generation of whales is cagier and smarter.

"Plenty of whales were sighted in the Gulf of Alaska, but it is much harder to get close enough to harpoon them than it was ten or twelve years ago. They're getting smarter."

Whalers Gird For a Season In Antarctica

(Continued from page one)

more than 200 pounds and nearly six feet long. The cast-iron point contains an explosive that discharges three seconds after the harpoon enters a whale, killing the mammal instantly.

The body of the whale is inflated with compressed air to keep it afloat; and a flag and blinking light are raised on it so that it may be found by the factory ship. The latter drags the carcass to its deck with a large claw, and the blubber is stripped by men called flensers. Because the season is short, the flensers must work rapidly, and sometimes a whale is disposed of in half an hour. The blubber is boiled and the oil stowed away in tanks.

Oil Used in Soap

With these efficient methods, the Ulysses and her fleet caught more than 4,000 whales last year, and returned to New York with 9,000 tons of No. 1 whale oil, valued at $990,000. The principal use of this oil in the United States is in manufacture of soap. The whales were about sixty-five to seventy-five feet long, weighing about two tons a foot. In the Weddell Sea, however, the Ulysses took a ninety-six-foot blue whale weighing 192 tons.

Despite the size and modernity of the fleet, present-day whaling was described by one of the members of last year's expedition as hard, monotonous and dangerous work. The factory ship works in the open sea, much of the time in semi-darkness and occasionally in the face of severe storms. The odor of dead whales is oppressive, and the seaman has little chance of obtaining a brief respite ashore.

Improvement Over Past

Nevertheless, modern conditions provide a great improvement over those described by early whaling writers, when long voyages, poorly preserved food, brutal skippers and constant danger made whaling shunned even by those seamen who knew the harsh discipline of the Navy and the merchant marine of the time. Western Operating Company officials reported that fifty or sixty American seamen applied daily last week for berths with the expedition.

The corporation was organized by Hans J. Isbrandtsen, ship owner and president of Isbrandtsen-Moller, Inc.; Captain T. Rieber, chairman of the board of the Texas Company; Rudolph Goepel, of Lazard Freres, and George Lord, attorney. A substantial interest is held by industrialists and business men.

"Until we get our feet on the ground here," said Mr. Isbrandtsen, "we will co-operate with Norwegian experts."

The Ulysses has gone to Norway to take on part of her crew, returning to New York for fuel and supplies next month. There will be about 300 Norwegians to 100 Americans in the crew, but many of the Americans will be placed in positions where they may gain experience.

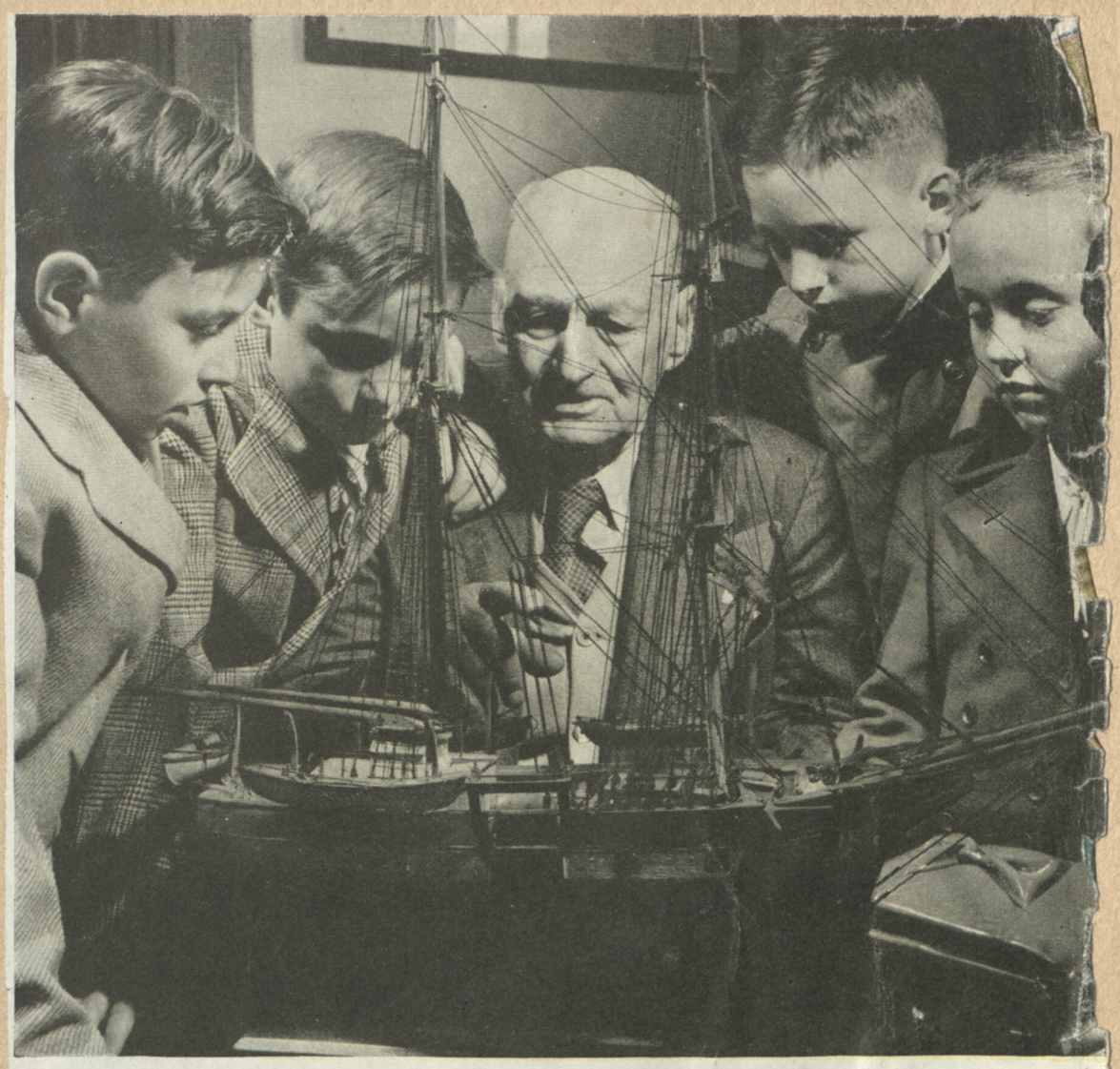
NARWAHL

Canada on April 10 will release a 5-cent Wildlife stamp depicting the narwahl, a small whale found around Baffin Island and in the Repulse Bay area. Called a sea unicorn by early explorers, the male narwahl is noted for its tusk, which can grow to seven feet, although the mammal rarely exceeds 16 feet in length.

Designed by John A. Crosby, who created the polar bear Wildlife stamp of 1953, the horizontal adhesive will be in four colors and will show a partially submerged narwahl in the blue-green waters of arctic Canada. The stamp will be printed by the British American Bank Note Company by photogravure and steel engraving printing processes.

Canada has added three stamps to its 1968 program. On Aug. 7, a commemorative will mark the 150th anniversary of the birth of George Brown, a "father" of Confederation and founder of the Toronto newspaper, the Globe (now the Globe and Mail). Another newspaperman, Henri Bourassa, a pioneer Canadian nationalist and founder of Montreal's French-language newspaper, Le Devoir, will be honored by a commemorative Sept. 4. That date marks the centenary of his birth.

The third stamp will be for John McCrae, author of "In Flanders Fields," the World War I poem. It will be issued Nov. 6, sharing its first-day with the previously announced postal commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the 1918 Armistice.



In the Bourne Whaling Museum, Charles A. Chase, 83, a retired sea captain, identifies the rigging on a model of the type of whaling vessel that he used to sail out of New Bedford.

New Publication Adds to Records Available for Researchers Into the Annals of Whaling

"The Vineyard Gazette" — Friday Jan. 29, 1965

An important aid to the researcher in the annals of American whaling is a volume recently published by the New Bedford Public Library. To all who have faced the difficulties of tracking down whaling voyages by certain captains, or certain ships, or at a certain period, the usefulness of the new work will be immediately apparent: it provides information—such as the first names of captains, dates, or the record of additional voyages—lacking in Starbuck's History of the American Whale Fishery; it provides the first names of many captains insufficiently identified in the 1938 volume, Whaling Masters, compiled by the WPA; and it supplies an alphabetical index to the Starbuck history.

All this is the equivalent of giving a key to previously locked doors.

The new volume bears the title: Addendum to "Starbuck" and "Whaling Masters", New Bedford Customs District, and the compiler is Reginald B. Hegarty, curator of the Melville Whaling Room of the New Bedford library. It was Mr. Hegarty who, a few years ago, brought the record of the Starbuck history from 1876, where it had stopped short, to the final New Bedford voyage in 1925. Mr. Hegarty is, as James S. Healey, New Bedford librarian, describes him, "one of the country's experts in the field of American whaling". He is also a diligent, accurate, and patient historian.

Most Difficult for Scholars

In a foreword to the book, Mr. Healey writes: "The most difficult task for the researching scholar is the location and verification of information. Such is the case for those interested in the history of American whaling. And, it was for the purpose of making the scholar's task a little easier that the Melville Whaling Room was opened in April of 1962. At the outset, we estimated the collection to be about 20,000 items. Today, the collection stands in excess of 40,000 pieces."

Mr. Healey stresses the fact that these rich resources would mean little if they were not available to researchers. Both the Starbuck history and Whaling Masters were encyclopedic in purpose, but they left frustrating gaps, and in Whaling Masters were many errors. With Mr. Hegarty's threefold work, Mr. Healey notes, the New Bedford library "takes its first step into the field of historic documentation"; and the documentation is so basic that its value will run without limit into the future.

When Whaling Masters, sponsored by the Federal Writers Project, was published, Vineyarders concerned with whaling history were at once aware of its inadequacies which, though they did not offset its value as the first work of the kind, seriously impaired its usefulness. Voyages by Vineyard captains were in dozens if not hundreds of instances identified only by their surnames. A biographer of a particular Captain Mayhew or Captain Fisher was baffled; and so was an inquirer into the history of a particular ship.

History, at best, is an unfinished business, and it is in no way a slight to Mr. Hegarty's work to say that many Vineyard names are still incomplete; perhaps he will continue his work with another edition as a goal. He has already taken a giant step and should be encouraged to go on.

Everyone interested in the American whaling industry should have this volume, and it may be obtained from the New Bedford Public Library at $7.50 a copy, net.

Reading for Pleasure

W.S.J. Monday — March 25, 1963

Fervent Free Trader

Thurman Arnold, the old New Deal trust-buster, once propounded the idea that the easiest way to make money is to enter a completely monopolized field and start competing against it on pure Adam Smith terms. The monopolist, so Arnold contended, quickly degenerates into becoming a soft touch.

The Arnold crack may have been something of an overstatement. But James Dugan, in a fascinating book called "American Viking: The Saga of Hans Isbrandtsen and his Shipping Empire," almost makes one believe that the theory of the easy-mark monopolist is 100% right.

For years American shipping lines have had subsidies and protection of one type or another. The justification for the padded life derives from the incontestable fact that the law forces high costs on American shipowners. For one thing, American seamen demand more in wages than foreign seamen, and the law requires that their standard of living shall be met. As for world shipping in general, it has sought relief from rate wars by joining protective "conferences."

Against the Field

If you had sought to enter the field of shipping in the Twenties and the Thirties, it is highly improbable that you would have brought with you even the faintest suggestion of a belief in pure competition. Yet the late Hans Isbrandtsen, a maverick, backed himself against the field and got away with it. A Danish boy who had been born into a shipowning family in Dragor, a port on Oresund Strait on the high road of ships that trafficked between the North Sea and the Baltic, Isbrandtsen had come to America during World War I to handle the business of Danish vessels that had escaped seizure by the British.

The business of attempting to carry on trade in a world that had temporarily abolished freedom of the seas undoubtedly contributed to Isbrandtsen's distrust of governments in general. But whatever the cause for his skepticism, Hans Isbrandtsen, when he came to operate ships of his own, insisted on adapting his rates to the market. As Mr. Dugan says of him, he followed "a pure laissez faire practice reborn in the century of trusts and rings." He did this, moreover, without taking it out on his employes, for the seamen's grub and living accommodations on Isbrandtsen ships were always comparatively lavish. Curiously, he made lots of money.

Inasmuch as the various shipping conferences against which Isbrandtsen competed held importers to their rates by threatening them with a denial of future cargo space, Isbrandtsen was forced to some really ingenious tricks of adaptation. He got around perilous situations by becoming an importer and a speculator in commodities on his own. Taking a leaf out of the history of Nineteenth Century Salem and Boston, he became both merchant and shipper in his single person, buying coffee in South America and jute in India for his own account, carrying it in his own ships, and selling it in New York or elsewhere through his own wholesaling organization.

Albatross and Eagle

He took many chances, but the holds of his ships—the Flying Arrow, the Flying Enterprise and the Flying Trader, to name a few—were invariably full. Meanwhile Isbrandtsen, from his "main deck" in the old Standard Oil building on lower Broadway in Manhattan, published a salty house organ, "The Albatross," in which he took exception to any and all attempts to coerce trade. During the early days of the New Deal attempt to fix prices, he announced that "The Albatross" had "no quarrel with the Blue Eagle, the NRA symbol, but their paths simply do not cross."

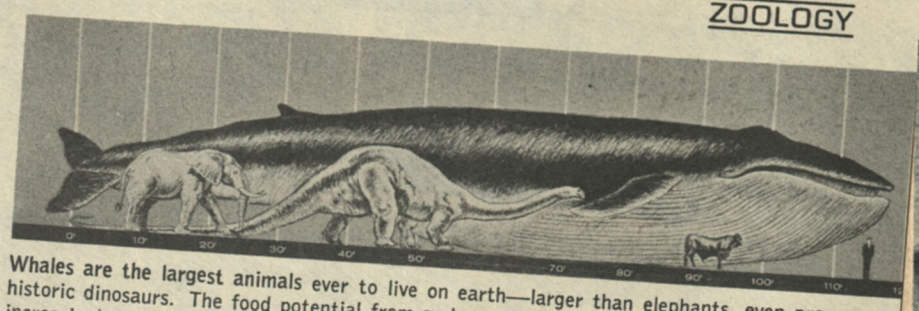
At one time Isbrandtsen decided to revive the American whaling business. He outfitted a "factory ship" whaler, sent her off to the Antarctic and kept her cruising there for a protracted period, by sending a tanker to replenish her bunker fuel. When the tanker returned with a full cargo of Isbrandtsen-rendered whale oil for the American market, the U.S. farm lobby was ready for him. Needled by the lard and vegetable oil people, the U.S. Customs Office refused to let Isbrandtsen land his whale oil on a technicality. The tanker he had employed to carry his product happened to be of foreign registry—and this made his whale oil a "foreign" commodity and subject to a high tariff. Isbrandtsen was so disgusted by such picayune tactics that he got out of the whaling business.

His most publicized venture was running Chiang Kai-shek's blockade of Shanghai after its seizure by the Red Chinese. This embroiled him with anti-Communists in an ironic battle over the propriety of extending Adam Smith free trading principles to dealing with totalitarians. Isbrandtsen never could be brought to admit that the anti-Communists had a case.

—JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Whales Were in War

PARIS.—France in 1921 in effect declared war on whales, ordering all its naval vessels to fire at every whale seen. The whales were believed to be disturbing the sardine fisheries.



Whales are the largest animals ever to live on earth—larger than elephants, even prehistoric dinosaurs. The food potential from such an animal might help solve the world's increasingly critical food shortage—if whales could be "farmed" successfully like cattle.

Whale farming in a coral corral

Booming populations demand that new food sources be developed. Man has domesticated other animals. Why not try the largest of all?

by Kevin V. Brown

How do you like your whale steak—rare or well done? You may have a chance to find out. If so, your choice cut may someday come from a whale "farm" far out in the Pacific Ocean where the mighty mammals could be bred and fattened up for eating in much the same way that cattlemen raise beef on the hoof.

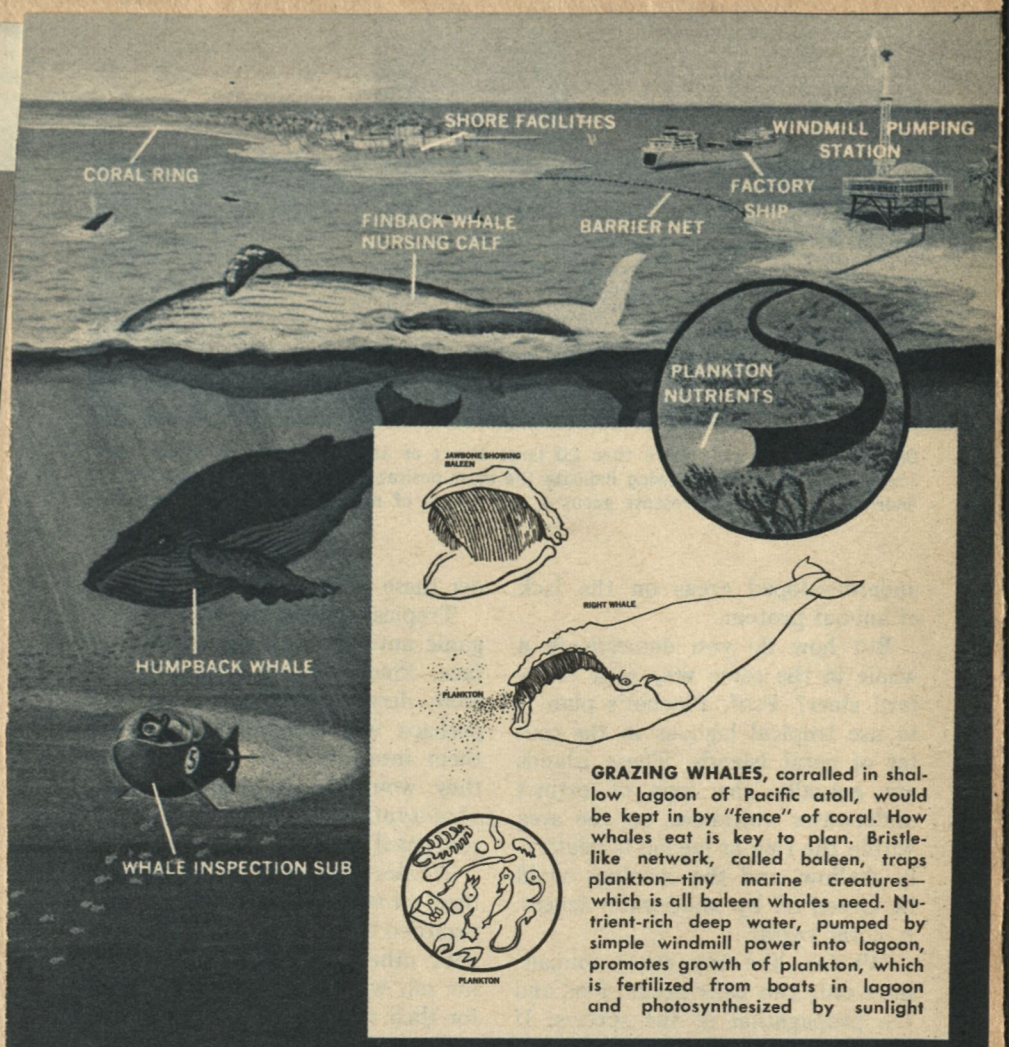
While whale meat may not become a standby on American dinner tables, it may well be an answer to the world's rapidly worsening food shortage. With many underdeveloped and overcrowded regions already facing near famine conditions, a fresh, new source of food is urgently needed. Whales may be that source.

A plan to establish whale farms in the Pacific, using circular coral atolls as natural pens or corrals, is exciting serious interest. Fenced in by rings of coral, the whales would breed and graze contentedly, growing plump for later slaughter. The proposal was made recently by Professor Gifford B. Pinchot, a biologist for the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.

"We still hunt, rather than farm the ocean," he argues.

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over ↓



GRAZING WHALES, corralled in shallow lagoon of Pacific atoll, would be kept in by "fence" of coral. How whales eat is key to plan. Bristle-like network, called baleen, traps plankton—tiny marine creatures—which is all baleen whales need. Nutrient-rich deep water, pumped by simple windmill power into lagoon, promotes growth of plankton, which is fertilized from boats in lagoon and photosynthesized by sunlight

So "farming" the ocean would involve seeding, fertilizing and harvesting it just as we do the land.

Enter the whales. Prof. Pinchot chose whales for the obvious reason—they're the biggest mammals that ever lived—but for other reasons that conservationists and sociologists would applaud. They've been hunted almost to extinction and could use some help from man to survive. Also they are a great source of animal protein.

Not only is the world's food supply dwindling in relation to its expanding population, but even in areas where food is available, there's a shortage of animal protein, and some sources blame half the deaths of children between one and five in

Whaling Fleet in Port

Reuters

SYDNEY, Australia, May 20—The 21-ship Russian Antarctic whaling fleet arrived here today after seven months in Antarctica. The fleet, crewed by more than 1200 men and women, will stay here six days to replenish stores and fuel.

Dec. 1968 Science Digest

NORWAY GIVES UP WHALING CAREER

Ends Chase After 60 Years Citing Low Prices

OSLO, Norway (Reuters)—Norway has finally withdrawn from Antarctic whaling—abandoning a 60-year-old tradition and allowing Japan and the Soviet Union to inherit her pioneer work.

Antarctic whaling shaped an entire community in Vestfold County south of here. It was a profession, a complete way of life and even a form of birth control.

Marriage and birth statistics clearly reflect the whaling seasons in ports like Sandefjord, once the "whaling capital of the world."

Most children were born in the new year and spring, and May-June was the season of marriages after long cold months in the lonely whaling grounds between October and April.

Now the last Norwegian Antarctic whaling company has announced it will send no more expeditions, ending a gradual withdrawal from a industry where more boats have for years been hunting fewer whales.

Regular Hours Ashore

Whaling men have settled down to the regular hours of other occupations ashore. In Sandefjord, the famous whale fountain in the city center is now only a reminder and a focus for nostalgia.

Norway believes present-day whale oil prices are too low and the cost of expeditions too high to make whaling an economic proposition.

Once as many as 10,000 Norwegians went to sea after whales, but in recent years most shipowners have transferred their attention to the more profitable and stable tanker industry.

It was a Norwegian, Svend Foyn, who pioneered modern whaling, working in the late 1860's with grenade harpoons and steam-driven catchers.

The new methods made it possible to chase not only the slower species, such as sperm whales, but also the faster and stronger blue whales, fin whales and humpback whales.

Whaling in the Antarctic began in 1904, when stocks of whales were beginning to diminish in the arctic seas. In 1930 there were 41 expeditions, 30 of which were Norwegian,

N.Y. Times - Thurs 21 Nov '68

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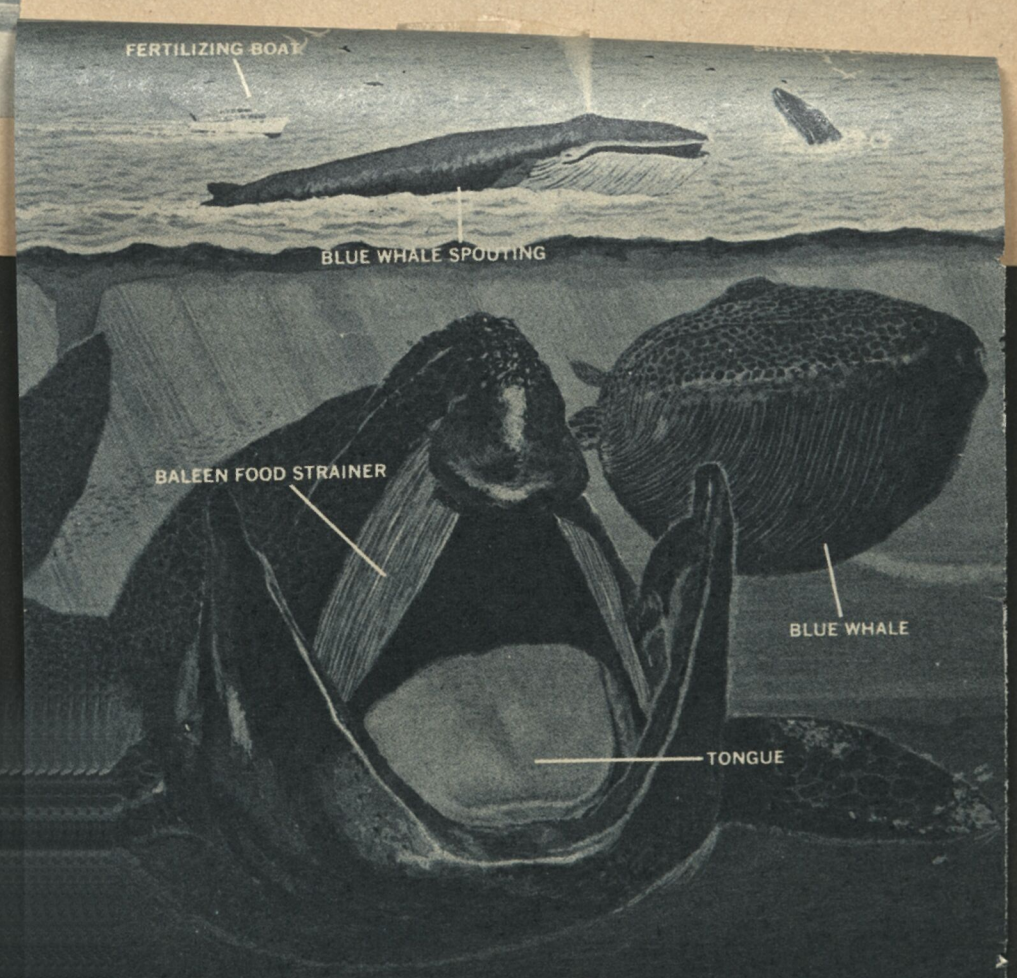
N.Y. TIMES Dec 1st



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In its simplest terms, his plan goes like this. It has its roots in the fact that all life depends on using energy from the sun in photosynthesis to convert inorganic nutrients into organic food-stuffs, a process carried out by plants on land and in the ocean.

"All the rest of us," he says, "those who are not capable of photosynthesis, live either directly or indirectly on these plant products."

And, Prof. Pinchot goes on, oceans cover almost three-quarters of the surface of the earth, so they receive roughly three times as much sunlight and are potentially three times more capable of food production.

MAY 8, 1947

-Faker TIMES-H LD WASHINGTON, D. C.



International Soundphoto

The Pageant Was Passing Fair—Then Came the Riot

These British beauties, posed on a float depicting "Jonah and the Whale," were part of the gay pageant that marked the revival of the Chelsea Arts Costume Ball in London. The affair became a bedlam when a spectator tried to clamber aboard a float bearing a bevy of beauties marked "For Export Only." The float collapsed, men started fist fights, the bobbies joined in, and all was confusion. Several of the girls were removed in ambulances suffering from sprains and temperament.

Brought From Seattle

The whale, being warm-blooded and thus air-breathing (one breath every 30 to 120 seconds), was flown in last fall from Seattle with Curator Morris supervising her care, and has been thriving since.

Her constant and effectionate companion is a white-sided dolphin, a fellow member of the whale family, which in the ocean is food for killer whales. In captivity, however, they communicate, play together and sometimes compete for food.

The dolphin, named Zip, because of the way it first scooted away from the killer whale, now frolics with Lupa and sometimes jumps out of the water in "pure exuberance."



Pedro Ponciano, a keeper at the Coney Island Aquarium, holding a mackerel in his right hand to get Lupa, a killer whale, to open her jaws for yesterday's tooth-brushir

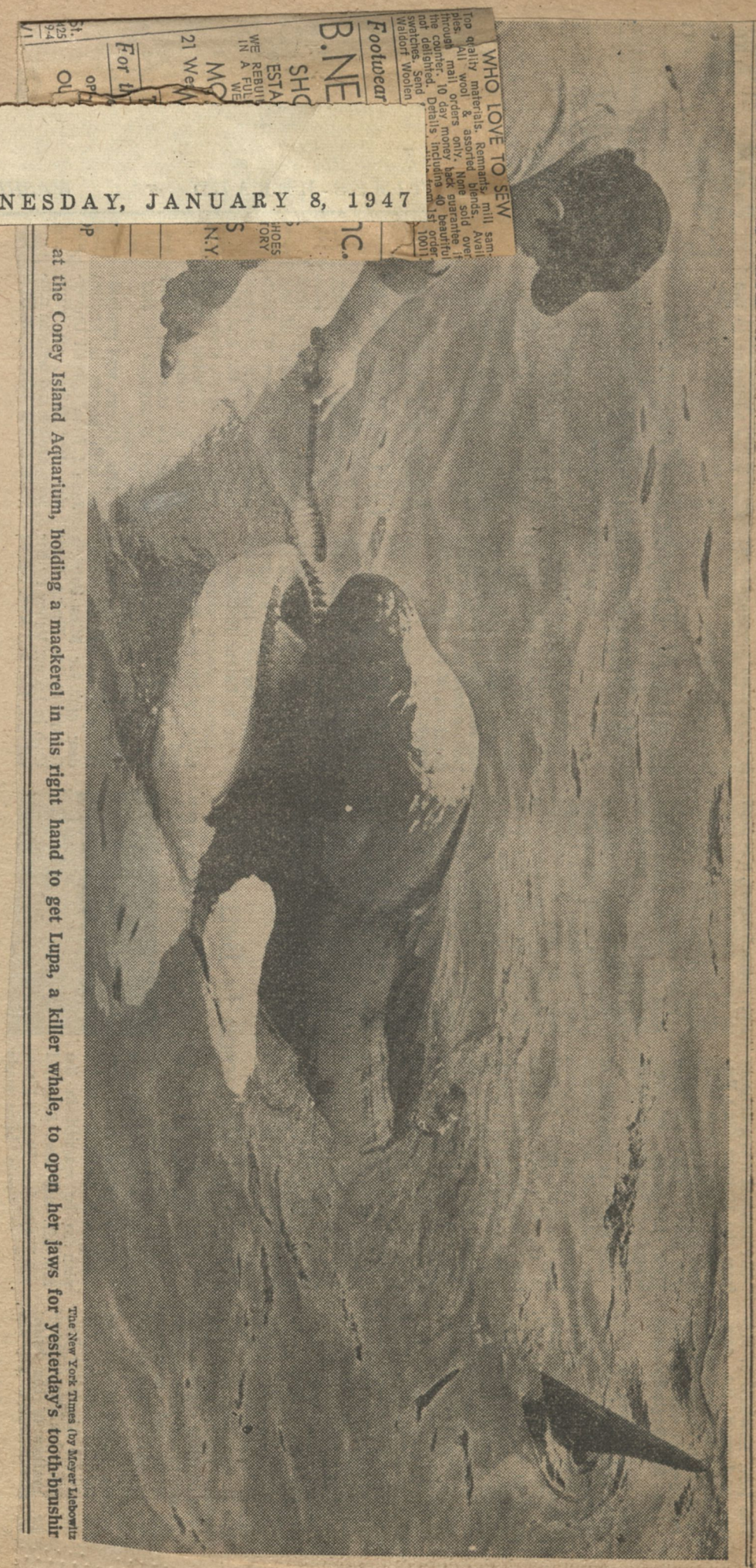
The New York Times (by Meyer Liebowitz



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Isle of old ways

CONAMARA MAN. By Seamus Ridge. Prentice-Hall. 208 pp. $5.95.

By Patrick Boyle



Seamus Ridge

This is a posthumous work. Seamus Ridge, who worked for twenty years on the New York subway before dying of tuberculosis three years ago, emigrated from Ireland in the early Twenties. *Conamara Man* is his recollections of Muighinis, an off-shore island in Conamara where he spent his boyhood.

Relatively few books have come from the many inhabited islands dotting the western seaboard of Ireland — that Gaelic-speaking strip of coastline in which the last traces of an ancient and irreplaceable culture are fast dwindling away through emigration. The two classics of island literature — *The Islandman* by Tomas O Crohan and *Twenty Years a-Growing* by Maurice O'Sullivan—have both come out of the Great Blasket, an island only accessible by small boat and once the most westerly inhabited land in Europe with the exception of Iceland.

In O'Sullivan's book, he tells how once, in the aftermath of a storm, a number of large chests were washed ashore at Blasket. They were found to contain large quantities of a black and gritty substance which turned out to have potent qualities as a dye for the homespun bawneen cloth. And so the matter remained until a dog was seen lapping greedily at a tub of the dark brown dye. Upon further investigation this liquid was discovered to be tea—something the islanders had occasionally tasted when visiting the mainland but had been too polite and too proud to inquire about its ingredients.

In Seamus Ridge's Muighinis this misconception could never have occurred. It is an offshore island, actually connected to the mainland by a bridge and therefore more susceptible to external influence. But the Great Blasket, by its very inaccessibility, has so suffered from depopulation that it has now lapsed into a bleak, uninhabited island. Whereas Muighinis, with its Conamara hinterland of Gaelic-speaking culture, has remained a stronghold of the old close-knit way of life.

In common with the two Blasket writers, Ridge sees and recounts everything with the peculiar clarity and candor of innocence. Like theirs, his is a timeless world that has somehow escaped The Fall and its legacy of guilt and fear. He writes of fishing and kelp-making, matchmaking and marriage, wakes and funerals. He tells of mutiny at Mass, the celebration of Bonfire Night, the antics of the village Don Juan. A barrel containing 116 gallons of Jamaica rum is washed ashore and the islanders get so drunk that they allow the police to seize the freshly broached cask. A dolphin leaps aboard an anchored currach and gives birth to a dolphin calf. An island storyteller relates how Jonah is thrown overboard on the way to a football match at Clochronta, is swallowed by a whale, vomited out on the beach at Muighinis with his breeches loaded with ambergris; Jonah finds that his enemy the tailor has stolen his wife, and finally dies in an English jail, the victim of a cruel landlord's spite.

One quotation is enough to give the flavor of the book. An islander, whose boat has been lost, seeks out a herb-hag to ask her advice on going to law. Her counsel is: "Your boat has gone and forget about her. When you are neither a judge, lawyer nor peeler, stay out of court. Not to be known to the law is best of all."

As one would expect, the writing is shot through with the nostalgia of the emigrant. Time and the thousands of miles of sundering ocean have blurred the memory of his beloved island and its harsh climate. Always the sun shines, the currachs skim a calm and placid sea, the blue sky has only "tiny specks of sheep shearings." But who would wish it otherwise?

This is a book that should be read, not only by the emigrant Irish, but by Poles and Germans, by Greeks and Italians, by Negroes from the South — by all those country people exiled from the place of their birth.

Patrick Boyle, an Irish novelist, is the author of Like Any Other Man.

WASH. Post
12 Dec '69

Washington Post Map by Joseph P. Mastrangelo

Island Dilemma

Argentina, Britain Contest Control of Falklands

By Ronald Harker
London Observer

LONDON—Not for the first time in the postimperialist era, Britain is faced with a problem in which ethnic development clashes with the logic of geography. And once again, as in Gibraltar, the claims of a foreign power to a colonial possession conflict with the wishes of the people..

This time it is the Falkland Islands in the South Atlantic, about 300 miles off the coast of Argentina. They consist of East and West Falkland, each just over 2000 square miles of rock and moorland.

Capt. Strong, of the ship Farewell, made the first recorded landing on the Falklands in 1690, and the British established a garrison there in 1766. They quarreled with Spain over possesion, and then with the Argentines, who won their independence from Spain in 1816 and felt they had also won the right to own all that their ousted Spanish overlords had left behind.

Argentines Ousted

To register their claim, the Argentines appointed a Governor in 1828, but four years later a small British squadron sailed into what is now Port Egmont and forced the Argentine garrison to surrender. Argentina protested, but the United States declined to regard the British action as a violation of the Monroe Doctrine, which opposed any European intervention in the political affairs of the American continent.

The Argentines, marking

huge populations of penguins, which even outnumber the sheep, parade across the shores.

There are schools in Port Stanley in West Falkland and Darwin in East Falkland, but in country districts nine teachers travel to instruct their pupils.

Seen by Few Argentines

As few Falkland Islanders have ever seen Britain, so few Argentines have ever seen the Falklands, but all of them learn at school that they were usurped by the British when the Royal Navy frigate Clio, under Capt. James Onslow, expelled the Argentine Governor, Luis Vernet, in 1833.

And the Argentine government underlines its displeasure by increasing the isolation of the islands. There is no direct communication between the islands and Argentina proper. No letters posted in the Falklands are allowed into Argentina. The monthly packet boat Darwin sails between Port Stanley, the only Falkland town, and Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay, 1200 miles away, and does not dock at Buenos Aires.

Scientists on their way to British bases in the Antarctic have made rare visits, and the Royal Navy frigate Endurance, on patrol in the South Atlantic pays occasional calls. Otherwise the only link with the outside world for the islanders is in British Broadcasting Corp. broadcasts.

A Birthday on Cape Cod

By PAUL W. KEMPRECOS

HARWICH, Mass.—This Cape Cod town, which celebrates its 275th anniversary this summer, is probably the only community in the world that ever changed a race track into a bustling harbor.

What is now Wychmere Harbor was once a half-mile track for trotting horses. After a series of southeasters broke through the dike that kept the area dry, local sportsmen, tired of repairing the dike, decided that the area would probably be more suitable as a harbor. They allowed the channel to become permanent, and the sea reclaimed the basin.

Third Harbor

Up until this year, the town had two harbors, Wychmere and Allen, but a third harbor will be dedicated on July 5 as part of the anniversary festivities. Saquatuket Harbor, named for the Indians who once occupied most of Harwich, will have 160 boat slips and a three-acre mooring basin. It will be one of the largest harbors on Nantucket Sound.

Harwich's anniversary celebration will extend from May 31 to Sept. 14, the official birthday of the town. Harwich residents have planned a varied schedule of events, including clam bakes, concerts, parades, fireworks, regattas, exhibits, tours and contests.

The Town of Harwich consists of seven villages, and all are easily reached from Cape Cod's main highways, U. S. 6 and State Route 28.

Harwich Port is the business and shopping center. Harwich Center, the oldest and most centrally situated of the villages, is about two miles north of Harwich Port. Most of the festivities for the anniversary celebration will be concentrated in and around these two communities.

Little Changed

Harwich Center has changed little through the years. Many old buildings and houses are still standing and in use.

The Town of Harwich stretches along Nantucket Sound on the south and extends to Pleasant Bay on the east. On the north is Long Pond, and Herring River, its mouth guarded by a picturesque windmill, is a prominent feature in the west.

Harwich's town charter was granted during the reign of William and Mary in 1694, and it eventually became one of the busiest fishing ports and shipbuilding centers on the Cape. Fishing began in the late 1800's, and by 1860 five long wharves jutted out into Nantucket Sound. The cod and mackerel fleets numbered 80 vessels, and more than 100 sea captains called Harwich their home.

Whaling Center

Harwich was a major center for an industry called shore whaling. This was at a time when whales were common in Nantucket Sound, and the whalers pursued their quarry in small boats launched from shore. As the whales left the Cape Cod area, whalers built bigger craft to follow them or moved on to different ports.

Benjamin Bangs was one of the more successful whalers in Harwich. In his diary dated May 24, 1742, he tells how he set out from Harwich to Provincetown, and "this day we got among ye spermacetis. . . . We killed one ye first stroke."

The whaling and political atmosphere had changed enough by the following year for Captain Bangs to note, "Whaling voyages are not so good this year as last year. Ye noise of war spoils us all."

Eventually, whaling and even fishing faded and a new industry arose. One old cod fisherman explained it simply by saying, "I put up my chart and glass and took to raising cranberry sass."

Cranberry Bogs

The first commercial cranberry bogs in the country were planted in Harwich in 1845. Many of these bogs remain today.

If your name is Brooks, you should feel completely at home in Harwich. There are, for example, Brooks Park, with its War of 1812 cannon, Brooks Free Library and the Brooks Academy.

The academy building was erected in 1844 to house Pine Grove Seminary; later, it housed one of the nation's first navigational schools and then a public school.

It is now occupied by the Harwich Historical Society, with its interesting displays of Americana.

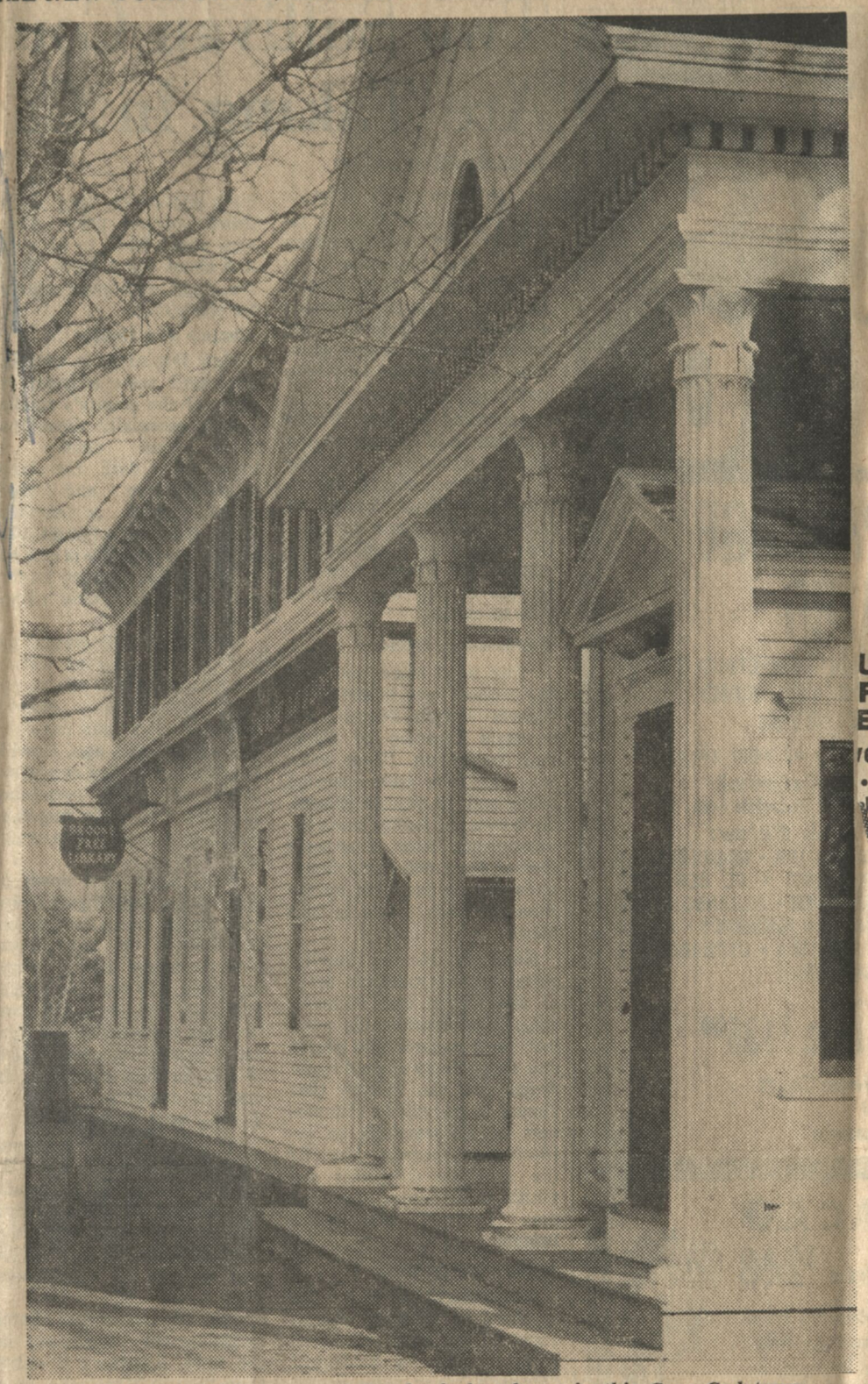
The building faces one of those tall, steepled, white churches common in New England. It is the Harwich Congregational Church, which was erected in 1834 and is one of the handsomest church buildings on the Cape.

Historic Houses

Many old houses, some dating from the 1700's, are still standing. Later period buildings still in use include the American Legion Hall in West Harwich and the Odd Fellows Hall in South Harwich.

The South Harwich Methodist Church, once attended by 150 sea captains, still has cattle guards on its front walk. They were put there years ago to prevent cattle from following their masters into the sanctuary on Sundays.

Some of the events to be held in conjunction with the coming anniversary celebration include a clam bake in Harwich Center on July 3, a tour of old Cape Cod homes on July 16 and again on Aug. 20, sailing regattas on July 26 and 27 and Aug. 15 and 16, presentations by the Harwich Junior Theater on Aug. 12-14 and 19-21, a square dance in Harwich Port on Aug. 16 and a ballet festival in Harwich Center on Aug. 29 and 30. The official birthday celebration will take place on Sept. 14.



HARWICH—Visitors named Brooks feel at home in this Cape Cod town. The Free Library, above, the park and the academy all bear the name.





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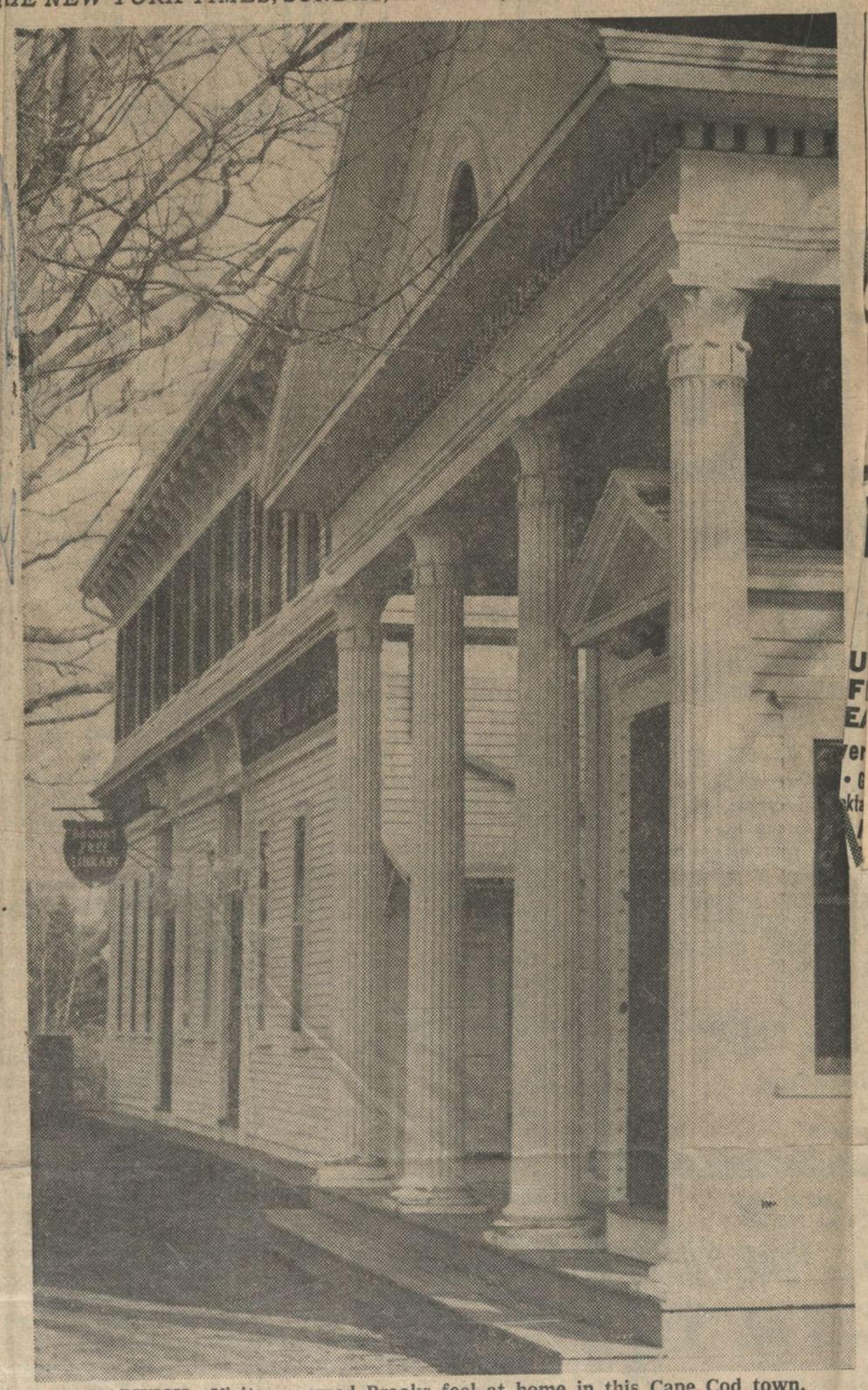
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Historic Houses

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The South Harwich Methodist Church, once attended by 150 sea captains, still has cattle guards on its front walk. They were put there years ago to prevent cattle from following their masters into the sanctuary on Sundays.

Some of the events to be held in conjunction with the coming anniversary celebration include a clam bake in Harwich Center on July 3, a tour of old Cape Cod homes on July 16 and again on Aug. 20, sailing regattas on July 26 and 27 and Aug. 15 and 16, presentations by the Harwich Junior Theater on Aug. 12-14 and 19-21, a square dance in Harwich Port on Aug. 16 and a ballet festival in Harwich Center on Aug. 29 and 30. The official birthday celebration will take place on Sept. 14.



HARWICH—Visitors named Brooks feel at home in this Cape Cod town. The Free Library, above, the park and the academy all bear the name.



Photographs by PAUL W. KEMPRECOS

CONGREGATIONAL—This church, built in 1834, is one of the handsomest church buildings on Cape.



BUILT IN 1844—Brooks Academy, at right, once a navigational school, now houses Americana displays.



By Margaret Thomas—The Washington Post

Lindsey Truitt, 12, right, shows her friend Lily Chang the painting she executed which is on visit at the Smithsonian Institution.

The Whales' Deadly Foe: Man

By Phil Casey

One of the whale's best friends is a child.

Proof of this is on display at the Smithsonian's Museum of Natural History, 10th Street and Constitution Avenue NW.

There are more than 40 paintings of whales, dolphins and porpoises by children 5 to 13 years old in this country and other countries, attempting to save these mammals from extinction at the hands of us.

Those whales, dolphins and porpoises are depicted in ecstasy and despair in this exhibit by Project Jonah's International Children's Campaign to Save the Whales. The animals are the good guys and we're the bad guys.

One of the children at the exhibit opening was Lily Chang, 12, who comes from Taiwan and has been in Washington three years. She lives at the Chinese Embassy, where her father is a chauffeur.

She didn't have a painting on exhibit, she said. She was there because she's interested in whales and co-authored a play about whales and men last year. It was presented on the Mall.

What was it about, she was asked. "I can't remember," she said in great English. "It's one year now, you know."

But she thought about it and remembered it well. It was called "With No Hand to Hold a Sword," she said, and the title meant that whales and dolphins and porpoises don't have much chance to defend themselves against us.

The play, performed by children, features a pregnant whale being attacked by a shark and saved by two porpoises just in time, for a baby whale is born right on the spot. There is more terror and suspense. A fisherman sees the porpoises and knows there must be tuna nearby (tuna enjoy the company of dolphins and porpoises and habitually swim just below them).

So, he throws out this net and catches the tuna, but he bags the porpoises, too, of course. The porpoises, played by Lily Chang and her friend, Sally Truitt, yell for help, explaining that they are drowning. The fish-

See WHALES, G17, Col. 1

Tues 16 April '74

THE WASHINGTON POST

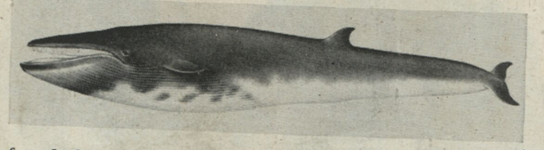


Associated Press

BEACHED—An Australian Agriculture Department veterinarian climbs aboard a beached blue whale to do scientific tests on the stranded 80-foot mammal. The whale could not be freed and officials planned its destruction.

THE SOUND OF THE 'A-TRAIN'

A sound that has baffled Navy sonar operators for decades has finally been identified. The mysterious noise is known to sonar men as the "A-train" because it sounds like an oncoming subway. Now Dr. Howard Winn, an oceanographer at the University of Rhode Island, has



found the source: the Minke whale, a small, 30-foot species that had been considered rare. Judging by the frequency of reported A-train soundings in the Atlantic, Winn has concluded that Minkes are more numerous than previously thought.

Newsweek 29 April '74



—UPI

Francis, 'looking like a dirigible that assumed a pleasant smile.'

Secrets of the Deep Still Elusive

NAT'L OBSERVER 8 JUNE '74

Whale Deaths Thwart Researchers

By David W. Fitzpatrick
FROM NEW YORK CITY

A 1,600-pound white whale named Francis had been swimming leisurely in her tank at the New York Aquarium here for more than a year, looking like a dirigible that had assumed a pleasant smile.

She carried a baby, and scientists hoped it would become the first white-whale calf to survive birth in captivity and to mature. As far as is publicly known, no whale offspring has ever been born and reared in captivity, aquarium experts say.

But a few weeks ago, Francis, named for a man who helped trap her in 1967, began to shun her daily feedings of 80 pounds of fish. Last week she died. The baby died also.

Because scientists say they know precious little about whales—the workings of their bodies and especially how they breed—Francis' death will have wider impact than the grief felt by those who saw her at the aquarium at Coney Island.

"Most of the knowledge we have [about whales] has been built up on dead animals," said James Oliver, director of the aquarium. "We had hoped to establish a breeding line of white whales so we could build up a vast store of knowledge."

He added: "To be very honest, I don't think we know very much about whale pregnancies. Some people may say they do, but they're basing that on personal egotism."

Francis had been carrying her baby since early 1973. She had mated with another aquarium white whale.

The usual gestation period for whales is 14 months. Oliver said the fetus Francis carried was between 12 months and 13 months old. Sometime within the last month, however, Francis became ill of a liver infection that spread to the fetus. The baby, which was five feet long and weighed 150 pounds, died in the womb.

If aquarium doctors had known more about whales, Oliver said, they might have been able to detect the liver infection and stop its progress. "We just don't know enough about whales to detect every condition that bothers them," he said.

It wasn't the first failure with a whale calf for the aquarium. In July 1972 Francis had her first baby, but it panicked immediately after delivery and slammed against the wall of the tank, suffering fatal brain damage.

Aquarium scientists used hormone tests to detect Francis' second baby. They never did hear a fetal heartbeat.

The three other white whales belonging to the aquarium seem to be doing well, Oliver said. Like Francis, they were brought to Coney Island from Canada.

"We feel that all whales are in danger and should be protected," he said. "There are areas in the lower St. Lawrence River where white whales can fill up a stream quite easily, but we are close to losing several species. . . ."

When scientists are satisfied they know why Francis died, they say, they will attempt to breed another calf. Maybe they won't have to. "Now is the breeding season," Oliver said. "We've seen other animals trying to breed, and another baby could be on its way."

Winter in Southern California: The Time for Whale-Watching

By Beth Polson
Special to The Washington Post

SAN DIEGO—Among the things that attract tourists to Southern California are endless sunshine, the flow of California wine, the San Diego Zoo, Disneyland and—at this time of year—whale-watching.

Between December and April, tourists from all over the country come to California harbors to watch the annual migration of the California Gray Whale.

Armed with binoculars and cameras with telephoto lenses, observers watch the mammals on their way from the Bering Seas to Baja California, where they feed and spawn in shallow bays and inlets along the coast.

More than a century ago, the whales swam into San Diego's harbor but progressive development drove the whales to more southern, secluded waters for "honeymooning."

Scientists believe that the gray whale possesses sophisticated navigational abilities, which enable it to migrate along a precise course. The whales can be found within two miles of the shore and can be sighted with the naked eye from various points along the jagged coast.

An average of more that 75 whales are estimated to pass through the cool California water each day. A lucky whale-watcher can see as many as 30 to 40 on a three-hour whale-watching cruise on the 160-foot Avalon. The Avalon, which runs three trips each week out of San Diego Bay to Ensenada, Mexico, added the whale-watching trips to the schedule this year because of the popularity of the sport here.

"More than a century ago, the whales swam into San Diego's harbor but progressive development drove the whales to more southern, secluded waters for 'honeymooning.'"

For the novice whale-watcher, spotting that first whale is an experience well worth the $5 it costs to take the cruise.

The average gray whale is 50 feet long, weighs approximately 75,000 pounds and has a tail span of 10 feet, from tip to tip. The huge mammals rise surreptitiously and submarine-like to the water's surface. Their backs are covered with barnacles, like a salt-water anchor.

The whale will customarily make three or four surface dives before throwing its flukes in the air and plunging deep into the ocean. The tail in the air is usually a sign that the whale has disappeared for five minutes or so.

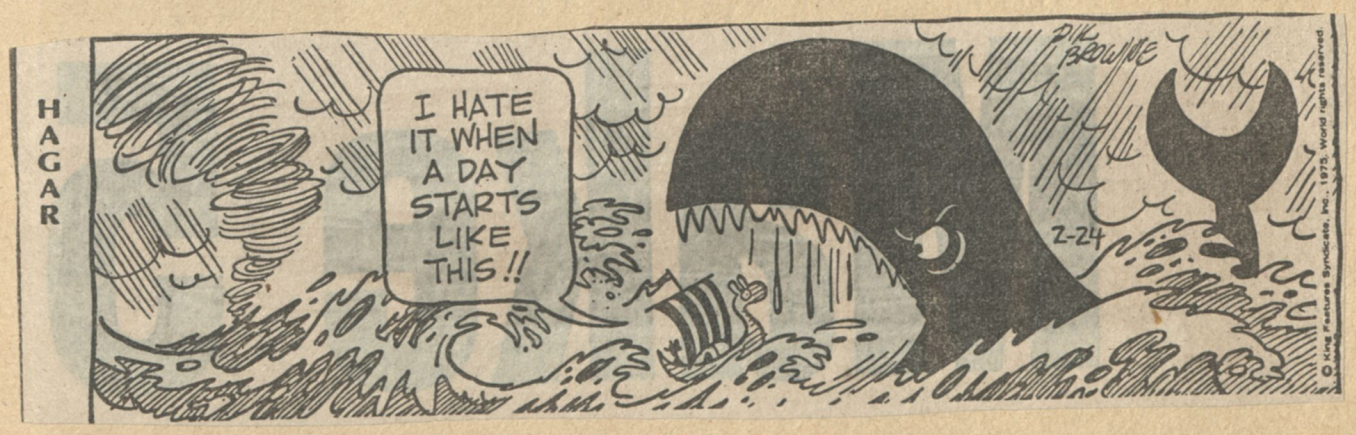
People who observe the migration from a cruise ship are likely to luck onto a number of whales within 100 feet of the vessel. The captain of a whale-watching cruise has to steady the throttle speed so as not to cause the mammals to veer away. These denizens of the Pacific waters usually travel alone or in groups of two or three but seldom more.

Cetologists (whale experts) believe that the gray whales use Scammons Lagoon in Baja for spawning because it is shallow and has a high salt content, allowing the calves to learn to swim and surface for air. Each calf weighs approximately 2,000 pounds.

The gestation period for the California gray whale is one year, and the female bears an offspring about once every two years. The once-endangered species is now protected by legislation that prohibits the slaughter of the whale in most parts of the world. Certain Eskimos, whose survival depends on the whale, are still permitted to kill them, but the whale population is now relatively stable.

The sport of whale-watching knows no age limits. It is limited only as to season. But at least through March, tourists visiting California coasts will be able to enjoy a phenomenon particular to this part of the world, as the whales make their way south, blowing water into the air. Or as one 4-year-old midwestern youngster asked, "Daddy, Dad-d-y, when's he going to blow his nose again?"

The writer is a reporter for the Evening Tribune, San Diego, Calif.



In Brief . . .

The Alamo is for sale—no, not that Alamo, but rather a terra cotta copy in St. Louis. It seems that an Arabian sheik wanted to buy the Texas landmark as a gift for his son who had spent some time in San Antonio, home of the Alamo. After indignant Texans said no, a St. Louis brick dealer, Bud Boldt, offered to sell a copy of the Alamo facade that was the front of an old factory demolished several years ago. In the best tradition of preservation through documentation, Boldt took a snapshot of the facade before he dismantled it . . . **Westport, N.Y.,** plans to restore its c. 1885 railroad station for use by train passengers and possibly as an information center. The Westport Historical Society, which is assisting in the effort, may use a portion of the station for a museum . . . **The Old Rock House,** a 1783 stone house in McDuffie County, Ga., has been preserved and is now a property of the Georgia Historic Trust. It was constructed of large quarried slabs of granite . . . **Stockton, Calif.,** has a new post office—with a touch of the old. The partition holding windows and letter drops was built in the 1930s of rare golden oak for a Nevada post office that was recently closed . . . **A 1907 church** in Rochester, N.Y., that was purchased by the city for $105,000 as part of an urban renewal project in the Third Ward, is now for sale for as little as $4,000. It may cost $90,000 to bring the structure up to code, but the city says it is interested in adaptive use of the building and that an economy-minded buyer could do the work for less. If there are no takers, the African Methodist Episcopal Zion Memorial Church will be demolished . . . **Greece** has announced plans for a $1.6 million restoration of the Acropolis, including the Parthenon, in Athens . . . **The Goodale Homestead,** a 350-acre farm in Marlboro and Hudson, Mass., is under review by a committee from those communities for preservation. It is a state historic site and has been nominated to the National Register of Historic Places . . . **The Plaza Hotel** in New York City has been sold again—for the second time in three years. The reported $25 million-sale was to Western International Hotels of Seattle by Sonesta International Hotels of Boston. Western International, which plans to refurbish the Plaza, owned the Savoy Plaza in New York City before it was demolished in 1965 . . . **Glessner House,** the H.H. Richardson-designed landmark in Chi[illegible]

Whale Oil Row Again Complete

The Tale of the Whale museum, located in one building in a row of four similar Greek Revival houses in New London, Conn., will be opened this month.

Through artifacts, memorabilia, displays and the house itself, the Tale of the Whale will offer a glimpse of the New London whaling industry, which peaked from 1819 to 1850. All four houses were built in the 1830s and at some time were lived in by men associated with whaling.

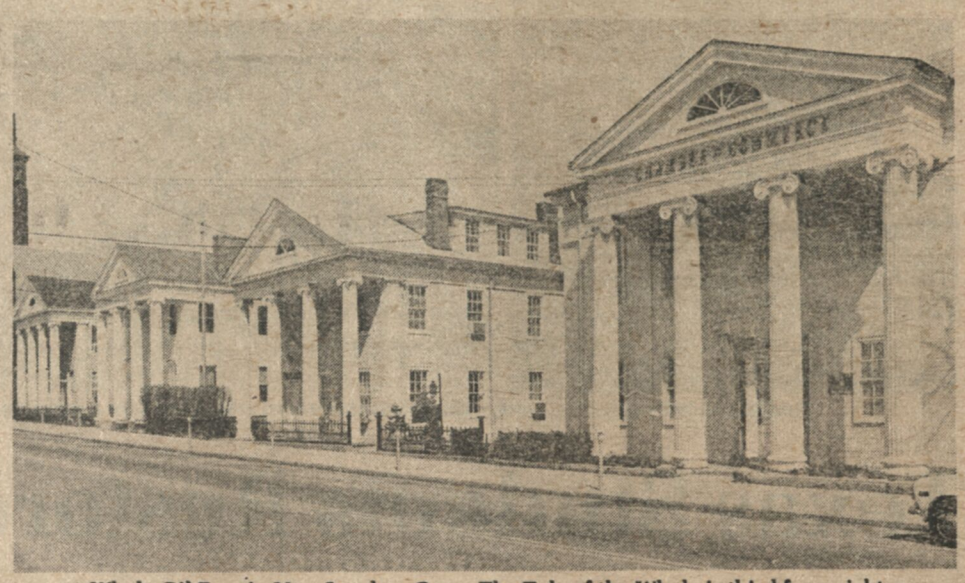
Built in 1834, Three Whale Oil Row has the museum on the second floor and its founder's medical practice on the first. It has had a slightly different history than the other three, however, as a 1972 Thanksgiving eve fire ravaged much of the building. The owner, Carl H. Wies, decided at that point to completely rebuild in accordance with the original design and to install the museum.

Wies incorporated the salvaged front windows, door and Greek Revival column into the rebuilt structure. The reconstruction cost approximately $125,000. The nonprofit museum is stocked largely from Wies' own collection although he had received a number of contributions and expects more. "Once you get a thing like this started, the contributions come out of the woodwork," he said.

Among his most recent additions have been two whale teeth and a sea chest. A 600-pound whale jawbone hangs from the ceiling over a 28-foot whaleboat that is believed to have once sailed aboard the *Charles W. Morgan*, now docked at Mystic Seaport, Conn. Books, tools, scrimshaw, drawings and paintings are numerous.

Whale Oil Row is significant in its own right. Separately, the four buildings are considered among the best remaining examples of American Greek Revival architecture, and together probably form the only row of that type still in existence. They were saved from urban renewal demolition when citizens led by Wies convinced the local redevelopment agency of their rehabilitation potential.

One, Two and Four Whale Oil Row have been in continuous use throughout their histories. Among other functions, they have served as a parish house, law offices, Chamber of Commerce headquarters and a Moose lodge.



Whale Oil Row in New London, Conn. The Tale of the Whale is third from right.

Military Preservationists Meet in April

The Council on Abandoned Military Posts will hold its ninth annual Military History Conference April 23-26 in Southern California.

With headquarters at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, participants from the group will tour and hold meetings at Ft. MacArthur, Ft. Tejon, the World War II troop carrier *Queen Mary* (docked at Long Beach) and old installations in Los Angeles and San Diego.

Presentations on the use of historic preservation laws and funds and the relationship between Hollywood films and military history will complement discussions about early Spanish presidios, United States frontier forts, coastal defenses and camels at Ft. Tejon.

The council's formation was announced at a meeting of the Western History Association in El Paso, Tex., in 1966. Although early associated with the West, and Arizona in particular, the council quickly expanded to include 18 semiautonomous regional departments and representatives in each of the 50 states and Canada. Annual meeting sites usually alternate between old [illegible]

Mississippi coast and its subsequent inclusion in the Gulf Islands National Seashore (*PN*, October 1974).

Members receive a quarterly journal, *Periodical*, and a monthly newsletter, *Headquarters Heliogram*. Membership is open to anyone interested in military history and the objectives of the council. For additional membership and annual conference registration information, write: Secretary, CAMP, P.O. Box 171, Arlington, Va. 22210.



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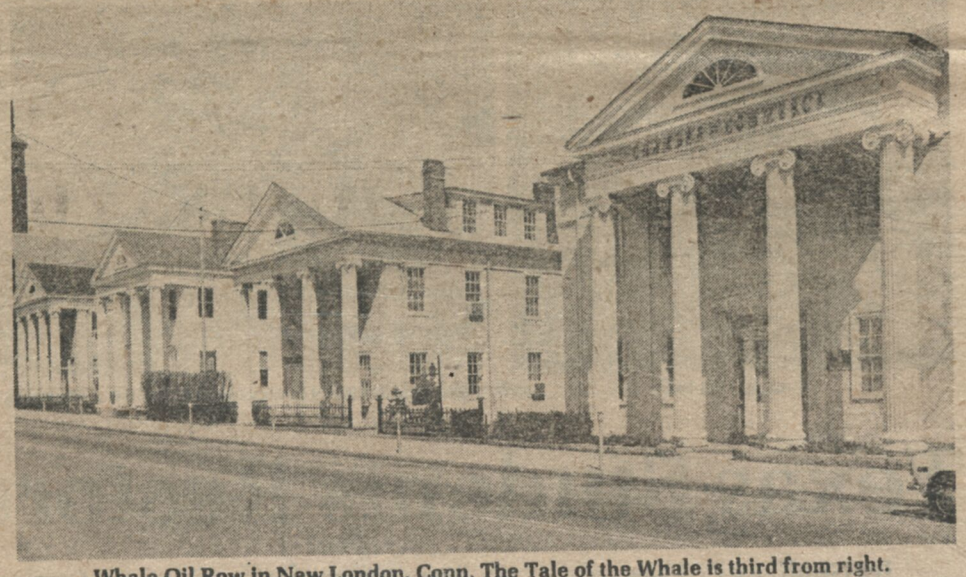
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The goals of the nonprofit organization are to identify, locate, restore, preserve and memorialize old military posts that are no longer being used for their original purposes.

The group gives authoritative, documented advice on post site interpretation and financing. Members have participated in survey research projects and have been active in the preservation of several sites. One such campaign was to bring Ft. Point, Calif., under National Park Service control. Another was the rescue of Fort Massachusetts off the Mississippi coast and its subsequent inclusion in the Gulf Islands National Seashore (*PN*, October 1974).

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Preservation Institute Set for Nantucket

The historic atmosphere of Nantucket Island, Mass., will be the backdrop for the fourth consecutive summer of the Preservation Institute: Nantucket.

The preprofessional preservation program runs from June 23 to August 22. It is designed for 15 undergraduate and graduate students in architecture, interior design, urban studies and architectural history.

Full-time instruction will be given by F. Blair Reeves, AIA, a member of the University of Florida faculty, and Robert C. Giebner from the University of Arizona faculty. Both are also National Trust Trustees. Visiting consultants will fill out the faculty. College credit will be given. Application deadline is April 1.

The professional workshop for representatives of state and federal agencies responsible for inventories and nominations to the National Register of Historic Places will be held July 3-18. The program will examine preservation law, National Register criteria, responsibility of review boards and recognition of district validity. Consultants from the National Trust, the National Register and the Historic American Buildings Survey will serve as faculty.

For further information on either program, write: Prof. F. Blair Reeves, AIA, Department of Architecture, University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla. 32601

WASH (DC) Post MON. 9 FEB '76

Whale War Rages In Calif. Hamlet

By Diane Curtis
Special to the Washington Post

MENDOCINO, Calif., Feb. 8 — "Greetings Russian whalers," the voice purrs in Russian over the gentle strain of balalaika. "This is Oktobriana sending music to you from Mendocino, the former Imperial Russian colony in California.

"It is immoral to kill whales because the whales no longer have a chance. Leave your ship, stop the killing. We will feed and shelter you and take care of you. We will ask Congress to pass a law to make you American citizens."

"Oktobriana," also known as Mendocino Rose in this picturesque coastal community of 1,100 located 160 miles north of San Francisco, is just one weapon in what has been dubbed the Mendocino Whale War.

"Oktobriana," whose name translates as "Spirit of the October Revolution," broadcasts her message three times a week but the community's seriousness about ending whale killing is evident daily.

"No More Saki Until Japan Stops Killing Whales," said a hand-lettered sign over an empty shelf in Jim's Spazek's liquor store.

"Stop the Whale Killing," reads a poster in what has become known as the Whale Room in the rear of Jim Coupe's delicatessen. Coupe has stopped selling Japanese beer.

"Boycott and girlcott Japanese goods," exhorts one of many hand-painted posters, petitions and letters adorning halls and walls of the Mendocino Grammar School.

"Kill flies, not whales," is the message on a fly swatter manufactured by John Bear, head of a local ad agency who has refused two lucrative Datsun accounts.

The force behind the battle is a barrel-chested, 52-year-old wood sculptor, Byrd Baker. Baker began his fight against the whalers in June when, standing on shore, he spotted a Soviet whaling factory and processing ship

See WHALES, A7, Col. 1

EVE. STAR (D.C.) SAT. 8 MARCH 69

Mexican Monster Is Identified as Whale's Carcass

TAMPICO, Mexico (AP) — What Mexican fishermen thought was a dead sea monster that had washed ashore turned out to be the carcass of a whale.

The carcass was found by the fishermen Tuesday near De Casitas Beach. The fishermen chopped at it with axes, tore out the eyeteeth and sliced off the big fins.

Sergio Garcia Sandoval, chief biologist at the Center of Biology in Tampico, has identified the carcass as that of a whale that must have weighed more than 35 tons.

With the help of the army, Garcia Sandoval had the head of the whale transported to the Fishing Cooperative at Tecolutla, 12.5 miles from De Casitas Beach, for further study.

SUN. STAR (D.C.) 9 MARCH '69

Canadian Ban On Seal Hunt Seen Unlikely

SUMMERSIDE, Prince Edward Island (UPI) — Canadian Fisheries Minister Jack Davis yesterday paid a final visit to the much criticized seal hunt area after indicating the government was unlikely to ban the annual controlled slaughter of young furbearing seals.

"Regulations seem to be strictly observed," Davis said after observing the hunt on the shifting ice of the Northumberland Strait between Prince Edward Island and the mainland.

Davis, who has previously said the hunt would be canceled if rules were not followed, said after watching the first day of the hunt that it was nothing more or less than an "outdoor abattoir."

He admitted that publicity and humanitarian campaigns against the hunt had given Canada the image of a "barbaric, cruel northern country" and he agreed some aspects of the hunt were "gruesome and appalling."

But Davis's remarks centered on regulations governing the hunt and their enforcement—rather than the possibility of a ban—and it seemed unlikely he would yield to demands from U.S., European and Canadian groups which have campaigned against the "brutality" of the hunt.

On the first day of the slaughter Friday, only about 200 men ventured onto the windswept, unsteady ice with the regulation two-by-four clubs used to bash in the seals' skulls. An estimated 5,000 to 8,000 pelts were taken from the herd of some 300,000 animals, from which 50,000 may be killed this year under government regulations.

Mexicans Dine Off 35-Ton Creature

WASH. DAILY NEWS THURS 6 MARCH '69

Dinosaur Washed Up From the Sea?

TECOLUTA, Mexico, March 6 (UPI) — Marine biologists today studied a 35-ton sea creature that washed up on the beach Friday in an effort to determine if it belonged to the age of dinosaurs.

It drew hundreds of curiosity seekers who caused a food shortage in this little Gulf Coast town, which normally has a population of several dozen fishermen's families.

The carcass of the creature was described as about 30 feet long and 18 feet wide, with a "serpent-like" body, covered with hard armor, jointed so it could swim. From the head protruded a 10-foot tusk of porous bone estimated to weigh a ton.

DECOMPOSED

It was in a bad state of decomposition.

"We estimate the creature's weight at about 35 tons," said biologist Sergio Garcia in a report to the Mexican Navy's Sea Life Laboratory at Tampico.

Officials from Veracruz, who had planned to cart away the creature's remains yesterday for study, said that even with heavy tractors and a crane they could not move the carcass.

Some scientists said it may be the body of a sea creature from the age of dinosaurs, preserved in Arctic ice.

But by the time biologists and other scientist arrived at the site, the carcass had been badly mutilated. Some reports said the impoverished fishermen in the area had lopped off the creature's fins and eaten them.

Biologists said first descriptions of the creature made them believe it was a narwhal, a whale which has a spiral horn protruding from its mouth. But after seeing the corpse, they could not match it with any sea creature known to man.

WASH (DC) Post MON
- 9 FEB 76



By Bernie Lustgarten for The Washington Post

Byrd Baker, leader of forces opposed to whale killing, in front of a wooden whale he carved to publicize his campaign.

Mendocino Whale War Rages

WHALES, From A1

off the craggy headlands of Mendocino.

"Alongside the factory ship were five killer ships with a gigantic cannon on the bow. From that they fire a 350-pound harpoon, which has a huge explosive head, and they aim it at those baby whales and it blows their heart and their lungs and their bodies apart," he said.

Baker said that he watched the killing of a baby whale and then the killing of its mother and father who were lured to the ship by the death of the infant.

Many Mendocino residents have long enjoyed watching the whales, who make their annual pilgrimage to warm water in the winter and turn north in late spring, passing near the community on both trips.

"It's magic. How can I explain magic?" asks Baker.

"I love the whales," said J.D. Mayhew, an artist who donated the proceeds from sales of a serigraph of two whales to send Baker to the Midwest in November for a conference on whaling. "Like Byrd, I feel that they have a mystique and can communicate with you."

Others emphasize the whales' intelligence — pointing to studies that show whales' brains are larger than humans' — the whales' good-naturedness, and the fact that whales face extinction.

The California gray whale has come under the protection of the International Whaling Commission, which has declared a moratorium on hunting it.

The commission puts yearly quotas on sperm and orca whales, which are hunted along the West Coast. A number of Mendocino residents, however, think the gray whales also are still being harpooned.

"The IWC is not doing enough. I don't believe we need to kill any whales," said Coupe.

The Soviet Union and Japan harvest about 85 per cent of the estimated 40,000 whales killed yearly, according to the Animal Welfare Institute of Washington. Accordingly, Mendocino residents have focused their protests on boycotting Japanese goods and broadcasting "Oktobriana's" messages.

Baker, however, wants to emulate Green Piece, a Canadian protest group, by lining people up in the water to form a barrier between the whalers and the whales.

A commercial fisherman has donated a 136-foot former whaling ship and Baker's group plans a foray into whaling territory in about two weeks. "We're seeking and hunting the Russian whaling flotilla that's out there, and when we find it, we're putting ourselves between the Russian killer ships and the whales," he said.

Not everyone in the area agrees with these tactics, however.

At a weekend meeting to discuss the Mendocino Whale Festival — a three-day event beginning March 19 and including a view of the whales, lectures, exhibits and films on the mammals — Ed Anderson, a manufacturer of campers in the nearby fishing village of Fort Bragg, protested the boycott and said he had a plan to end the whaling.

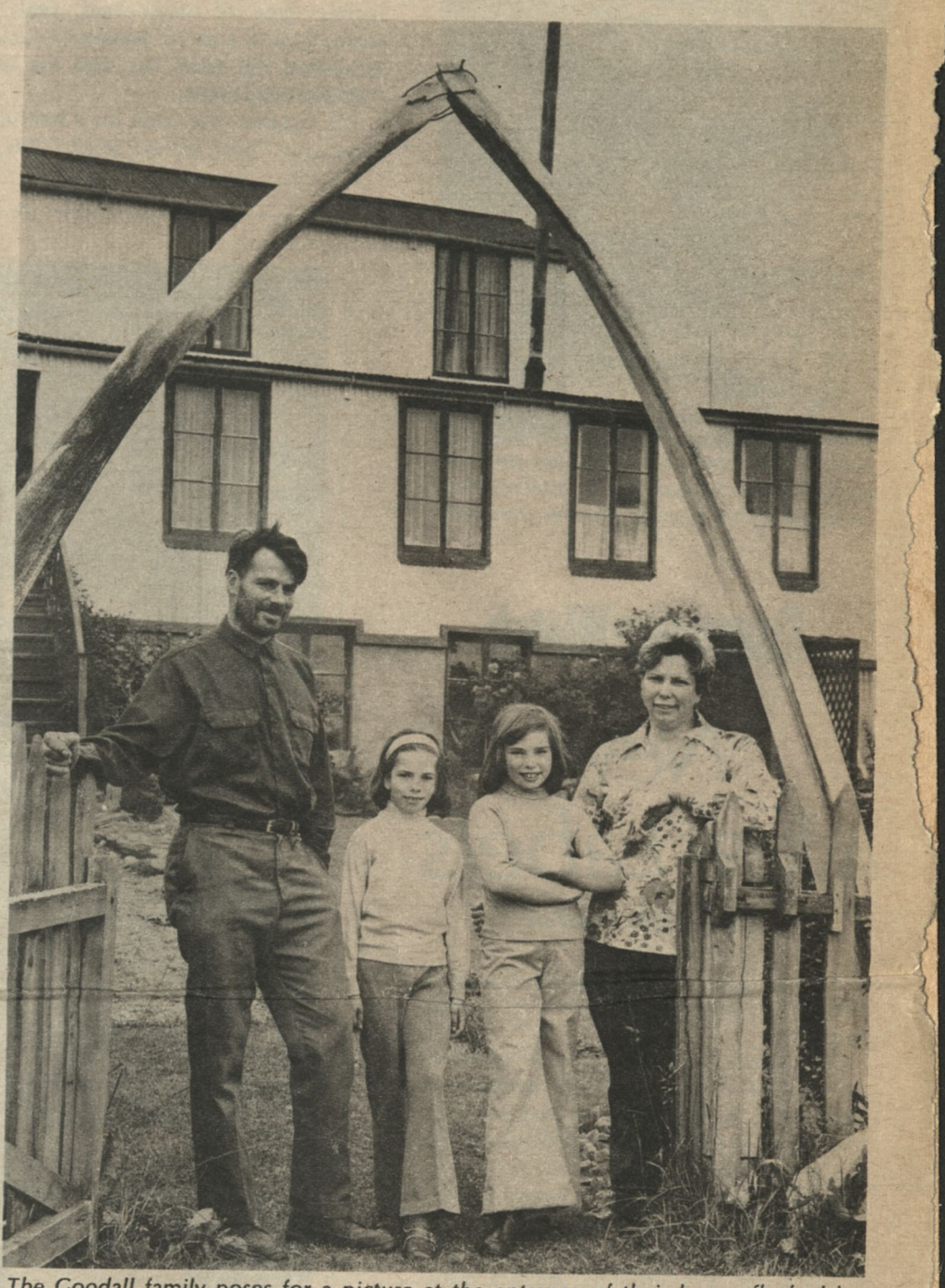
He declined to elaborate, but claims that the jojoba plant, which grows wild in the desert, could replace sperm oil and eliminate the need for killing thousands of whales.



Natalie de Goodall, reared in Ohio, now is a botanist and housewife at southernmost tip of South America.

The Ohio Woman Who Lives at the Bottom of the World

by Richard Harrington



The Goodall family poses for a picture at the entrance of their home, flanked by two whale ribs. From left are Tom, daughters Abigail, 8, and Anne, 9, and Natalie.



Map shows Tierra del Fuego's remote location at "the bottom of the world."

USHUAIA, TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

You can't set up house much farther south than Natalie de Goodall and still remain on the earth.

Natalie, who's in her late 30's, lives closer to Antarctica than any other American woman. Her home, which she shares with her husband Tom and two lively daughters aged 8 and 9, is in Tierra del Fuego, or the Land of Fire, an island at the southernmost tip of South America, near the Strait of Magellan and Cape Horn.

"In the 11 years I've been here, I've never been bored," says the blue-eyed, buxom Natalie, who's known as "Doña Nati" to the native Spanish-speaking workers employed on "Estancia Harberton," the sheep ranch operated by the Goodall family.

As remote as it is, the Goodall's "estancia" is a thriving establishment. It consists of 50,000 acres with 8000 sheep, a cluster of buildings around the main homestead, and a grassy airstrip with a Cessna 180—a small plane that provides the principal link with the mainland. Both Natalie and Tom have a pilot's license. The rest of the island is covered with sheep ranches, and the nearest neighbor is 20 miles away.

Tierra del Fuego is shared by Argentina and Chile. The Goodalls live in the Argentinian portion.

The menu is mutton

Thanks to their remoteness from what others call civilization, Natalie has had to make adjustments unknown to most American housewives. She does her cooking on a wood-burning stove and virtually the only meat she gets to prepare is mutton.

"We boil it, roast it, fry it and smoke it," she says with a laugh. "Then for variety we have mutton stroganoff, mutton meatloaf and mutton barbecue. Oh, once in a while there's chicken, fish or even beef. But do you know, by now I prefer mutton."

Food supplies from Outside—in Tierra del Fuego they think of it with a capital "O"—are brought in once a year, along with ranch supplies, diesel fuel and gasoline. Most of the orders are shipped from Buenos Aires, 1500 miles to the north, and arrive by boat at the estancia's jetty. The nearest "shopping center" to the ranch is the town of Ushuaia (pop. 5300), which claims to be the world's southernmost settlement.

continued

Homo Sapiens Has His Hour as Connecticut's State Animal

By LAWRENCE FELLOWS

Special to The New York Times

HARTFORD, April 16—The Connecticut State Senate, in a frolicsome mood, voted today to designate Homo sapiens—hapless, tax-ridden man—as the state animal.

An hour later, after a flood of telephone complaints from admirers of the other species of lovable or threatened animals that had been proposed, the Senate reversed itself, directing the bill back to committee—in effect, killing it for this session.

But in his hour of glory, Homo sapiens emerged from a crowded field to win easily, by 21 votes to 13—"because of its special contribution to the state's history and because of its present plight as an endangered species."

Recalling the Whale

Originally, the bill proposed by Senator Lawrence J. DeNardis would have given the glory to the sperm whale, Physeter catadon. "Connecticut was the first to issue licenses to hunt and kill whales," the Hamden Republican said. "We ought to be the first to reverse ourselves."

But Senator Stanley H. Page, a Guilford Republican, asked: "When was the last time anyone saw a whale in Connecticut?" He proposed, instead, that the Senate desigrate the gray squirrel, an industrious, hard-working and friendly creature that feeds on the fruits of the charter oak, a monument of Connecticut's history.

"We have living proof that all squirrels aren't in trees," said Senator Louis Cutillo, the Waterbury Democrat who led the fight that ended in the amendment's defeat, 25 to 10.

The white-tailed deer proposed by Senator George C. Guidera, a Republican from Weston, lost when Senator DeNardis pointed out that "The white-tailed deer is properly known as the Virginia deer."

Senator William E. Strada Jr. of Stamford, staring at the gleaming pate of a fellow Democrat, Senator Salvatore C. DePiano of Bridgeport, proposed the bald eagle. It never came to a vote.

Senator David H. Neiditz, a West Hartford Democrat, then successfully proposed Homo sapiens, a species threatened by his taxes, his unpaid bills and even by his envioronment.

"I've done some research," he added, apparently feeling the need to assure his colleagues that they would not be offending their Governor, Ellati Grasso, or the feminists in the state by voting for his candidate. "Homo sapiens includes everybody, that is, men and women."

An hour after the first favorable vote, however, the proposal was sent back to the oblivion of committee, the victim of an avalanche of phone calls from animal lovers, and also from hockey fans who did not relish the thought of renaming the New England Whalers.



Bald Eagle

Squirrel

Whale



White-tailed deer



N.Y. TIMES THURS 17 APRIL '75

THE VIOLENT SIXTIES ARE PAST

New Year, New Era and New Hope

By WALTER TAYLOR
Star Staff Writer

In bars and restaurants, over martinis and beer, at parties or at home in front of the tube, Americans counted down the seconds last night, then toasted a new year, a new decade and perhaps—as many hoped—a new era.

As the clock ticked off the end of the violent '60s and the first minutes of the 1970s,

The Rambler ponders "The Morning After," and the Year's First Babies Arrive. Page B-1

Guy Lombardo—for the 45th year—struck up Auld Lang Syne:

An 18-year-old housewife in Norfolk, Va., reported shooting a 4½-foot boa constrictor she found under her refrigerator.

More than 100,000 New Yorkers crammed Times Square—as has happened for 60 years—to watch a ball of light descend from atop the Allied Chemical Tower.

In San Francisco, American Indians occupying Alcatraz Island staunchly stuck by their rules that no "firewater" would be allowed on the island.

Every fireman and every available piece of equipment was being used to fight a 15-alarm blaze raging out of control in Baltimore's dock district.



If you think you've got a hangover from too much holiday partying, take a look at Cyranose, a 2,500-pound sea elephant at Marineland of the Pacific in Los Angeles.

—Associated Press

Whale Oil Duty Evasion Charged

WASHINGTON, July 5.—Charges that 40,000,000 pounds of whale oil have entered the United States free of duty despite a 3c a pound excise tax imposed on the oil have been laid before the joint committee investigating tax avoidances by A. M. Loomis, representative of certain dairy interests.

He said that various cargoes of whale oil have been received in New York and Norfolk early this year which were landed there by Norwegian tankers and claimed to have been produced by an American whaling ship named Frango operating in the South Indian Ocean. Upon the claim that the oil was the product of American fisheries, the excise tax was not paid, he asserted.

"The oil brought to the United States from the ship Franco, as nearly as we can learn," Mr. Loomis said, "is made from whales every one of which was fished for, caught and killed by Norwegian crews of Norwegian killer ships. The Franco is a floating rendering plant, and can no more catch and kill whales than an ocean liner. We believe that the fishing for whales by Norwegian killer ships, even if the oil is rendered on an American ship, makes this a foreign and not an American fishery.

"We believe that the facts will disclose that the purchase and incorporation of this ship has been done by Norwegian capitalists, that they have taken this way to avoid the tax which is placed by law on whale oil of foreign origin."

Whaling Industrialist, 80, Dies After Discussing Loss

By the Associated Press

BELLEVUE, Wash., Jan. 10.—William P. Schupp, 80, one of the last leaders of the whaling industry, died yesterday, only a few hours after declaring some of his company's property disappeared from a Navy-leased Aleutian island during the war.

He suffered a severe heart seizure after a newspaper interview in which he discussed a claim for $75,000 damages filed earlier in the day wtih the 13th Naval District here.

In the interview, Mr. Schupp had said a large amount of heavy machinery disappeared from the Akutan island whaling station, the island on which a volcano erupted early this week. When the Navy turned the station back, no indication was given that property was disturbed, he said.

"It was not until our representative had checked the station, that we learned what had been taken," he added.

The Navy loaned the station to the Russians as a secret fueling base for lease-lend vessels during the war.

In Washington, D. C., Rear Admiral George L. Russell, Assistant Judge Advocate, said today the company's claims had not been settled because they had not been proved to the Navy's satisfaction.

WHALING CONTROL SHOWN NECESSARY

British Official Points Out Need for Conservation of Exhaustible Supply

Delegates to the international whaling conference in London recently were warned by W. S. Morrison, British Minister of Agriculture, that if measures of conservation were not supported whaling enterprises would be destroyed in every country.

While they knew the remaining stock of whales could not stand up for long against the present rate of exploitation, he said, the agreement of last year did secure some measure of restraint among those who were parties to it. Yet, in spite of that agreement, over 8,000 more whales were killed than in the previous year, and about 120,000 more tons of oil was brought to merchandise.

The result was that prices fell from last year's level of about £20 to about £12 per ton. The past history of whaling, and recent statistics, showed that they were dealing with an exhaustible stock and that unless measures were taken to conserve it they would smash their own industry.

To Enlist Support.

Although the agreement might not go far enough, the most important business of the conference was to enlist support for it from those who had not yet adopted it. It could not be expected of anyco-operating governments that they would put restraint upon their nationals to restrict their whaling operations with a view to the preservation of the stock if other governments stood aside and under whatever excuse permitted or even encouraged uncontrolled expoitation.

Last year's agreement, or any improved agreement, could only be effective if it was supported by every government with considerable whaling interests. Unless they all rallied to the support of measures of conservation, they must be prepared to see whaling decontrolled and whaling enterprises destroyed in every country. Some might last a year or two longer than others, but the ultimate destruction of the whaling industry would be merely a matter of a few years.

15 Nations Represented.

The first session of the conference was held at Shell-Mex House. Fifteen countries were represented. The proceedings, which continue to the end of the week, are in private.

Dizzy Defense Ideas

[*By the Associated Press*]

Washington, June 20—Amid the country's plans for national defense, inventors are flooding the Patent Office with ideas ranging from bear traps for enemy tanks to a proposal for enlisting whales in a war against submarines.

Every week brings a new batch of ideas which the Patent office calls impractical and which it rejects.

The tank trap suggestion came from a man who said he had spent years trapping bears and big game, and that a huge steel trap would work just as well on a tank as on a grizzly.

A Whale Of An Idea

The whale plans came from a man who said that whales could be captured, equipped with submarine-fouling armor, and released to raise havoc with the enemy.

Another man said he had a machine which could be installed at strategic points and when a fifth columnist came along with a concealed map, the machine would sound an alarm.

This was called a "map detector."

Still another rejected invention called for an apparatus which its creator claimed not only would catch bombs dropped from the air but would douse them in water.

Fierce Wind Machine

A man who wouldn't go into detail said he had an idea for an anti-dive bomber. The general theory behind it was a machine shooting out such a strong current of air that the plane couldn't dive into it.

One inventor had a plan for important highways to be mined with gadgets which would cause nails to rise out of the pavement and puncture the tires of enemy motorcycle riders.

One Word Led To Another

By Bugs Baer

It looks like Turkey will be the next nation into the chopper. From now on you can use the old map of the world to wrap up picnic lunches.

I heard a fellow broadcast, "when this is over we shall see there are no more wars."

That's what they said in 1918 but it didn't mean any more than a smile on a professional model.

Stopping war is a tougher job than bottling Niagara Falls. What the diplomats should arrange at the next peace conference is a slow war on the back of the stove.

Put everybody's name in the pot and let them grab a big spoonful when they feel belligerent.

There should be a little trouble simmering all the time. Going after the crab grass on the terrace is what makes the perfect lawn.

I just met a fellow who saves ventriloquist's dummies because of the sensation of mental superiority he experiences when calling the roll.

That reminded me that I have soft bunions from the off-hind legs of rogue elephants.

When Stanley went after Dr. Livingstone in Africa he brought one back with him. He forgot entirely that he was supposed to bring Livingstone.

Ambergris is another fine hobby. You get that from sick whales. First of all, you must secure a whale, which means your property must run five straight building lots along the street.

Then you make the whale sick. That's quite a job, for a whale will stand a lot of bad cooking.

Naturally, a sick whale has a bit of a gamey odor. By the time it starts coughing up ambergris the neighbors may be holding meetings and electing officers.

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Incorporated.)

Friday Aug 29 1940 BALTIMORE NEWS POST

ONE WORD LED TO ANOTHER

By Bugs Baer

12/3/40 BALTIMORE NEWS POST

FACTS NOT WORTH KNOWING

Facts Not Worth Knowing: 1. The bottom of an elephant's foot is quite dark. 2. Nobody makes paper cups in gallon sizes. 3. An African cannibal is very honest when you owe him something.

Dibs and Dabs: 1. A cat flea arches its back when it sees a dog. 2. The majority of flowers are heterochlamydeous. 3. The lituus was a curved staff used by Roman augurs in quartering the heavens. 4. A palikar was an Albanian soldier in the pay of the Sultan of Turkey. 5. The ancient Egyptians worshipped the sun and took time out on rainy days. 6. A tisty-tosty is a bundle of cowslips.

Flash: The tenant farmers of Ireland still owe rent for the year 1886. Unflash.

Irksome Information: 1. Primordium means a start. 2. The passenger in a jinrikisha cannot put on the brakes. 3. In Mercater's Projection the meridians are drawn parallel to each other.

Daily Double: 1. The ocelet is a large cat that nobody ever put out at night. 2. Snow weighs about seven pounds to the cubic foot.

Dissa and Data: 1. The planorbis is a snail with a discoid shell. 2. Nobody ever sees the star in a star sapphire except the emugg who is selling you the stone. 3. A butteris is used to pare the hoofs of horses 4. Square Number Nineteen on a checker board is just the same as any other square.

Explanation of the Above: We will deliver it free of charge to any place in the world.

Learn One Thing Each Day: Mallemaroking is a carouse of sailors on an icebound whaler.

Postponed Postscripts: 1. Music for the oboe cannot be transposed. 2. The scrag whale has no dorsal fin. 3. Neanderthal man had a forehead like a picnic plate. 4. The jerboa is a leaping rat with five hind toes.

(Distributed

10/27/39 EVE. SUN

Tough Whale, Dented Ship

Harpooned Giant Attacks Vessel And Bends Its Starboard Plates

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 27 (AP)—Alaska whales are getting tough.

As the three-ship fleet of the Pacific American Whaling Company reached port today Ernest Kugler, manager of the company's Aleutian Islands base, told of an eighty-foot blue whale which, enraged because it had stopped a harpoon, suddenly turned on one of the whaling ships and smashed head-on into the starboard side.

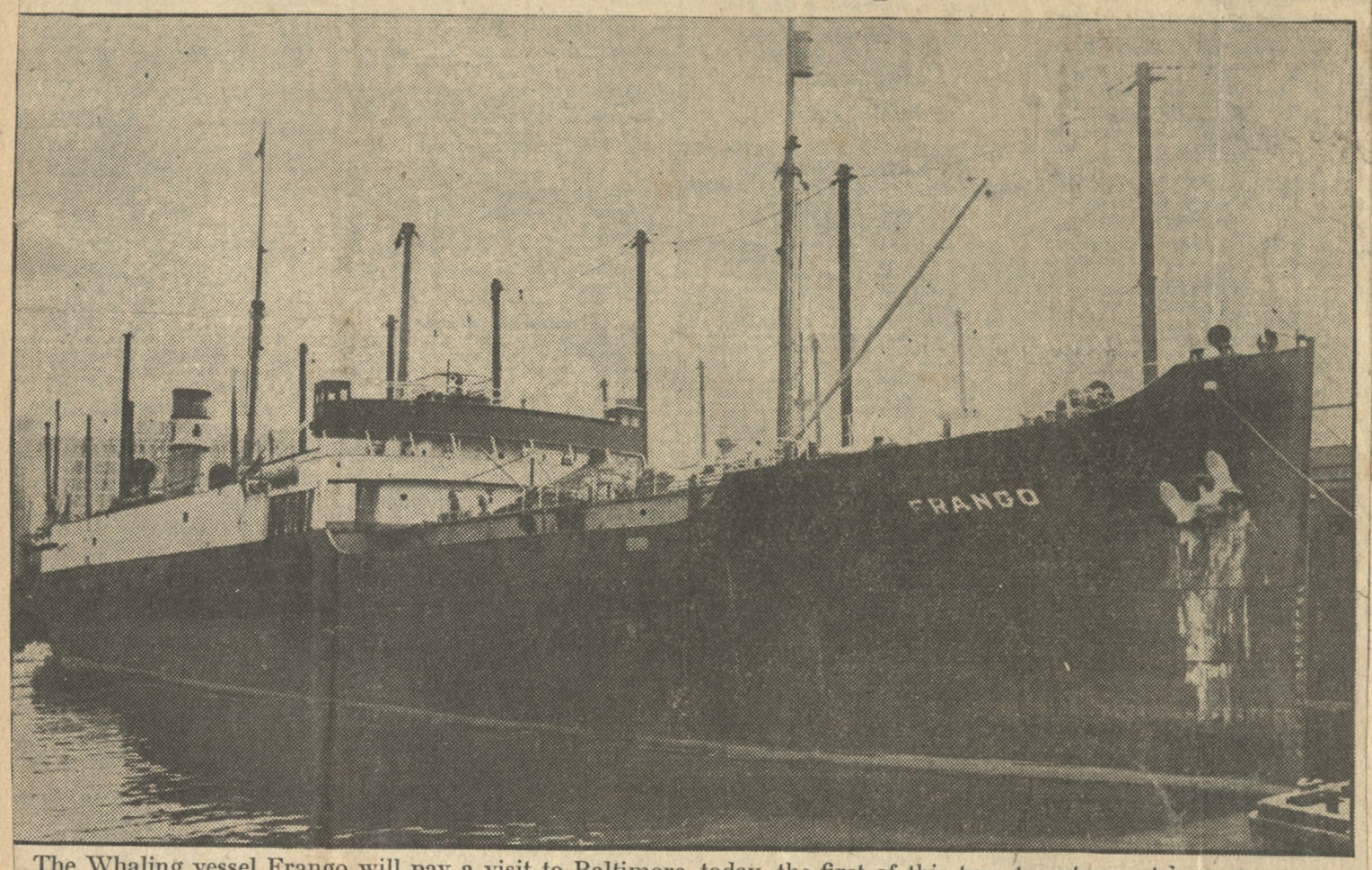
The whale suffered only "a little scratch on its chin," Kugler said, but some starboard plates were bent and fittings buckled on the whaler.

Another company official said the present generation of whales is cagier and smarter.

"Plenty of whales were sighted in the Gulf of Alaska, but it is much harder to get close enough to harpoon them than it was ten or twelve years ago. They're getting smarter."

EVE. SUN THURSDAY JUNE 20-1940

A Strange Ship In Strange Waters



The Whaling vessel Frango will pay a visit to Baltimore today, the first of this type to enter port in many years.

Modern Whaling Craft Is Due Here Today With Oil Cargo

6,400-Ton Factory Ship Mothers Fleet Of Fast Small Boats Equipped With Harpoon Guns

The American whaling vessel Frango, first of her calling to head for Baltimore in many years, passed Cape Henry yesterday morning, took a pilot aboard for her run up the bay and early today dropped her hook off quarantine.

She was scheduled to be boarded at sunrise by quarantine officials, and after inspection by both quarantine and customs officers, will proceed to a Baltimore dock, where she will discharge.

Carries Oil Cargo

The Frango, a 350-foot, 6,400-ton steamer, carries a cargo of whale oil. She is a mother ship, or factory ship, and the flotilla of smaller hunting vessels which tended her during a long stay in the Indian Ocean, harpooned more than 2,000 whales.

These hunting boats she left behind in the Indian Ocean to await her return. In the Frango's stern is a huge port, through which dead whales are hauled aboard her to begin their conversion into oil.

Processes Her Catch

She is equipped with all the machinery necessary for processing her catches at sea, and is a far cry indeed from the old sailing vessels which formerly made up the fleet. Where the old whalers hunted in dories with hand harpoons, the Frango's hunters go out in fast, fairly large boats and kill with guns shooting explosive harpoons.

Built in 1917 at Chester, Pa., the Frango is owned by the American Whaling Company. Her port of registry is Wilmington, Del. She formerly was named Golaa.

A Break For Whales

THE EVENING SUN 12/11/41

[By Science Service]

Washington, Dec. 11—Whales in Antarctic regions may be getting a break at last as a result of Japan's entry into the war. If the Japanese whaling fleet of six or seven factory ships and forty or more killer boats was given sufficient warning of Tokyo's intention, and stayed home, that means a lease on life to the 10,000 to 12,000 whales they would have slaughtered during the current season. If they did go out in October, and are now on the whaling grounds, they will probably be rounded up by New Zealand cruisers, or at any rate driven home.

Nobody in this country seems to know where the Japanese whaling fleet is. Normally, the ships stop at the port of Freemantle, near the southwestern corner of Australia, on the way to and from the whaling grounds. But Australian authorities here either don't know or aren't telling.

Nazi Whalers Tied Up

Of the European whaling fleets, only the English and part of the Norwegian ships are free to go into the Antarctic. The few whalers that Germany had have been tied up in Hamburg harbor since the outbreak of war in the autumn of 1939. They may have been blown to bits or burned to the water's edge by the many fierce blastings that RAF bombers have given Hamburg. One or two of the Norse ships were sunk; at least one was captured by the Germans and slipped through the British blockade to a German port. Some of the others ar carrying gasoline and oil to England.

There is little doubt that at least part of the whaling fleet is at work in the Antarctic, because whale oil is used in Britain as a source of both food fats (margarine) and soap. But the total take will undoubtedly be much smaller during the presnte Antmuch smaller during the present Antyears.

Japanese Balked At Pact

Ab... o... ... will be especially beneficial to the whales, because of all the nations engaged in whaling only the Japanese would not sign the international convention for the conservation of whales. They killed recklessly and wastefully, in utter disregard of the rights of either the whales or the whalers under other flags. They made themselves the most thoroughly unpopular persons in all the Far South seas.

One danger whales still have to face, if the history of the first World War repeats itself. Whales were thoughtlessly used for gunnery targets, and even for practice torpedo marks, by craft of all the warring nations, according to widespread but officially unacklowledged reports Even at that, however, it is unlikely that whales uselessly killed by such high-seas vandalism were anywhere nearly as many as the ones legally taken by the the competing whaling fleets in times of peace.

Whale Blown Up By Channel Mine

WASH. POST Nov 22 1939

Calais, Nov. 21 (U.P.).—The latest mine casualty in the English Channel is a 54-foot whale. It collided with a mine in a severe storm. The explosion tore a huge hole in the mammal's side and it was swept ashore dead on a Belgian beach.

WON'T ARGUE: My spies report that opinion of the rocking chair brigade on Cape Cod front porches is unanimous that Roosevelt won't debate with Willkie.

"Why," said one dowager, "that man in the White House is just too busy to argue with anybody!"



"—Willkie and the destroyers"

Even if Mr. Roosevelt won't debate with Mr. Willkie, I'd like to see them meet in a series of poker games. Mr. Willkie's charge that the President is addicted to an "I pass" psychology is a serious one, and should be fought out over a green-covered table, with deuces wild.

AUG. 23 1940 "WASHINGTON POST"

JANUARY 28, 1941 Tuesday

TIMES-HERALD *AROUND THE CLOCK*

Britons Arrive in U. S. To Take Over Ships

NEW YORK, Jan. 27 (N. Y. News).—In a blinding snowstorm the clumsy, 42-year-old British whaler Hektoria slipped into New York Harbor this morning, the first British passenger carrier to arrive here in seven weeks.

The 13,797-ton Hektoria, which chased whales in Norwegian waters until the war and since has been converted into a tanker, brought 15 British merchant marines officers. The officers will be assinged to ships the British recently purchased here.

The last previous British ship reaching here with passengers was the 10,926-ton Western Prince which arrived in New York December 6 and was torpedoed and sunk eight days later off the Irish coast.

Whalers Are Missed

Irked by federal excise, American companies turn their attention to European market.

ONE OF THE PROPOSALS that died during the expiring sessions of the last Congress was a resolution to suspend the 3¢ per lb. excise tax placed on oil from whales taken by foreign killer ships. The duty went into effect on June 30, as provided in the Revenue Act of 1938.

In fighting the tax, the whaling companies charged that they were the victims of lobbies representing interests which produce inedible tallow from city garbage pails. It was claimed that these groups were trying to "ingratiate themselves with the farmers." The American companies complained that they would have to go out of business if the tax was imposed. But a lot of things have happened since June 30, most important being the war that is raging mildly in Europe.

The United States industry consists of the Western Operating Corp., with its huge factory ship Ulysses, the American Whaling Co. with the factory ship Frango, and some small units along the Pacific Coast. American factory ships employ Norwegian killer ships and crews. These are the small steamers which track down and slay the whales. The Ulysses uses eight of them. To build that many killer ships in this country would have cost the company some $3,200,000.

Whale Oil in Demand

War has boosted whale oil prices in the world markets. At the time the Congressional drive was on, whale oil sold at around $100 a ton; it is now around $160 and still looking up. So instead of going out of business, the Ulysses sailed for her regular Antarctic whaling grounds on Oct. 7, to connect there with her regulation flotilla of Norwegian killers. Meantime the Frango sailed, presumably for Sweden, with her last season's cargo of oil. She will sell it in the world market, if nothing happens to her. It is assumed that the Ulysses. will also market her next season's catch in Europe, and ignore the American market. Prospects for good prices are bolstered by the announcement that German whalers won't go to sea this year, and that other nations engaged

are as easy to read as the average book.

At the start, the Red Arrow Books will be pushed through book and department stores. De Graff, after four months with Pocket Books, rates his outlets in this order: drug and cigar stores, newsstands, department stores, book stores, jobbers, rental libraries, five-and-tens.

There have been other attempts to crack the volume market, but none has scored the success that now seems possible. Most notable of the earlier tries was the sad experience of Modern Age Books two years ago. Modern Age sold paper-backed 25¢ and 35¢ editions, cut costs by using the Rumford Press between printings of the *Reader's Digest*, and advertised heavily. But losses reportedly ran to several hundred thousands of dollars before Modern Age switched to a price of 50¢ on most of its books, with some at 75¢ and 95¢.

A Different Approach This Time

Actually, the Modern Age experience is of little value in figuring the chances for success of Red Arrow and Pocket Books. Modern Age was selling many original editions. Red Arrow and Pocket Books are selling reprints—therein lies a world of difference. Some manuscripts have a short and merry life, others have long and steady careers, and the editor probably doesn't live who can pick new works that will unfailingly sell in the volume required for 25¢ editions.

Such may not always be the case. Strangely enough, a major obstacle confronting any publisher eying the 25¢ market has been the lack of competition. A single publisher can hardly supply enough titles to get many outlets interested. Hence, it seems entirely reasonable that de Graff welcomes the entry of Red Arrow Books into the field. Reprints may build such a cheap-book market that new editions will get another try.

Whale Liver Oil Low In Vitamins

"MANUFACTURING NEWS" DRUG TRADE NEWS

Yield So Low Exploitation Is Believed Impractical

PRINCE RUPERT, B. C.—Hopes that whale liver oil might be developed as a new source of vitamins A and D have apparently been killed by recent tests made by B. E. Bailey of the Fisheries Research Board of Canada. The following table shows results obtained on samples of liver of sperm and finback whales, captured off the British Columbia coast, and from belugas, taken in Hudson Bay:

Type of Liver	*Yield of Oil %*	*Vitamin A Content*
Finback whale	0.8	40,000
Sperm whale..	1.0	440,000
Beluga No. 1..	0.2	14,000
Beluga No. 2..	0.4	6,000

The vitamin A content is expressed in U.S.P. units per gram of oil.

From the data in the table it can be seen that none of these particular whales could be profitably exploited as a vitamin source. The yields are all very low, and vitamin potencies are in no case sufficiently high to compensate for the low yields. Moreover, the vitamin A content was measured by the antimony trichloride method, believed to give erroneously high values in many cases.

A composite sample of the beluga liver oil was tested biologically for vitamin D and showed only 50 to 100 I.U. per gram. 7/27/42

RAID MARGARINE PLANT

LONDON, June 21—(A. P.).—Reliable sources "have ascertained" that a margarine works and 6,000 tons of whale oil were destroyed in a recent British air raid on Hamburg, Germanys chief port, British military circles announced today.

Balto News-Post
Friday June 21/40

Whales Have Vitamin A

DRUG TOPICS NOV 6/39

LEIPZIG, GERMANY—Vitamin A content of whale blubber averages about 10,000 International Units per gram, K. H. Wagner reported here before the Biological Society recently. Sperm whale liver is found to contain as much as 28,000 I.U. per gram.

Obituary Of An Old Whaling Newspaper

[From the Martha's Vineyard Gazette]

The *Morning Mercury* died this week. This is hardly important to most Vineyarders, because few of them took the *Mercury*, which was a neglected, rundown newspaper under a sprightly, imaginative old name, published in New Bedford, Mass., by a corporation which did not care for it. Those who wrote for the *Mercury* and edited it cared for the paper, but nobody else did. The publishers said it had outlived its time, which is an easy thing to say.

The *Morning Mercury* first appeared in 1807, carrying a new proclamation by Thomas Jefferson in the initial edition. It reported the rise of the whaling industry and was read in their time by such men of New Bedford as Abraham Howland, great gun of the barn-burner Whigs; Hon. Joe Grinnell; Gideon Allen, a whole-oil millionaire; William R. Rodman, a go-ahead sort of man who owned a sheep farm in Australia, had whalers out of Le Havre and business everywhere in the world; William W. Swain, martyr to gout and hero in investments; shrewd and industrious Pardon Tillinghast, and other Howlands, George, James and John, Quakers all. It is a pageant of old New Bedford, and there are no such men on the banks of the Acushnet any more, or the *Morning Mercury* would still be read.

The most famous *Mercury* editor of all was Zephaniah W. Pease, an authority on whaling and a solid literary man of fine taste and style. The *Mercury* was something in its day.

But now it is dead and it to be buried without honor or ceremony in the city it served for many generations. It is not fitting for a fine old newspaper to pass in this way, and so we honor the *Morning Mercury* here.

THE BALTO EVE SUN. WED. JULY 29-1942

Finds Vitamin A Precursor In Whale Livers

MEMPHIS—Although vitamin A has never been produced in commercially useful quantities by synthesis, chemists may have brought the solution of this alluring problem nearer by discovering two near relatives of this vitamin.

Probably vitamin A is none too proud of its newly found relations since neither has any therapeutic value of its own. Yet Dr. Norris D. Embree and associates of Distillation Products, Rochester, N. Y., who related their findings to last week's meeting, here, of the American Chemical Society, had a good word to say for both of the black sheep.

Anhydro-vitamin A, one of the new products, is merely a molecule of vitamin A which through rough handling (treatment with dry acids), has lost the elements of water. Although soured on life to the extent that it will no longer function as a vitamin, this maimed molecule is still a useful member of vitamin society. It can serve as the "tombstone" of vitamin A, informing chemists which see its "marker" that it is but the empty shell of that boon to man, vitamin A. Thus the passing chemist knows that it was vitamin A and not vitamin A-2 that was originally among those present.

The other black sheep is in reality a sheep in wolves' clothing, Kitol by name. The liver oil of whales and other marine denizens contains this hitherto unrecognized vitamin A kin. What is more important: the investigators found that this previously worthless product can be transformed into perfectly good, physiologically active vitamin A by merely heating it to 500° F. in a molecular still in accordance with modern technique.

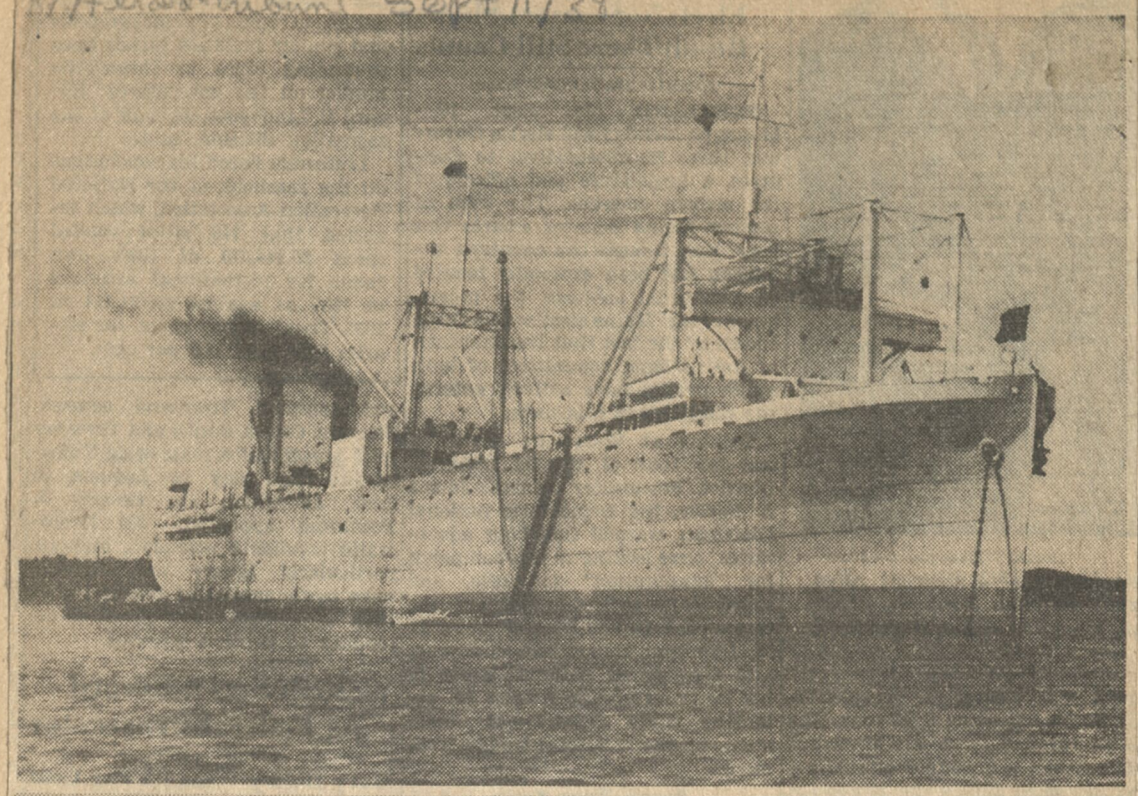
Kitol is therefore a precursor of vitamin A like carotene, the yellow plant pigment. But whereas carotene can be transformed by the animal body into vitamin A, Kitol is as inactive as so much hay. On the other hand, while the chemist can transform Kitol to vitamin A, there is nothing he can do with carotene except eat it and trust to his liver. "MANUFACTURING NEWS"

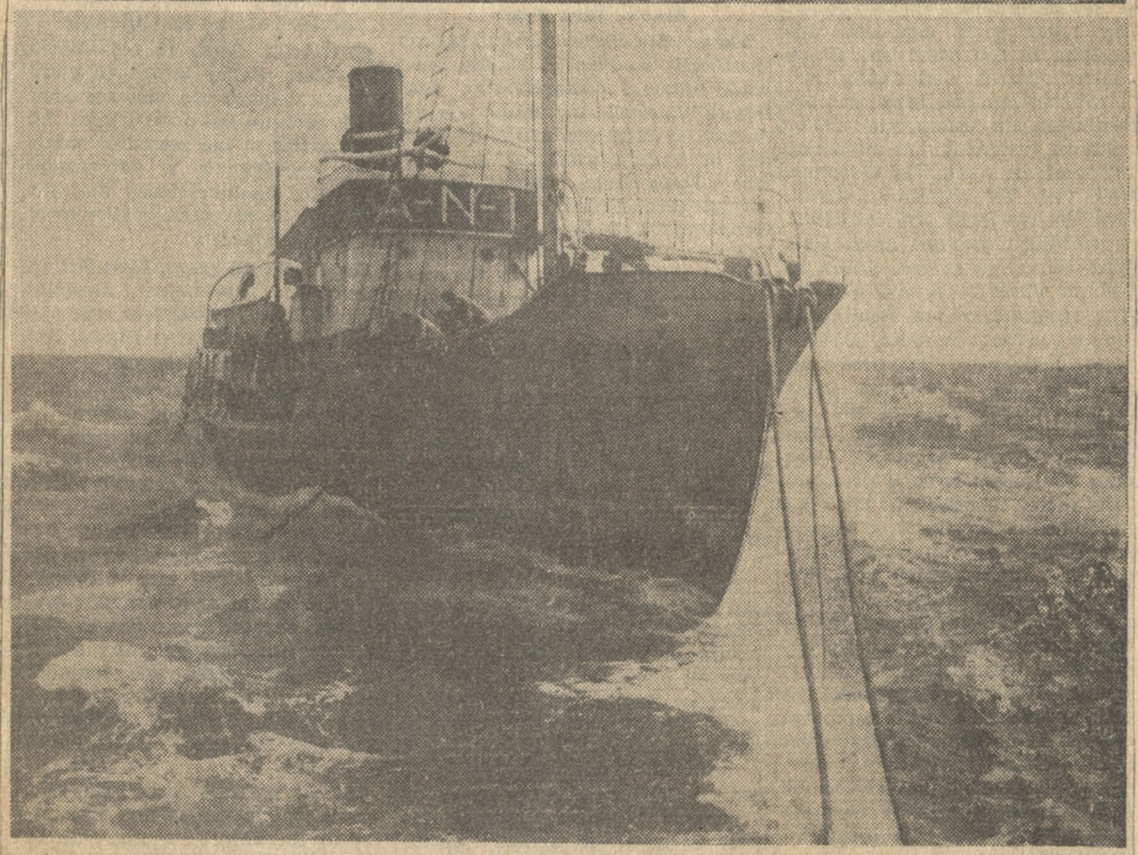
The National Oil Products Co., of Harrison, N. J., has found *substitutes for spermoil and coconut oil* for several of their industrial uses. Spermoil, from the whale, was used extensively in the tanning of leather. The National Oil Product replacement, Tanoyl 1269, is in many respects superior to sperm oil for tanning purposes, the company declares. Its coconut oil replacement, Tanoyl 1230R, has the important qualities needed in treating white leather. April 20, 1942

(The "Business Horizons" editor will answer specific questions about new products mentioned on this page.) "BARON'S WEEKLY"

The Modern Answer to the Old Call 'Thar She Blows!'

Herald-Tribune Sept 11/38





At top, the Ulysses, factory ship of the only American whaling expedition in the Antarctic. Below, one of the ten 140-foot chaser boats which catch whales for the Ulysses

Once More Whales of Antarctica Will Feel the American Harpoon

New Yorkers Organizing Another Expedition, One of 32 to Dare This Dangerous Business for 3 Months to Bring Home Valuable Oil

An advertisement last week evoked memories of one of this country's greatest and most romantic industries—the whale industry. It asked for "able-bodied, robust Americans unafraid of the Antarctic and work" to join a whaling expedition being prepared by the Western Operaitng Corporation, of 26 Broadway, to leave New York for the three-month Antarctic whaling season which opens December 8. The venture, which will consist of the American-built "factory ship" Ulysses and ten Norwegian "chaser boats," will be the only one of thirty-two expeditions to the southern whale grounds which will fly the flag of the United States.

This is a far cry from the flush times of the middle of the last century, when nearly 700 whaling vessels were owned and operated by Americans; when ships, barks, brigs and schooners set out from Nantucket, New Bedford, Sag Harbor and other eastern ports on voyages that lasted one to four years; when the catch had an annual value of millions, and the drama of the hard and perilous calling brought forth that American literary classic, Herman Melville's "Moby Dick."

In those days before petroleum whale oil was a universal lubricant and source of light, and the Victorian lady's hour-glass silhouette owed much to her whalebone stays. The whaling methods were crude and primitive. The whalemen put out from their vessels in light, fast boats, twenty-eight to thirty feet long, rowed or sailed to the whale, fixed the huge mammal with a harpoon and then killed it with a lance—unless the whale got in the first blow with tail or body, in which case a new boat was required—and possibly a new crew.

If the whalemen won, their prey was painfully towed back to the ship. The English and Dutch right whale fishermen cut up the blubber in chunks, and either barrelled it or stowed it away below decks until a full load was obtained, when they returned to their shore stations to "try" the blubber and extract the oil. Needless to say, the ships bore an awesome stench about with them. The Americans, who chiefly sought the sperm whale far from their home ports, tried their oil aboard ship, stripping off the blubber and boiling it down at sea, a long and dangerous task.

In the present expedition the Ulysses will try the blubber of the whales caught by the chaser boats. She is a 514-foot vessel of 10,780 gross tons. The chaser boats are 140 feet long, or about the size of the larger whale ships of the past.

The guns fire harpoons weighing

(Continued on page 18, column 6)

Whale Shark Caught in L. I. Fisherman's Nets



N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE 1941

Drennan

Capt. Bob Boxsee, of the Bright Eye Fish Company, with the fish, weighing more than 1,000 pounds, hung for inspection at Point Lookout

N.Y. Times March 9 1938

New Yorker Seeks Old Whaler

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., March 8 (AP).—Former Mayor Charles S. Ashley today said he received a letter from a New York ship brokerage firm offering to put into first-class condition the ancient whaler Charles W. Morgan, for years a seaman's shrine on the Round Hill estate of the late Colonel E. H. R. Green. Mr. Ashley thought it likely that the firm intended to exhibit the boat at the World's Fair in New York. The offer specified that the whaler would be returned in six months. It was not immediately determined what action would be taken.

3/9/38

1,000-Pound Stranger Netted Off Jones Inlet

Toothless, With Dolphin Nose, It May Be a Whale Shark

Special to the Herald Tribune

POINT LOOKOUT, L. I., June 19.—A deep-sea monstrosity, as harmless as a nightmare, was hauled out of the Atlantic Ocean four miles off Jones Inlet today and labeled a whale shark by local fishermen, whose boats had not taken them into tropical waters where whale sharks abound and are said to reach a length of forty-five feet.

The fish will be on exhibition for several days, hot weather permitting, at the Bright Eye Fish Company here. It was caught in the net put down by one of the company's boats, in command of Captain Robert J. Doxsee, who finished it off with a hand harpoon to prevent possible damage to the $5,000 net.

The fish is fifteen feet long, with a thick gray skin and white belly, a nose like a dolphin, the dorsal fin of a shark and, fortunately, no teeth. It weighed about 1,000 pounds. If a whale shark, it is quite harmless. The whale shark has very small teeth and feeds orn small fish.

OFF ON WHALING QUEST

THE NEW YORK TIMES

Journey of the Ulysses to Antarctic Revives The Glamour of Fictional Moby Dick

Sunday 10/30/38

By HELEN MORGAN

YOUNG men who qualified to carry on the whaling traditions of Nantucket and New Bedford are steaming toward the Antarctic. Their craft is the ultra-modern, reconstructed tanker Ulysses, a 10,780-ton "floating factory" that is a far cry, in size and equipment, from the nineteenth century whalers, the last of which reposes peacefully now on the estate of the late Colonel H. R. Green, eccentric multi-millionaire.

The call, recently, for "able-bodied, robust Americans, unafraid of the Antarctic and work" brought forth the fact that the thrill which seized the venerables of Nantucket is fully as strong today. The sophistication of American youths vanished at the prospect of seeing a modern tale of Moby Dick unreel before their eyes, and there were hundreds of applications to join the Ulysses. Late-comers who are found acceptable are still being dispatched to Curaçao, where they will join the crew. The Ulysses itself, when it left New York a few weeks ago, carried more Americans than have ever before joined a whaling expedition.

The Ulysses completed its maiden voyage successfully last year, catching 1,560 whales in the Antarctic and bringing home 9,000 tons of oil, valued at nearly $1,000,000. This year, sure of its power, it sails to compete from Dec. 8 to the middle of March with the largest number of whaling vessels ever assembled at the farthest tip of the globe. Amid floating bergs, at the rim of the earth, there will gather one factory boat from Panama, nine from Norway, ten from England, five from Germany and four from Japan. Like the Ulysses, each will command, also, from eight to ten chaser boats. The Ulysses killer boats measure 140 feet, about the size of the old-time whaling vessels.

Much research, too, is being done to clear up the mystery of the appearance of thousands of whales in the Antarctic.

A few years ago many people were shaking their heads over the fact that whaling appeared to be extinct. The industry declined not only because people stopped filling their lamps with whale oil and women no longer laced themselves into whale-boned armor; it failed because there were no more whales to hunt.

No one knows yet whether the whales which cavort during the Antarctic Summer, gorging on staggering quantities of small crustaceans which abound in the icy seas, are lineal descendants of the whales that used to swim off New Bedford. It is possible the Antarctic tribes, which have been tracked down and caught by the thousands during the past ten years, have always been there but were never before discovered. It is known that whales go north to breed in the Summer, and there they get lean and hungry, and south in the Winter to feast and consume their half-million calories apiece every day. Small arrows shot into the blubber of whales have served as markers to trace their migrations.

None but the most experienced is allowed to do the actual chasing of the whales, so that most of the Americans on the Ulysses signed as officers, mess boys, helpers and crew. They will have the opportunity to see how whaling works and perhaps later on may graduate to the occupations which are at once most exciting, dangerous and lucrative.

The most highly paid of all the crew is the gunner, and he is usually Norwegian. Gunners, it is said, are born, not made. They must be possessed of a kind of cold fury, ignited at the sight of a whale, a relentlessness that can outmatch the brute strength of the sea mammal and which can keep them riveted to the harpoon, their eyes unwavering from the sea for hours.

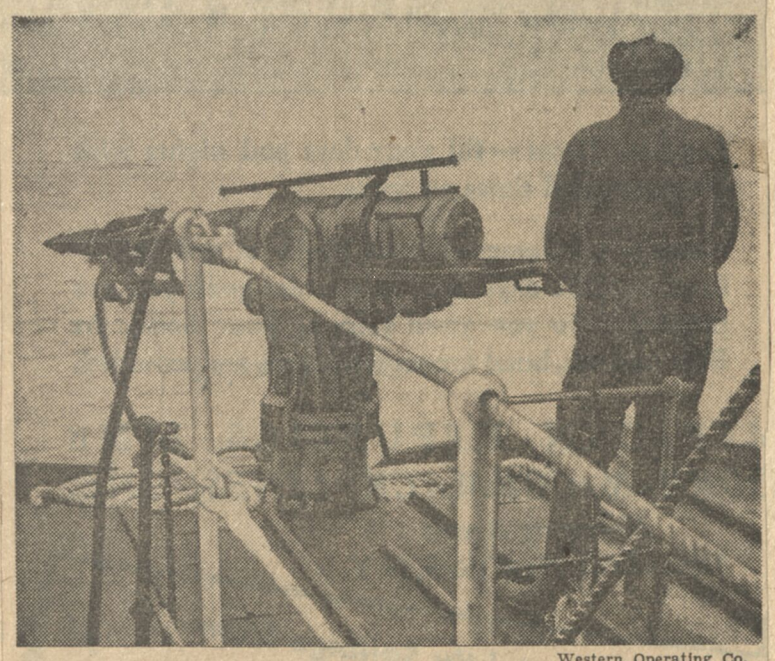
Their weapon is a gun mounted on a swivel, which can be turned in any direction with a range of fifty yards. When the whale's weakest spot beneath the fin rolls into view the gunner presses his finger against the trigger. The gun fires a cast-iron harpoon weighing 200 pounds and measuring six feet. The point of the harpoon encases a bomb which is ignited by sulphuric acid and explodes three seconds after it enters the whale, killing it instantly. As an added vengeance there are barbs lashed to the harpoon; they are closed while the weapon hurtles through the air, but they open, forming grappling hooks as soon as the deadly spear has sunk into the whale. The whale is inflated with compressed air at once so it will stay afloat. It is then towed to the factory boat, or if there are other whales near by to chase, a flag and electric lamp is fastened to the line and the killer boat resumes its quest.

Bigger Catch Expected

Manned by the aristocracy of the fleet, the captains and gunners and picked crew of eight or nine, the killer boats will roam the treacherous seas after their prey while the mammoth crews, numbering upward of 300, on the factory boats keep constantly turning the wheels of the "factory." Encouraged by rising markets for whale-products, the rivalry for favorable spots among the different crews will be intensified, and it is expected that the total catch of 43,135 whales last year will not only be equaled, but increased, this season.

There are strict limitations imposed by the annual International Whaling Conference. Minimum lengths for each type of whale are agreed upon, and it is illegal to shoot any whale under this size.

Strict surveillance is kept on the Ulysses by a government inspector, whose duty is not only to patrol, but to study the habits of the whales. Data regarding the feeding and lengths of whales are secured for the Bureau of Fisheries.



Western Operating Co.

Gunner with harpoon gun aboard the whaler Ulysses.

Whaling Treaty Goes to Senate

Senator Guy M. Gillette (D.), of Iowa, yesterday introduced the international agreement for regulation of whaling, signed by the United States at London June 8, 1937, for ratification by the Senate.

Congress May Define Whales

June 1, 1939 Eve. Sun

AN international effort is being made to save certain species of whales from extinction. On June 8, 1937, an agreement was signed in London, to which the United States was a signatory, and at the present time there is a bill (S. 1045) in the hands of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations which would "give effect to" this agreement by defining certain terms used in the whaling industry. Some of them have been in use since Melville's day; others are somewhat newer:

"Baleen whale"—any whale having blades of whalebone attached to the roof of its mouth.

"Right whale"—any baleen whale known by the name of Atlantic right whale, Arctic right whale, Biscayan right whale, bowhead, great polar whale, Greenland right whale, Greenland whale, Nordkaper, North Atlantic right whale, North Cape whale, Pacific right whale, pigmy right whale, southern pigmy right whale or southern right whale.

"Gray whale"—any baleen whale known by the name of gray whale, California gray, devil fish, hard head, mussel digger, gray back or rip sack.

"Blue whale"—any baleen whale known by the name of blue whale, Sibbald's rorqual or sulphur bottom.

"Fin whale"—any baleen whale known by the name of common finback, common finner, common rorqual, finback, fin whale, herring whale, razorback or true fine whale.

"Humpback whale"—any baleen whale known by the name of bunch, humpback, humpback whale, humpbacked whale, hump whale or hunchbacked whale.

"Sei whale"—any baleen whale known by the name of sei whale, Bryde's whale, pollock whale or Rudolphi's whale.

"Least rorqual whale"—any baleen whale known by the name of least rorqual whale, Davidson's piked whale, little piked whale, Minke's whale or sharpnosed or sharpheaded finner.

"Sperm whale"—any toothed whale known by the name of sperm whale, spermacet whale, cachalot or pot whale.

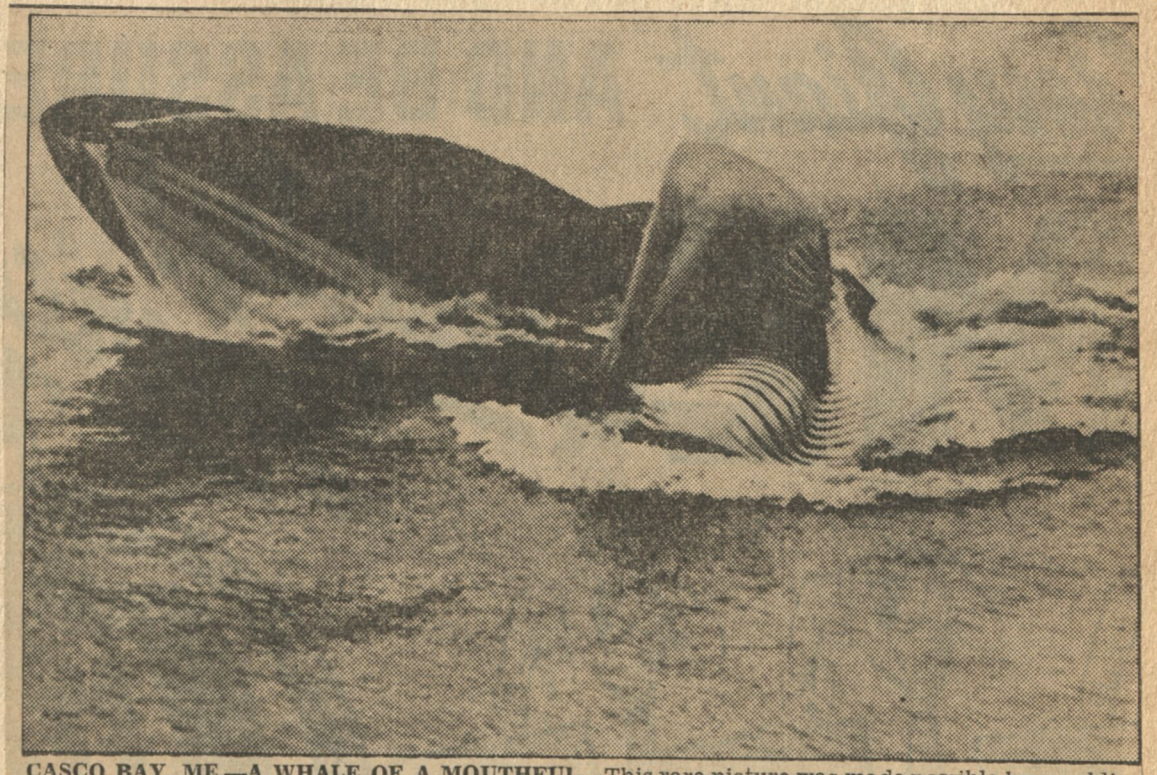
NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE THURSDAY MARCH 20, 1941

Whale Meat Is Replacing Pork in Tokio's Homes

Chops, Cutlets and Hams Made of This Substitute

Pork stores of Tokio are dispensing whale chops, cutlets, ham, sausages and croquettes now that pork is too expensive for many families.

The 2,600 meat markets in the city agreed to sell whale meat instead of pork if the Whale Meat Association would stop selling supplies to fish markets. The result was that Tokio soon was flooded with whale meat.



CASCO BAY, ME.—A WHALE OF A MOUTHFUL—This rare picture was made possible by an obliging 70-foot whale which rushed on its side to scoop up a mouthful of shrimp within 30 feet of the photographer's boat off Sebasco Estates, in Casco Bay, Me. Large schools of whales are now gamboling off the Maine coast, with the big fellows running from 35 to 95 feet.

"THE EVENING STAR" AUG. 14, 1941 —Wide World Photos.

Home Decoration: Paneling Walls of Offices in Steel

Dignity and Beauty Are Achieved With Modern Safe and Durable Materials—Items of Rare Old Glass by American Craftsmen

N.Y. TIMES 12/31/39

By WALTER RENDELL STOREY

In offices, especially those of executives, dignity and beauty are now as seriously sought as in homes. Some professional interior designers specialize in this work, and for some time the technician has been taking a hand, providing new wall materials which contribute in no small measure to efficiency and fine appearance.

Soundproofing, fireproofing and durability are some of the attributes required of walls in the business world; and wood, plastics, aluminum and linoleum have all been adapted for the purpose. Newer than these, however, are the steel-paneled walls, easily installed by clipping them on to steel studs, and available in many and varied finishes.

It is remarkable how effectively these steel walls can be made to simulate wood. Although the modern designer theoretically deprecates the imitation of one material by another, the traditional charm of wood is so strong that its adaptation to other materials seems inevitable. A photographic process is used. Handled with artistry, such wall coverings are undeniably successful, as shown in the offices of the Pedac Galleries, just designed by Paul MacAlister.

Here the walnut-grained steel panels have been installed to give the effect of vertical boards, with chair rail, cornice molding and baseboard to break the monotony of too many vertical lines. With metal paneling it is possible to have round corners and to set the doors and windows flush with the walls, in the modern style, without trim. Other offices in the suite have steel walls in different finishes: Silver on a textured ground and soft green, the latter chosen for the designing studio.

For such interiors steel office desks, chairs and tables are, of course, appropriate, and they, too, may be given a graining to resemble wood, as has been done with the walnut-toned furniture in the executive's office. In the other rooms the furniture is finished in textured black surfaces and silver trim, with black linoleum tops. Green leather upholsters the comfortable metal armchairs in the private office, and a settee, also in green leather, has a straight-line decoration, created by saddle stitching. Other easy chairs, modern in form, with fluted sides, are covered with white leather. A soft green carpet, rough-surfaced tan window curtains and a wall mural, painted by Helen Treadwell in the modern air-brush technique to symbolize architecture and decoration, add to the room's distinction.

* * *

to us. Glass collecting has its appeal even to those with limited budgets, because there is always the hope of picking up a Stiegel or an early South Jersey piece in a dusty corner of an antique shop or on a farmhouse dresser shelf. Not so rare, but still in demand, are early nineteenth-century survivals from the many factories in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and other Midwestern States.

An unusual opportunity to see an outstanding collection of old glass is offered at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 East Fifty-seventh Street. It is the Mrs. Frederick S. Fish collection, noted for its quality and extensiveness, and is on exhibition until its dispersal by public sale on Friday and Saturday.

Experts in old glass no longer attempt to state definitely that a bowl in blue, amethyst green or beautiful purple originated in the celebrated eighteenth-century glassworks of Baron Stiegel in Pennsylvania or the Wistars' factory in South Jersey, but such pieces may with correctness be referred to as Stiegel or South Jersey types.

Authentic Rare Pieces

However, in the 400 or more items of glass displayed in the Fish collection there are pieces which may with a fair degree of certainty be credited to some of the famous early glassmakers. There are, for example, the rare Stiegel sapphire blue dish and the unusual light blue vase whose paneled sides are so definitely American in type. This design, together with the daisy-in-square and the daisy-in-hexagon perfume bottles, as pointed out by Helen McKearin in a foreword to the catalogue, was exclusively of American origin, and all three were used by Stiegel. Typical of the South Jersey technique is a hand-blown pitcher in the light cold blue considered the rarest color found in this type of glass. It is decorated with applied threads of glass around the top and with spiral ribbing or fluting on the sides.

From the famous Sandwich works of New England—or at any rate in their tradition—are clear glass candlesticks and others in the whitish milk glass which follow the turned shapes of the brass and silver candleholders or take the form of the dolphin motif. With the advent of the whale-oil lamp in the early nineteenth century the Sandwich works began to make glass lamp bases, and these are now prized by collectors.

Great store is set by glass fanciers on American invented techniques as well as native design. Interesting are the Sandwich blown glass molded pitchers, decanters and tumblers with intricate designs over their surface. Following this fashion for decorated surfaces, the lacy glass is also in demand. All kinds of tableware, including the small cup plate, now a specialty with many collectors, were made in many delicate and intricate designs, all characterized by a lacelike effect.

Some designs were inspired by the more costly cut glass, but others are quite original in pattern. Three-mold glassware was an American improvement of the early nineteenth century, and the modern collector considers the tiny ridges which indicate that process as one of several tests of the age of a piece.

Early American Glass

Items of old glass, whether candlesticks, vases or tableware, turn out to be actually useful as decorative accessories in addition to being fascinating additions to one's collection. Our early American examples are especially appealing, because they are products of native design and techniques. Glassmaking was one of the earliest crafts here, and in the many small factories local ideas of form and decoration were reflected.

Considering the fragile nature of glass, it is surprising how many old pitchers, sugar bowls, flasks and flip glasses have come down



Whale-oil lamps and a candlestick in early American milk glass.

WHITE WHALES CAUGHT

N.Y. TIMES

Many Large Specimens Bagged in Hudson Bay Recently

DEC W 1939

Hunting white whales in Hudson Bay challenges the skill of any sportsman and promises to become a favorite sport among tourists who head northward on the annual excursion to Churchill, Mann., reports the Canadian Pacific.

This year, in August, many fine catches were recorded. Two sportsmen from Des Moines, Iowa, landed a huge specimen after a long fight in the open bay, while a medical doctor from The Pas, Man., brought in two after a morning's hunt. White whales average from fourteen to fifteen feet in length and weigh from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds.

They have no commercial value, but Eskimos and Indians use the oil for heating and lighting and the blubber as food for the husky dogs.



N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE DEC. 12, 1940

MACY MERCHANDISE BOND

Macy's Merchandise Bonds come in one, two, five, ten, and twenty-five dollar denominations. They are the perfect solution for bewildered fathers and employers, unable to remember sizes and color preferences. On sale at all Superintendents' Desks, on every floor, and in the D. A. Department. Merchandise certificates in any denomination may be purchased at the Street Floor Superintendent's Desk, and in the D. A. Department on the Fourth Floor.

108 Ships Flock Into Port Within Day and Half

Armed Liner, Flagship of Convoy of 70 Vessels, In With Story of U-Boats

The British armed passenger liner Modasa, completing a voyage of peril with ninety-three passengers from the United Kingdom as the flagship of a convoy of seventy merchant vessels, arrived safely in New York last night. She had gone more than 500 miles off her course to avoid a nest of thirty-two Axis submarines lurking off Iceland, according to passengers.

The Modasa which touched quarantine at 1 p. m. also had the distinction of being the 108th vessel to enter the Port of New York within a thirty-seven hour period, establishing a record for foreign-flag and domestic passenger ships, tankers, whalers and freighters since the war began. The outer roadsteads of New York harbor were so crowded at 7 a. m. yesterday that Coast Guard cutters bearing Federal officials had to zigzag to gain individual ships.

The combined Federal forces of boarding officials of the Coast Guard, Public Health Service, Immigration and Customs were put on twenty-four hour duty to cope with the heavy inbound sea traffic.

Beginning at midnight Sunday the fleet of merchant tankers and other vessels steamed so fast to anchorage in Quarantine and off anchorages in the upper bay that veteran Federal officials, who had been down to Quarantine Sunday evening, could scarcely credit the number when they again journeyed to Quarantine yesterday.

Whalers Arrive

Among the three large foreign whalers, each flying the British flag, was one of 14,000 tons. In the gaping stern, of this British-flag whaler, where formerly great blue and sperm whales had been shunted in from the Ross Sea, a sturdy Norwegian graybeard was absorbed in a lone pastime.

Seated on the lip of the whale tunnel, up which could have been driven abreast two thirty-ton Army tanks, he held a fishing line and never took his eye off a whisky-stopper cork bobber in the untidy waters of Quarantine.

Although British-flag ships predominated, there were also Netherlands-flag ships, Norwegian and American-flag vessels, together with a few flying flags of Central and South American republics.

Before the Modasa arrived in Quarantine yesterday afternoon the Icelandic vessel Dettifoss arrived with nineteen Iceland students here to complete their studies at American colleges.

The Hon. Mrs. Ferdinand Stanley, sister-in-law of the Earl of Derby, was among those arriving on the Modasa who wanted to know if the so-called "shooting war" meant that the United States would soon make an open declaration of war against Germany.

Twenty-four officers and seamen here to join British ships shared her query, saying that it would be good generally for the morale of the Allies if such a declaration were made.

Mrs. Stanley, who had lived for he last eighteen months with Lady Ward, sister of Ogden Reid, editor the New York Herald Tribune, Lady Ward's estate Chilton in rkshire, said that army and navy cials of the United Kingdom were the alert for an imminent inva- of England. "They say it is d to come," she said, adding England was so crammed with

Whaler Seized, U. S. Charges Pact Violation

N.Y. Herald-Tribune Dec 7 '38

Cargo of Oil From Australia Is Libeled; Watcher Tells How Undersized Animals and Mothers Were Slain

A libel action against $150,000 worth of the cargo of the American whaling vessel Frango was filed yesterday after the Federal government had seized and sealed the cargo on charges that part of the oil had been taken through the killing of undersized whales and mother whales with suckling young. The action was said to be the first brought under the international whaling treaty act of May 1, 1936, a treaty signed by various powers to prevent the extermination of the world's largest mammals.

Matthew C. Carey, Assistant United States Attorney, who filed the libel action, said he was preparing a criminal action against the American Whaling Company, of 39 Water Street, owners of the vessel. The act, he said, provides a maximum fine of $10,000 and revocation of the whaling license. The seizure was made Monday night when Mr. Carey, Coast Guardsmen and customs officials boarded the ship in the harbor off Staten Island and impounded the cargo.

Another cargo of whale oil, brought back from the Frango, then in Australian waters, by the tanker Watertown, of the Cities Service Corporation, also has been impounded and is being held in a New Jersey warehouse pending the outcome of the government's action.

The seizures were made on the report of Lieutenant T. R. Midtlyng, a twenty-nine-year-old Coast Guardsman, who was assigned to the Frango to determine whether whales were being killed illegally. He was aboard the vessel on June 26 when it and its fleet of six "killer" boats arrived at Shark Bay, off the desolate coast of western Australia, and started whaling operations.

Lieutenant Midtlyng had no great familiarity with modern whaling when he boarded the ship, but he soon learned. Mr. Carey said the Coast Guardsman soon observed that the "killer" boats were killing humpbacked whales less than thirty-five feet long and whales which were nursing young, both in violation of the treaty act. Sometimes, Mr. Carey said, the "killer" boats would take illegal whales in the daytime and not bring them to the factory ship until late at night, when they thought the young Coast Guardsman would be asleep or less vigilant.

On other occasions, Mr. Carey said, undersized whales would be brought to the Frango and it would be explained that they had been "found dead and floating." But the lieutenant noticed, Mr. Carey said, that the whales in question bore wounds of harpoons.

The Assistant United States At-

(Continued on page 2, column 2)

national drug store hung an Italian flag over a plaque bearing the French arms. In front of the French Tourist Office heated argument developed as to whether placards inscribed "Come to Nice" should be taken down. It was finally decided that they were not inappropriate to the purpose of the parade and should be allowed to remain.

Meanwhile, the press, although still giving ample space to "anti-Fascist disorders in Tunisia" and "violence against Italians organized by Jewish bands," nevertheless struck a calmer note editorially. The emphasis was moved from anti-French polemics to asseverations of the solidity of the Rome-Berlin axis, with special reference to the signature of the French-German declaration in Paris today. Virginio Gayda expressed the hope that this meant the legitimate rights of Germany and Italy would now be recognized by Great Britain and France in a spirit of collaboration and sacrifice, "thus clarifying the European atmosphere of that intolerable policy of distortion and intrigue which still obscures it."

Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop's visit to Paris was being watched very closely here. German Ambassador Hans Georg von Mackenson called on Count Galeazzo Ciano last night in order, it was understood, to inform the Italian Foreign Minister of the nature of the declaration signed with France.

March in Genoa and Turin

ROME, Dec. 6 (AP).—A Fascist students' anti-French demonstration in the streets of Rome reached its climax today in the declaration of a Fascist party leader that the Italians would go to Tunisia, France's North African protectorate.

"There is no need of talking of

(Continued on page 4, column 4)

British Court Rules Out $49,880 Owed Selassie

No Longer Emperor, He Can't Collect, Verdict Holds

LONDON, Dec. 6 (AP).—A court of appeal ruled today that Haile Selassie, fallen Emperor of Ethiopia, could not collect a £10,613 ($49,880) judgment he won in long litigation with Cable & Wireless, Ltd., now that Great Britain has recognized the King of Italy as Emperor of Ethiopia.

Judgment against the company was granted on July 27 for money the Negus Negusti contended was due him under an agreement for wireless service to London. His attorneys said that in view of the new ruling he would not try to enforce it.

The cable company had argued Selassie was no longer the Ethiopian sovereign and could not collect under the agreement.

(OVER)

2 Slightly Used Whales Bring $235 at Auction

N.Y. HERALD-TRIBUNE AUG 22

Purchaser, a Landlubber, Says He Really Bid for Boxcars That Hold Them

Special to the Herald Tribune

TRENTON, N. J., Aug. 21.—With his auctioneer's hammer in his hand, Samuel Green gazed out over an audience of two bidders today and intoned: "What am I offered for two fine twenty-five-foot whales from the far waters of the Pacific that have appeared on the stage in many of our finest communities and are now at liberty? They are as good as new, although a trifle embalmed."

A. J Applebaum put in a bid of $100. Harry Rosen raised him five.

"'I will also throw in," continued Mr. Green, "two boxcars containing the whales and their glass showcases, two modern whaling guns and whatever else is in the cars."

Mr. Applebaum carried the bidding up to $230. Mr. Rosen bid $235. Mr. Applebaum shook his head. Mr. Green went through the "last call once, last call twice" formula and then, banging his hammer on the side of the box car, said:

"Sold—to Mr. Harry Rosen for $235. You got a bargain, Mr. Rosen."

Mr. Rosen, who acted for Harry Byer & Sons, dealers in scrap metals, agreed.

Mr. Applebaum, who appeared for the International Products Company, owners of the siding on which the whales have rested for eight years, was pleased, too. His company had a rental lien of $240 against the Transcontinental Captive Whale Exhibit, for a year's rent, and got all but $5 of it. In addition, Mr. Applebaum bid in for $1.10 one old ship's bell.

At the Byer company's office later, Mr. Rosen explained why the metal firm ever bid on whales in the first place.

"We primarily are interested in the metal in the boxcars," he said. "However, if we can find a buyer who'll take our purchase off our hands lock, stock and whales, we'll sell. I've got a couple of people interested. If we don't sell the whole outfit, we'll try to give the whales to a rendering company. If we can't do that, we'll just burn the whales and make money on the boxcars."

Mr. Rosen paused before concluding his remarks.

"I do not think," he said, "that we have bought any white elephants."

He Struck Oil, And That Was The End Of Whaling

[From the Edgartown (Mass.) Vineyard Gazette]

Probably no one man ever did anything so immediately detrimental to the interests of Martha's Vineyard as the late Col. E. L. Drake. We cannot hold this against him, because he was only the instrument of a destiny which would have overtaken our Island in any event. If he had not performed the act, it would have been performed by another before many years. Colonel Drake, to be brief, went to a spot on Oil Creek in Pennsylvania just eighty years ago this year and drilled an oil well. The well produced nicely, and the place where the drill had gone down was named Titusville.

The mainland newspapers and commentators on the radio are observing with some solemnity and fervor the anniversary of this beginning of the petroleum industry. For our part we can only shed a tear. Residents of the Vineyard declared that rock oil was dangerous, that if it were put in lamps the lamps were likely to blow up. They pointed out that an absurd well or two drilled into the earth could not supply the great demand for oil which the newly industrialized nation was making. Whale oil, they said confidently, must continue to lubricate the gears of the factories and the wheels of the railroads.

But of course our ancestors who said these things were wrong, all wrong. Petroleum drove Vineyard whaleships and Vineyard captains from the great waters of the earth, aided considerably by the raiders Alabama and Shenandoah during the Civil War. The end was certain. There was no dodging it. Even though whaleships continued to sail for decades, the heart had been taken from the industry.

The passing of whaling did not mean merely the loss of a picturesque occupation. It meant the disappearance of the only industry which ever brought considerable accumulations of wealth to the Vineyard, and upon which a fine culture and living standard were based.

Thought For Smart-Alecks

It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.—*Disraeli.*

Evening Sun Sept. 19. 1939

WHALEBONE

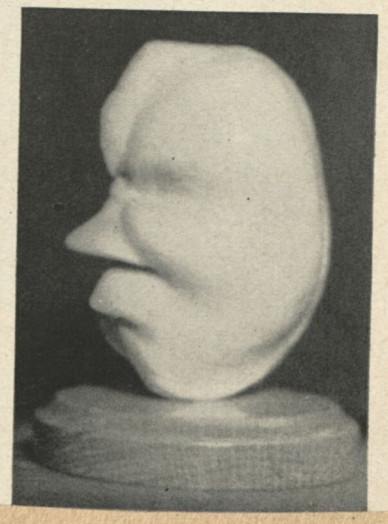
"LIFE" JAN. 20, 1941

Sirs:

This grotesque profile, on display at the Marine Historical Association's museum here, is really a tympanic bone from a whale's ear.

EDWARD A. ADLER JR.

Mystic *Journal*
Mystic, Conn.



One Word Led To Another

BALTIMORE NEWS-POST

By Bugs Baer

FACTS NOT WORTH KNOWING 5/20/41

Facts Not Worth Knowing: 1. The man-eating shark can give you a very nasty nip. 2. An averruncator is a man who prunes trees with a long pole. 3. Kamik is a left Eskimo boot; the right one is also a Kamik. 4. If you are intransigeant you are stubborn on every subject and absolutely refuse to treat, adjust or arbitrate.

Learn One Thing Each Day: A Jarkman is a roving hustler who will fake permits or counterfeit license plates for very little money.

Dibs and Dabs: 1. The secretary bird gets its name from a bunch of feathers on its crest that looks like a handful of pens. 2. The snapping of fingers is called thripping. 3. Yoicks is the meaningless sound of a fox hunter encouraging his dogs. 4. Sacrifices to the god Xipe of the Aztecs were skinned alive.

Daily Double: 1. A Wabeno is a Shaman among the Ojibways. 2. If you are a querimonious you are a natural heckler and interrupter.

Irksome Information: 1. Bedight means adorned. 2. A holcad is a barge or canal boat without power. 3. Fratch is to wrangle. 4. And a good old Ursuk is a seal with a beard.

Flash: Most ferns are leptosporangiate. Unflash.

Explanation of the Above: There are two schools of thought on this subject.

Postponed Postscripts: 1. The mysticete is the right whale. 2. Laureation is crowning with laurel. 3. The Kasbeke is an extinct Persian coin. 4. The heterocercal tail has the upper lobe larger than the lower. 5 Embouchere is where the river meets the ocean. 6. Dawtie is a Scotch darling. 7. And bensel is violence. 8. To regrate is to buy in a man's store and then sell it outside on his sidewalk for a profit. 9. If you are veridical you are truthful. 10. A ragabash is a tramp. 11. If you are tardive you are late.

(Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Incorporated.)

Whale In Harbor Causes Wailing Among Officials

Way Sought To Get Rid Of Dead Monster—Offers Made To Take Carcass

MARCH 10, 1940
BALTIMORE

There was wailing among Federal and city officials yesterday and among high-ranking officers of the armed services when forty feet of whale came into the Baltimore harbor.

The very dead leviathan represented the catch of the Standard Oil Company's tanker New Orleans off Cape Hatteras. No one aboard the steel craft knew the big one that didn't get away was on the prow of the tanker until the ship anchored off Pier 2 Friday afternoon.

Whale Floats Away

When the tanker came to a stop, the whale, that had been wedged across the ship's bow, just below the water line, floated away.

The whaling ended, the wailing began.

Operators of small boats protested to the Coast Guard that the mammal was a menace to navigation; the Coast Guard held the problem one for the Army Engineers Corps or the Harbor Bureau.

The Engineers Corps disclaimed any responsibility. Fred M. Kipp, Jr., Harbor Engineer, wailed he had high hopes "the mammal would sink or be swept down the bay."

Towed By Police Boat

A change in the wind encouraged him to hope for the best. But the police boat, Robert D. Carter, yesterday afternoon came upon the whale off Canton and towed it to the bulkhead alongside the Pennsylvania Railroad's car slip, off Boston street, near Clinton street.

Crowds that swarmed the terminals necessitated the railroad putting on special police to prevent delays to their shifting engines.

Baltimore police took up the watch to keep Baltimoreans from falling overboard. They made sure the mam-

(Continued on Page 16, Column 4)

WHALE IN HARBOR CAUSES WAILING

Federal And City Officials Seek Way To Get Rid Of Monster

Offers Made To Take Denizen Of Deep Under Certain Conditions

(Continued from Page 22)

mal wouldn't get out into the sea lanes again by driving a grappling hook deep into the carcass and tying it fast with a two-inch hawser.

Hearing of the wailing, John G. Miller, who operates a rendering business, volunteered to get rid of the carcass if it were deposited on a truck-trailer or a flat car.

"I can turn it into soap in no time at all," he said, "if Mr. Kipp will land it."

George A. Whiting, of the Standard Wholesale Phosphate and Acid Works, operating a fertilizer manufacturing plant at Curtis Bay, offered to take over the carcass "afloat" alongside his pier.

"That's the best offer yet," Mr. Kipp said. "If we can keep the carcass afloat until Monday, I'll tow it into Curtis creek with a Harbor Board tug."

Mr. Kipp thinks that would be a good way out, reflecting on San Francisco having spent $1,835 to give a decent "burial" to a whale washed ashore there some time ago.

Thousands swarmed the railroad yards at Canton yesterday to get a glimpse of the whale, about twenty-five feet of which was above the water's surface. It was estimated the whale was forty feet long.

Tanker Carries 75-Foot Whale Stowaway To Port

Dead Mammal, Found Wrapped Around Prow Of Vessel At Quarantine, Drops Off At Pier And Floats Down Harbor

Sunday Sun March 10/40

There's a 75-foot whale in the Baltimore harbor—but it's a dead one. And no one seems to want it.

The whale was "brought in" as a stowaway by the Standard Oil tanker, New Orleans, commanded by Capt. William J. Manning. When the tanker stopped at Quarantine yesterday afternoon one of the seamen saw the huge mammal wrapped around the prow of the ship.

Felt Jar Off Capes

Captain Manning said neither he nor any of the crew knew the whale was there. However, he said, some of the seamen said that while the tanker was moving along at about eighteen knots off Cape Hatteras they felt a bump. The chief engineer, E. G. Bornheimer, told the captain that the vessel seemed to slow down between the Capes and Baltimore.

The tanker launched at Sparrows Point recently, was carrying a capacity load of 145,000 barrels of oil from Las Pedras, Venezuela.

Crowd Views Body

The whale dropped off the tanker when the vessel pulled into Pier 2, Clinton street, and began floating away. It could be seen on the surface, and many Standard Oil workers and seamen in the neighborhood gathered at the Pennsylvania Railroad tug pier at Boston street, from which point the whale could be seen.

Standard Oil Company officials called fertilizer plants and other concerns which might find the whale useful, but no one wanted it.

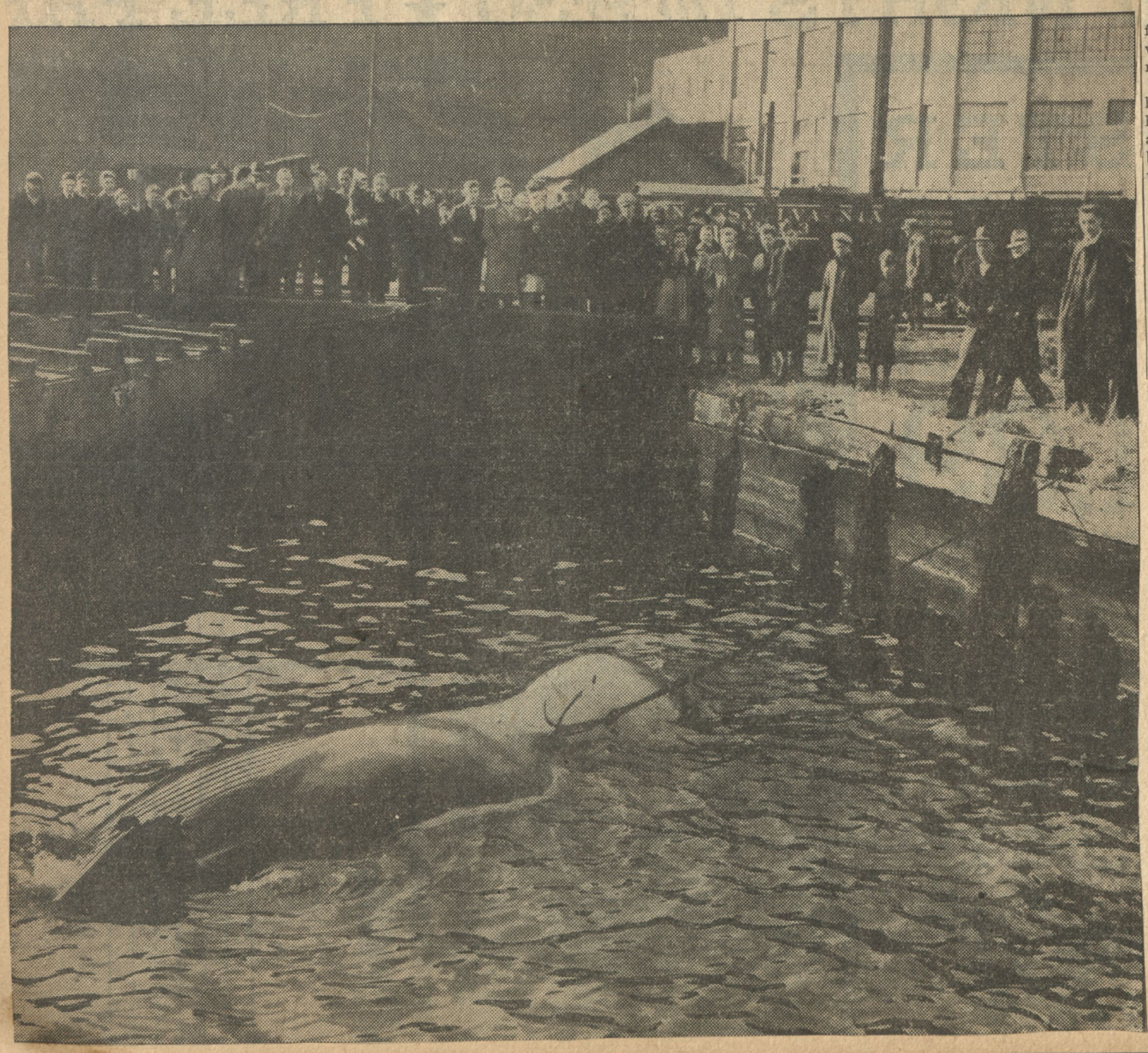
Fred M. Kipp, harbor engineer, said he'd not seen the whale and that he had no intention of doing anything about it. He added, however, that if it became dangerous to navigation, it would be a job of the Coast Guard.

Whalers Come Here

The Coast Guard station said they'd had no official instructions about the whale either.

Though whales are strangers in this harbor, whalers aren't. The steamer Frango, which hunts whales in Australian waters, cuts them up and prepares them for use, was here two years ago with whale oil and other products for the Procter and Gamble Company.

"Thar She Blows" . . . At Foot Of Linwood Avenue



ut the fifty-one-year-old Gal- l to answer all questions about nember," or "I can't talk any

Balto News-Post

Huge Whale, Impaled On Ship, In Port

Sat Morn 9/40

MARCH 9 1940

In Baltimore harbor off the Canton piers a 75-foot whale floated today—a monster many tons in weight, a menace to the navigation of small boats.

Officials of the Harbor Engineer's office, confronted with a situation never before heard of in the city's history, immediately began making plans for moving the whale out of the Patapsco shipping lanes on Monday.

It was floating off Boston street at the foot of Lakewood avenue today. Most of the body was submerged, only a portion of the white belly being visible.

IMPALED ON SHIP

The huge animal was brought into the harbor impaled on the bow of the tanker Esso New Orleans. It is dead, of course. An inquiry by Capt. W. J. Manning, skipper of the tanker, revealed that the whale probably had been run down off Cape Hatteras some time Thursday night.

But Captain Manning and his crew were unaware the animal had been jammed so hard against the bow that it was brought to Baltimore.

First intimation of the animal's presence came from physicians at Quarantine, who noticed a large black object against the bow of the vessel at the water line.

WHALE DISCOVERED

Investigation showed the object was a whale.

Then Captain Manning recalled

Continued on Page 2, Column 3.

(OVER)

Jury Resumes Task In Dr. Dazey Trial



PEGGY ANN KENT

NEW YORK, March 9—(A. P.). Peggy Ann Kent's wedding plans (third edition) went slightly askew today when the marriage license bureau turned down her request for permission to become the bride of Ernie Westmore, Hollywood makeup artist.

Westmore and his fiancee, twenty-year-old twice married daughter of Sidney R. Kent, president of the Twentieth-Century-Fox Movie Corporation, were first in line at the license bureau this morning and they announced they would be married Tuesday by Mayor LaGuardia.

APPLICATION REJECTED

The announcement was withdrawn, however, when the license clerk rejected their application. The clerk explained that the law requires a three-year lapse between divorce and remarriage.

Curious Savant Re-enacts Jonah's Trip Into Whale

Plenty of Room, He Finds; P. S.: It Was a Dead Whale

PHILADELPHIA, May 14 (AP).—A scientist came up today with an affirmative answer to the question whether the whale could have swallowed Jonah. Just to make certain, Dr. Eugene Maximilian Karl Geiling, professor of pharmacology at the University of Chicago, said he crawled through the gullet of one of the creatures. This whale, of course, was dead.

"It was a pretty slimy trip," Dr. Geiling remarked, "but there was plenty of room.

"And a number of the whalers up along the west coast of Canada, whose families have been whaling for generations back, say their fathers told them of unquestioned cases in which men thrown overboard were swallowed. They were never seen again, though."

Dr. Geiling told of his researches while here to receive Villanova College's Mendel Medal, awarded annually for outstanding achievement in science. The medal was given, incidentally, not for his interest in whales, but for his contributions to the knowledge of the pituitary gland and its relation to other glands, and his assistance in the crystallization of insulin.

Dr. Geiling took up the study of whales years ago as a side line to his interest in the pituitary, because in the whale these glands are of such whopper size. 4/15/41

CARCASS OF WHALE ATTRACTS CROWDS

Thousands Flock To Railroad Slip, Posing Traffic Problem For Police

"THE SUN"

Area Roped Off To Prevent Duckings As Throng Pushes For View 3/11/40

The floating carcass of a whale yesterday became the best loadstone for tourists Baltimore has had since the City of Flint was tied up at a Canton pier.

Thousands of Baltimoreans flocked during their Sunday afternoon outings to the Pennsylvania Railroad slip at the foot of Linwood avenue to view the unusual sight.

The whale was anchored in the water of the slip with a rope tied to a grappling hook whose tongs were sunk into the whale's blubber. Occasionally the wind, which blew fitfully across the slip, wafted a whalish odor to the spectators who lined the bulkhead.

Rope Keeps Crowd Back

The tourists commented chiefly of the strange bulk of the "monster."

It is probable that none of the spectators had seen a whale before. They stood as far forward as the police would allow them against the rope that kept the crowd back from the bulkhead of the slip, and gazed at the bulbous, grayish mass in the water.

A bystander observed that a whale can be made into very good soap.

"I don't think I'll wash anymore!" one exclaimed.

Most of the crowd that streamed all day long down South Linwood avenue to view the leviathan were puzzled by the anatomy of the thing.

"Is he upside down?" some asked.

Asks About Head

"Where's its head?" others inquired.

"How long is it?" still others queried.

A quick survey of the crowd showed that few of the whale-tourists had ever read "Moby Dick," and hence could not qualify as experts. The answers to their questions are as follows:

The whale was not upside down, but on its side. Its head was on the thicker end, away from the bulkhead, but submerged out of sight.

Only About Half Grown

The whale is about thirty-five feet long, which means that it is only about half grown. A seventy-five-foot whale is an adult. A gigantic one, a real monster of the deep, a true Jonah-swallowing whale, is sometimes more than a hundred feet long.

Yesterday only twenty feet of the dead whale was visible above the surface of the water.

The dead whale arrived in Baltimore quite by accident, hitchhiking on the prow of the Standard Oil Company's tanker New Orleans. The ship rammed the whale somewhere off Cape Hatteras, apparently killed it on the spot and carried it across the bow all the way to Pier 2. None on the ship knew it was there until it floated to the surface when the ship stopped.

Trouble For Officials

And there the whale was, yesterday, basking in the sun, and causing city officials and police officers no end of trouble.

Lieut. Timothy Welsh, of the police boat Robert D. Carter, was on the spot yesterday to keep order, with a detail of eight men.

The crowd he had to handle was larger than the one that went down to view Baltimore's previous waterfront attraction, the freighter City of Flint. Everyone there, from grandmothers to babes in arms, sought a closer view and tried to get as near to the whale as possible. Newcomers, pushing from behind, threatened a whole series of duckings.

The landing was roped off, and every so often a patrolman stalked up and down, shouting, "Get back there, get back!"

Hawkers Circulate In Crowd

A popcorn vendor and a vendor of toy novelties hawked through the crowd.

The traffic situation was critical, with automobiles occupying every inch of parking space along Boston street. Two officers directed traffic as autos unloaded and whole families trooped down South Linwood avenue to see the whale.

Small boys tossed pebbles at the floating "monster," attempting to make their pebbles stay on the carcass. Usually, the pebbles bounced off into the water, but enough remained to make the whale's hide look like sandpaper under a microscope. One boy succeeded in balancing a large stone, twice as big as a brick, somewhere near the whale's stern.

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N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

MARCH 24/39

U. S. Impounds Whale Oil as Illegally Taken

Libel Filed Against Cargo of Ulysses, Sent Here on Tankship California

A libel against $24,000 worth of whale oil, brought into New York Harbor March 15 aboard the American tankship California, was filed in United States District Court here yesterday because the oil allegedly had been taken from undersized whales in violation of the international whaling treaty act. The action was the second taken in the United States since enactment of the treaty on May 1, 1936.

The oil, according to Earle N. Bishopp, assistant United States Attorney, was taken from whales killed in Antarctic waters, south of Australia, by the crew of the American whaling vessel Ulysses. The whaler is operated by the Western Operating Corporation, 26 Broadway.

The Ulysses, said to be in Australian waters, sent the equivalent of 56,783 barrels of oil north on the California, which is owned by the Texas Company. Before the tanker's arrival here the Coast Guard received word from Lieut. W. C. Hogan, a Coast Guardsman assigned to the Ulysses to determine whether whales were being killed illegally, that the Ulysses had hauled in nineteen blue whales and one fin whale which were smaller than the legal minimum.

Government agents, acting upon Lieut. Hogan's report, boarded the tanker when it arrived at quarantine here and sealed tanks holding the equivalent of 1,483 barrels of oil. It was estimated that that portion of the cargo was taken from the undersized whales.

The Ulysses and the Frango, operated by the American Whaling Company, of 39 Water Street, are the only two American whalers. On Dec. 6 the Federal government filed a libel action against $150,000 worth of the cargo of the Frango, which hunted in the same vicinity as the Ulysses. The only other American concern licensed to kill whales is the Akutan Whaling Company, which operates a whaling station on Akutan Island, near the westerly tip of the Aleutian Islands.

The whaling treaty, designed to prevent extermination of the whale, has been enforced since June 8, 1937, when the international agreement for regulation of whaling was signed in London. In the past one Coast Guardsman has been assigned to each whaler and to the Akutan whaling station, from which twenty-five to thirty small "killer" boats operate. Because of the difficulty of watching both day and night operations, a commissioned officer and a chief petty officer now are assigned to each whaler.

The regulations prohibit the killing of blue whales under seventy feet in length, fin whales under seventy-five feet, humpbacked whales under thirty-five feet and whales which are nursing young. Only Eskimos using their native fishing vessels are exempt from compliance.

The act provides a fine up to $2,500 for each violation and confiscation of the illegally acquired oil. More severe penalties are provided for whalers who harpoon undersized whales and leave them afloat to avoid the penalty. A fine up to $10,000 plus imprisonment up to six months is provided for each such violation.

German Plane Fails To Return

BERLIN, March 9—(A. P.).—The German high command acknowledged today that one of its planes had failed to return from a reconnaissance flight.

Its communique said:

Artillery and scouting activity of the West front.

"The air force continued reconnaissance flights over Northern and Eastern France and Great Britain. One of our own planes is missing."

Cash For News

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came nobody had noticed the whale.

SLOWS UP SHIP

Chief Engineer E. G. Bornheimer of the Esso New Orleans said he had observed that the ship seemed to be losing time in her trip up the Chesapeake, and today ascribed this delay to the whale's body at the bow.

The New Orleans proceeded to Pier 2, Clinton street, Canton, and there, in maneuvering preparatory to docking, the whale was dislodged.

GUARD IN ACTION

It drifted slowly away from the pier and out into the channel off Boston street.

Coast Guard officials, informed of the whale's body in the harbor, sent a cutter to investigate. Meanwhile, Richard Tyler, civil engineer attached to the Bureau of Harbors, had been sent to the scene by Harbor Engineer Kipp. Mr. Tyler said the whale would be towed to shallow water on Monday.

The body, Mr. Tyler said, would not damage large ships if they should plow into it.

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The Ulysses and the Frango, operated by the American Whaling Company, of 39 Water Street, are the only two American whalers. On Dec. 6 the Federal government filed a libel action against $150,000 worth of the cargo of the Frango, which hunted in the same vicinity as the Ulysses. The only other American concern licensed to kill whales is the Akutan Whaling Company, which operates a whaling station on Akutan Island, near the westerly tip of the Aleutian Islands.

The whaling treaty, designed to prevent extermination of the whale, has been enforced since June 8, 1937, when the international agreement for regulation of whaling was signed in London. In the past one Coast Guardsman has been assigned to each whaler and to the Akutan whaling station, from which twenty-five to thirty small "killer" boats operate. Because of the difficulty of watching both day and night operations, a commissioned officer and a chief petty officer now are assigned to each whaler.

The regulations prohibit the killing of blue whales under seventy feet in length, fin whales under seventy-five feet, humpbacked whales under thirty-five feet and whales which are nursing young. Only Eskimos using their native fishing vessels are exempt from compliance.

The act provides a fine up to $2,500 for each violation and confiscation of the illegally acquired oil. More severe penalties are provided for whalers who harpoon undersized whales and leave them afloat to avoid the penalty. A fine up to $10,000 plus imprisonment up to six months is provided for each such violation.

Curious Savant Re-enacts Jonah's Trip Into Whale

Plenty of Room, He Finds; P. S.: It Was a Dead Whale

PHILADELPHIA, May 14 (AP).—A scientist came up today with an affirmative answer to the question whether the whale could have swallowed Jonah. Just to make certain, Dr. Eugene Maximilian Karl Geiling, professor of pharmacology at the University of Chicago, said he crawled through the gullet of one of the creatures. This whale, of course, was dead.

"It was a pretty slimy trip," Dr. Geiling remarked, "but there was plenty of room.

"And a number of the whalers up along the west coast of Canada, whose families have been whaling for generations back, say their fathers told them of unquestioned cases in which men thrown overboard were swallowed. They were never seen again, though."

Dr. Geiling told of his researches while here to receive Villanova College's Mendel Medal, awarded annually for outstanding achievement in science. The medal was given, incidentally, not for his interest in whales, but for his contributions to the knowledge of the pituitary gland and its relation to other glands, and his assistance in the crystallization of insulin.

Dr. Geiling took up the study of whales years ago as a side line to his interest in the pituitary, because in the whale these glands are of such whopper size.

4/15/41

Ship Finds Ambergris Fortune In The Ocean

BALTI NEWS-POST 4/26/41

JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 26—(A. P.).—The American Export liner Siboney, completing her last Atlantic trip in commercial service before becoming a United States Army transport, arrived from Lisbon today with a probable fortune fished from mid-ocean—perhaps $2,000,000 worth of ambergris.

Capt. Wenzel Habel said he thought assays would identify the white three-ton mass found floating 300 miles east of Bermuda as ambergris, a valuable whale secretion used in perfume making.

$25 AN OUNCE

Representatives of a soap company told ship's officers that ambergris was worth $25 an ounce and that if the catch were all ambergris, it would probably be valued at $2,400,000—more than three times the reported value of the Siboney.

The 6,983-ton ship, operated by American Export under charter from the Cuba Mail Line, its owner, brought 342 passengers including 262 alien war refugees.

PASSENGERS REMOVED

At Bermuda, British officers removed Cornelius Wout, said to be a citizen of the Netherlands.

Mrs. Wout, continuing the journey, was questioned by Federal Bureau of Investigation agents shortly after the ship docked.

Frederick Ruckert, thirty-two, a German bound for Washington, also was removed at Bermuda.

Q. What is ambergris?—J. D. S. 8/29/39

A. It is a fatty, waxlike secretion, found in the intestines of the sperm whale and used in perfume. Ambergris is never found in healthy whales; it is supposed to be a secretion of intestines that have become diseased. Sometimes it is excreted by the whales and floats on the water, or is cast on the seashore in lumps. Large quantities are also taken from the intestines of dead whales. When inside the whale, it has a disagreeable odor, but on exposure to air it acquires a sweet, earthy fragrance.

Liner Finds Fortune in Ambergris

4/24/41 TIMES-HERALD

1,000 Lbs. Taken From Sea by Siboney

By STANLEY JOHNSTONE

AT SEA ABOARD THE S.S. SIBONEY, May 23 (C.T.P.S.).—A two-ton smelly, rubbery mass laying on a tarpaulin and under a cover on the after deck of the Siboney was believed today to be, if Capt. Wenzel Habel's assumption is correct, one-fourth ambergris—the biggest and most valuable piece ever found.

(Ambergris is a secretion of the sperm whale highly valued in perfumery. Normally the masses of it found in tropical waters weigh only between 60 and 225 pounds, far less than the estimated 1,000-pound find of the Siboney.)

This prize was picked up from the Atlantic Ocean yesterday. The Siboney is en route from Lisbon to New York. At 9 a.m. the ship's lookout reported a white object, like an upturned boat, sparkling in the bright sunlight about a mile away. Captain Habel ordered the course changed. The ship circled and stopped 100 yards from the object, which appeared to be nothing but a portion of a whale.

A lifeboat was lowered and the mass towed back to the Siboney.

Until experts in Bermuda or New York decide what it is, the whole ship's crew will be agog with expectation, because they will share in the salvage money should their hopes be realized.

TIMES-HERALD MAY 29, 41

'Ambergris' Fortune Proves Worthless

NEW YORK, May 28 (N. Y. News).—The $2,500,000 fortune in ambergris found in the Atlantic by the crew of the American Export liner Siboney today turned out to be just so much worthless flotsam. Perfume chemists, after examining samples from the 14 barrels of whitish mass picked up by the liner, said they were sure the find was not the $20-an-ounce ambergris, a whale secretion used in making perfumes. They said they were unable to identify the matter.

Boston Scientist Looks for Whale To Check Theory on Heart Beats

DEC. 1939

By the Associated Press.

BOSTON, Jan. 7.—A Boston scientist is shopping around for a whale—to see how its heart is beating, and take its pulse.

Dr. Paul D. White, one of a group of investigators who this week reported to the American Heart Journal on another big job—the heart capers of elephants—wants new data toward a possible solution of certain problems of the human heart.

Declaring he and his colleagues had shown by electro-cardiograms that big-hearted elephants exhibit long-time intervals in the various phases of the heart beat, Dr. White said today, in an interview:

"These variations may be due to the large size of the elephant's heart, and our findings may help toward confirmation of our belief that somewhat similar variations in enlarged human hearts may be due to the size of the organ rather than to diseases muscle.

"This belief could be tested further if we could get an electro-cardiogram of a whale's heart which is much larger than an elephant's and probably beats correspondingly slower."

In getting "the most comprehensive cardiograph study of the elephant ever made," Dr. White, with Dr. Francis Benedict, and James L. Jenks, jr., went to the circus.

In the menagerie of Boston Garden, they reported in the journal, they took the pulses of nine not-unwilling members of the Ringling Bros.' pachyderm family.

They found heart rates averaging 35 to 40 beats a minute (just about half the normal human rate), and when a few of the models decided to lie down during the experiment, the scientists were able to conclude from a resultant quickening heart beat of the reclined animal that—

"Perhaps the animal is more comfortable when standing, or that position facilitates blood flow."

Dr. White also reported that a study of the heart of the elephant after death revealed findings that jibed with the theory that few animals are troubled with much of any arteriosclerosis or heart disease.

Nature's Children

12/26/38 "THE EVENING STAR"

Killer Whales

By LILLIAN COX ATHEY.

The grampus or killer whales are known as the wolves of the seas. They are dreaded and rightly so, for they are a menace to all the other animal life to be found in their neighborhood.

The killer whale is an animal about 30 feet long with a wide mouth filled with 12 pairs of powerful, sharp teeth in each jaw. It kills for the mere pleasure of doing so.

This vicious creature is to be found in all seas from the Arctic to the Antarctic. It is a ranger that is without mercy and in a territory that is limitless.

All black is the livery of these bandits of the sea, with the exception of the regions on the sides and undersurface, which are a glistening white. The fin on the back is very large and on some of the older whales may reach a height of 6 feet and even more.

As is the custom with whales, the killer and his gang travel and hunt in packs of three to twelve or more. They are almost like trained gunmen. They may be seen swimming side by side, their movements as perfectly timed as those of trained soldiers. As they cut through the water their great black fins cause the undulating surface to have a



most weird look, and you shudder as you watch the gangsters plough their way along. You know full well there will be bloodshed by this advancing army when it finally reaches the school of fish just ahead and racing like mad to escape the doom that is closing in on them.

Seals, larger whales and porpoises are most likely to be the ones they are after when you see them traveling along at such a methodical pace.

They are like giant wolves, hungry and determined to conquer. They can swallow small seals and porpoises. They have a horrible habit of attacking large whales by tearing away their great fleshy lips and tongues. They work with a speed that is terrifying, and with such unity of purpose and complete mastery that you wonder how they have learned to work together with such precision.

The Eskimos of the Alaskan coast of the Bering Sea are so fearful of them they believe they are possessed by the evil spirits of the men and animals of the earlier days of this world. In fact, they have a tradition that wolves were able to change into killer whales and enter the sea. Then when they wished to, they could turn back into land wolves and kill man and beast until they were forced to seek security again from avenging forces that appeared out of the sky. With such a reputation, the killer whale is naturally given wide berth.

THE EVENING SUN TUES. AUGUST 20, 1940



WHALE OF A RIDE—Hundreds of persons came to Velasco, Texas, a fishing village, to see a sixty-five foot whale that drifted in, spouted and thrashed about for a few hours, then rolled over and died. This group climbed aboard.

Zoologist Tells Women's Group About Hitler and Whales

THE TIMES HERALD 4/23/41

"Whatever battles this Hitler fellow may win, he'll lose in the end," Dr. Fairfield Osborne, president of the New York Zoological Society, told women of the Rose Lees Hardy Foundation at Woodrow Wilson High School last night.

"Hitler is trying to force totalitarianism on a higher form of mammal," Dr. Osborne said, and therefore cannot succeed.

If the women feared they were going to be swamped with heavy words of doom, however, they were relieved, for most of the scientist's remarks were concerned with happenings of 40 or 50 million years ago when the world was less confusing.

He told them how all eels are born in the Sargasso Sea; how golden plovers, though carried 700 miles in revolving cages and anesthetized, find their way home; how a certain kind of Pacific smelt deposits eggs in the sand at high tide, and how whales —some 50,000,000 years ago—got to "fussing around" the water and ended up swimming in it.

Nazis Seize Huge Norwegian Whaler

Oslo, Norway (Via Berlin), Feb. 28 (AP)—Press dispatches said today that Norway's largest whaling ship, the 24,000-ton Kosmos, which had been reported in the British service, had been seized at sea by the Germans and taken to a French port.

The crew of seventy-nine was said to have been interned and the vessel placed in the German merchant service.

THE EVE SUN BALTO FEB 28, 1941

Giant Norwegian Whaler Torpedoed

WASH TIMES-HERALD SAT MARCH 22/41

STOCKHOLM, March 21 (U. P.).—Press messages from Oslo reported today that the 20,638-ton whaler, Viken, was torpedoed two days ago while in a British convoy off the British west coast. The ship is one of the biggest of its kind and is of Norwegian ownership.

Whale Killers Fight U-Boats

TIMES-HERALD Fri MAY 2/41

Norwegian Tells Of Marine Losses

Small, speedy whaling craft are being employed with much success in fighting off German submarine attacks on Norwegian shipping in the North Atlantic, Dr. Karl Evang, surgeon general of Norway, told the Junior Board of Commerce yesterday.

The 250-ton whaling boats are integral units of the Norwegian merchant fleet now operating under Brtish protection, he said. Four American destroyers of the group given to Britain last fall also are protecting Norwegian convoys, he revealed.

10 Pct. of Ships Sunk

Nazi submarine warfare has sunk almost 10 per cent of the entire Norwegian merchant marine that escaped to British ports during the invasion a year ago, he reported, on the basis figures furnished by the British. During the half-year ending February 28 Norway has lost in excess of 500,000 tons in merchant ships, he said.

Sixty-five ships were sunk in January alone, he reported.

Norwegian vessels with an aggregate tonnage of 3,600,000 are still afloat in British service, he added.

400,000 Nazis on Guard

Norway has paid approximately $25,000,000 for "protection" to Germany since the invasion, he reported in describing conditions of the past year. Norwegian resistance has frozen approximately 400,000 Nazi troops in that country, he said.

He spoke at a luncheon meeting in the Annapolis Hotel.

British Whaler Slips Into Port

BALTO NEWS-POST JAN 27 MONDAY 1941

NEW YORK, Jan. 27—(A. P.).—The forty-year-old British whaler Hektoria arrived today with 115 merchant marine officers who will man ships purchased recently by Great Britain. The 13,797-ton vessel slipped into the harbor in a blinding snowstorm.

Nazis Seize Whale Oil

EVE SUN BALTO OCT 31 1941

By David M. Nichol

Bern, Oct. 31—On the grounds that a state of war with Norway continues and that no peace has yet been concluded, the Nazis confiscated more than 20,800 tons of whale oil as well as 25,000 tons of Diesel crude oil and ten Norwegian ships at the last sitting of the German prize court in Hamburg, according to an account in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt*.

Two of the confiscated vessels were mother ships in the whaling fleet, the Solglimt and the Pelagos, and five were smaller vessels. The Norwegians lost also two tankers, the Storstad and the Handefjord. Two British and two Greek vessels were confiscated during the same proceedings, the account declares.

One of the Greek ships, the Belgion, was caught in Bordeaux Harbor on July 4, 1940, while the Germans and Greeks were officially friendly. The court ordered the confiscation on the grounds that the vessel was in the chartered service of the French Commercial Ministry.

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Whaling Fleet Dwindles

5/5/41

[*By the Associated Press*]

Washington, May 5—Twentieth Century Moby Dicks will sail soon to whaling grounds off the California coast to bring back products for perfume, soap and cat and dog food.

Only one San Francisco company is left of the great whaling outfits that helped make the American whaling fleet the largest in the world a century ago. Only other company in North America is Canadian.

World Catch

The world catch last year was about 35,000, including whales taken from the Antarctic by English, Norwegian and Japanese whalers. But whales are being caught too fast, according to Dr. Remington Kellogg, of the United States National Museum, who fears that some species will soon be extinct.

Biggest use of whale fat in this country is for soap. It also goes into perfume, face creams, sprays for fruit trees and flies and lubricants.

Germany uses whale fat for lard. Japan eats whale meat, but this country uses the meat only for cats and dogs, according to the United States Department of Interior fish and wildlife service.

THE EVE. SUN

Big Norwegian Whaler, Seized by Nazis, Sunk

N.Y. HERALD-TRIBUNE MAY 7/41

Had Been in British Service Before Germans Got Her

OSLO, May 6 (via Berlin) (AP).—Returning sailors reported today that the 17,801ton Norwegian whaler Kosmos has been sunk by war action. The vessel was in British service until last February, when it was seized by the Germans.

The Kosmos, 554 feet long, became Norway's largest merchant vessel after the 18,673-ton passenger liner Oslofjord was destroyed by a mine off the English coast in December. Her home port was Sandefjord; she was built in Belfast in 1929.

Land in Lifeboat

SAO VICENTE, Cape Verde Islands, May 6 (AP).—A lifeboat with seventeen survivors of the 7,305-ton British merchant ship Calchas, torpedoed April 20, has reached Sal Island. Three of the survivors are women. The sinking was reported previously.

U. S. Asks Forfeiture Of Seized Whale Oil

BALTO SUN MAY 15, 1939

Declares 93,915 Pounds Of It Were Taken In Violation Of Treaty Act

Norfolk, Va., May 13 (AP)—The United States Government filed a libel in the District Court here asking for the forfeiture of 93,915 pounds of whale oil seized by the United States Collector of Customs at Newport News last week aboard the whaling ship Ulysses.

The libel alleged the oil was taken from undersized blue or fine whales, in violation of the Whaling Treaty Act of May 1, 1936, and is subject to forfeiture to the Government.

At the request of Hughes, Little and Seawell, attorneys for the Western Operating Corporation of Delaware, owner of the Ulysses, Federal Judge Luther B. Way fixed a bond of $5,000 for release of the oil by the collector of customs.

The Ulysses sailed in May, 1938, for the Antarctic and processed whales killed and brought to it by other vessels. The oil was seized in Newport News on a report from Lieut. W. C. Hogan, United States Coast Guard, who inspected the catching of whales for the o[il].

War Dooms Whales

10/30/40 "THE EVE. SUN"

[*By Science Service*]

Washington, Oct. 30—Whaling in the Antarctic has been completely disorganized by the war. Even information about it has suffered an almost total blackout, partly because whale-oil products can be used in munitions, partly because the firms that normally produce harpoon guns and the explosive-headed missiles that they fire have apparently been drafted into war service.

Only a few facts have leaked through the wall of censorship and the fog of ignorance caused by disrupted communications. Some of these facts, however, are causing grave concern among scientists here who are interested in the conservation of the world's largest mammals, the whales.

Japanese Alone

Most serious element in the entire situation is the fact that the Japanese, notorious as the worst game hogs among the whale killers, have the whole Antarctic whaling ground to themselves this season. The biggest European whaling fleet, the Norwegian, had not got home last spring when Norway was overrun by the Nazis; their ships are scattered and tied up in neutral ports. The German whalers, of course, are still in Hamburg harbor—if British bombs have not ruined them.

British whalers have not gone south this year. There was a two-year reserve supply of whale oil in Britain when the war broke out, and there are large quantities of oil in the United States at present for which there is no immediate market. It is waiting, in bonded storage. Whale ships of other nations are negligible in number, and their present whereabouts is unknown.

Catch May Go To Nazis

All this sums up to one probability: that the Japanese whaling fleet, consisting of six factory ships and forty-eight attendant killer boats, will simply run amok in Antarctic waters, recklessly killing every whale they can catch, in complete disregard of international conservation rules—to which the Japanese Government has consistently refused to adhere, anyway. The larger part of their catch will go to Germany, via the Trans-Siberian Railway, unless Balkan events cool off Soviet willingness to help Hitler.

Of course, if the Japanese choose to build up the reopening of the Burma road into a *casus belli*, their whaling fleet will be a fat prize (in the most literal sense of the term) for the small but efficient Australian navy. It is the regular custom of the Japanese whalers to put into the West Australian port of Freemantle on their way to the Antarctic, for fuel oil and provisions, so that their movements must be fairly well known to Australian authorities.

Old Nantucket Whaling Letters Come to Light.

Inquirer + Mirror
Nov. 29, 1941

From "Stamps" Magazine.

Wilbur Muller, of the M. & M. Hobby Center, New Britain, Ct., recently acquired three Whaling Covers. That is, the three covers, with **Nantucket, Mass.**, circle in red, were addressed to "Capt. Joseph Marshall, Bark Aurora, care American Consul, Valparaiso, Chile, S. A." All have **Paid** handstamps.

One has "25"—another "25" and "34" as well as "24"—another has "22" and "42" handstamps; while two are marked "Due 25c".

Obviously these were sent out of Nantucket to the captain of the good ship Aurora who was to call at the American Consulate for mail. These letters were marked in the 1860 period.

The above does not quite coincide with the records of Nantucket whaleships.

The bark Aurora sailed from Nantucket (new) on the 26th of December, 1819, under command of Capt. Daniel Russell. The Aurora returned in December, 1822, with 1630 barrels of sperm and 130 barrels of whale oil.

On the 2nd of October, 1823, the vessel again sailed for the Pacific ocean, this voyage being in command of Capt. Seth Coffin, Jr. She returned from that voyage on the 22d of December, 1826, with 1556 barrels of sperm.

On the 6th of December, 1827, she left for her third voyage under command of Capt. Frederick B. Chace, and arrived back on the 22d of December, 1829. This was a short voyage of only two years, but a profitable one, for the Aurora had taken 2023 barrels of sperm on the cruise.

Capt. John Hussey next took her out, leaving here on the 7th of May, 1830, and returning on the 25th of April, 1833, with 2135 barrels of sperm.

Captain Hussey made another voyage in her, leaving here on October 18, 1833, and returning May 13, 1837, with 1713 barrels. In November of that year he again sailed in command of the bark and had another profitable voyage. When the Aurora returned to Nantucket on the 2d of December, 1840, she had taken 2036 barrels of sperm.

On the 13th of May, 1841, Capt. Frederick W. Coffin took her out, and returned on the 9th of December, 1844, with 1801 barrels of sperm.

The following spring, on May 19, 1845, Captain Coffin was still in command and made a three years' voyage. When the Aurora returned to Nantucket on the 25th of June, 1848, she had 1980 barrels of sperm and 34 barrels of whale oil.

That was the last voyage the Aurora made whaling. She left Nantucket on the 9th of January, 1849, with a group of "forty-niners" and reached San Francisco July 1st of that year. She was in command of Capt. Seth M. Swain. The vessel was finally lost off the coast of Oregon.

During her career as a whaleship—from 1819 to 1848 inclusive—the Aurora brought into port a total of 15,028 barrels of oil, made in seven voyages "round the Horn". The records do not show that at any time was the Aurora in command of Capt. Joseph Marshall. The ship was lost off the coast of Oregon late in the year 1849, so the letters which Mr. Muller found must have been long before the 1860 period mentioned in Stamps. But how they bear the address "Capt. Joseph Marshall, Bark Aurora", is not quite clear, for the records show that Captain Marshall was never in command of the ship.

Thar She Blows, Mates, Another "Moby Dick"

BALTIMORE SUN

Captain Driscoll, Of Fishing Boat, Reports Sighting White Whale On Georges Bank

Boston, Oct. 4 (AP)—And now comes Capt. Mike Driscoll of the trawler Ebb reporting a white whale, a possible descendant of Herman Melville's immortal *Moby Dick*.

Captain Driscoll said today, when the Ebb docked at the fish pier, the exceedingly rare specimen was sighted on Georges Bank, about 200 miles east of Boston, while the trawler was fishing. He estimated the whale's length at between 80 and 100 feet and said the leviathan spouted but once and disappeared.

9/5/39 Thursday

FIGHT WHALE OIL TAX LAW

April 27/39

Two Domestic Companies Say It Will End This Trade

WASHINGTON, April 26 (AP).—Representatives of two domestic whaling companies urged the House Merchant Marine Committee today to approve legislation permitting domestic registration of foreign-built vessels engaged in the whaling industry.

John O'Connor of New York, former Representative, appearing for the Western Operating Company, and Thomas J. Blake, representing the American Whaling Company, told the committee that those companies could not continue to operate under a provision of the Revenue Act of 1938 barring tax-free importation of whale oil after June 30, 1939, unless the whales were captured and processed on vessels of United States registry.

Mr. O'Connor said that "killer-boats," which capture whales and tow them to the "mother-ship" for processing had to be bought abroad because domestic shipyards were not particularly interested in building them.

Saying that foreign-built vessels engaged in trade between the United States and foreign countries were entitled to United States registry, he contended that the whalers were just as much in foreign trade as such vessels.

Giant Tortoise of Galapagos Was Food For Whalemen.

Inquirer + Mirror Nov. 15, 1941

To some a tortoise is a tortoise. But what of the tortoise of the Galapagos islands that grows to a full six feet in length and to a weight of over five hundred pounds!

The Galapagos tortoise is the type of reptile that the Chinese imagined supported the entire earth on its great concave back; this is the tortoise that gained the reputation for long-life, for to reach its great size it must live for hundreds of years.

But more important still, this gigantic tortoise, that still lives on the cinder-heaps of the Galapagos islands athwart the equator is the last remaining of its kind. Once when the world was young (and almost wholly reptilian), immense tortoises, some reaching the weight of 2,000 pounds, ruled the earth. Then the large mammals appeared and the tortoises disappeared.

But out in the Pacific, 600 miles from South America, the Galapagos islands had been raised from the bottom of the ocean. There were here no mammals, nothing to disturb the giant tortoises, and to that place the tortoises took themselves.

A Spanish ship on the way from Panama to Peru, 400 years ago, was caught in the strong current that moves along South America. Held thus, like a fly in a spider's web, it was dragged to the five and thirty volcanic islands—then unknown to mankind. The first things these Spanish sailors saw were immense hordes of giant tortoises, each big enough and strong enough to carry the weight of three men on its back! These tortoises they called then in Spanish, Galapagos—and so the islands were named.

Meanwhile, whaling ships coming later into the Pacific, found the Galapagos excellent eating. More, when some of the sailors were lost on the islands they found that the Galapagos carries his own water supply within his shell. And this the thirsty sailors would open and drink their fill. Thus we learn that this giant tank of an animal carries its own water supply.

However, the first appearance of the Galapagos when very young is not much different from that of the little gaily painted turtle you may buy at the fair. The mother tortoise, sometime in October, wobbles down to the coarse-soiled lowlands. There she digs a hole, about as easily as an elephant threads a needle, but dig she does, and in that hole she deposits some fifteen eggs, looking like tennis balls—about their shape and color.

The hot sun beats down upon the soil, and, deep down in their cavern, the eggs soon hatch and out come the little Galapagos. But they are very small, two and one-half inches across the shell, and weighing not more than two or three ounces.

The little tortoise, with all its other relatives, must dig its way out of the egg-cache, out into the new world, where it will live, in favorable environment, for some four hundred years. It drags itself along, absorbing the while a little yellow egg sack attached to the bottom of its shell. When that is absorbed it begins to eat grass, and then cactus (with which the islands are filled), on which it will henceforth live.

So it grows and grows. After about thirty years it will weigh about fifty pounds, perhaps more, perhaps less—and then, slowly from year to year, from century to century, it may grow until it weighs six hundred pounds.

Fortunately for us, almost all the zoos in the United States have specimens of these gigantic tortoises, and so, should they disappear from the Galapagos islands, they will remain alive in this country. This, after all, is only poetic justice, since the mammoth tortoises had their origin millions of years ago in the land area that is now the United States.—V. H. Hagen in The Christian Science Monitor.



Herald Tribune—Acme

View of New England Building yesterday as survey disclosed that three-quarters of exposition's construction has been razed

JUN. 27, 1941 N.Y. TIMES

Three Embalmed Whales Cremated at Fair Site

Blaze in Rubbish at General Motors Building Is Put Out

The cremation of three embalmed whales and a fire in the half-demolished General Motors Building yesterday marked the razing of the World's Fair.

The three whales, a bull, fifty-five feet long and weighing sixty-eight tons, a cow, five feet shorter and eight tons lighter, and a calf, a mere twenty-two feet long and weighing three tons, were exhibited in two freight cars in the amusement area. Visitors to the Fair paid 10 cents to gape through the glass sides of the cars.

The siding on which the transparent freight cars were brought into the amusement area was discontinued after the Fair closed last October. As a result, the exhibitor, the Northern Whaling Company, of Trenton, N. J., decided it would be too expensive to remove the whales and ordered their destruction. At the south end of the amusement area yesterday six workmen cut up the whales and burned them to the temporary distress of the neighborhood.

Two engine companies and a hook and ladder company from the World's Fair Fire Department and a police emergency squad from outside the grounds responded to an alarm from the General Motors Building at 1:45 p. m. A stream from one hose line quickly extinguished a fire which had flared up from a pile of rubbish in the middle of the structure.

The Diesel in War

Engines Boost Cruising Range for Submarines And Tanks on Less Fuel

Can Be Operated With Whale, Soya Bean Oil, Kerosene—Used for Portable Lighting

New Types Are Developed

"WALL STREET JOURNAL"
JULY 20, 1942

From THE WALL STREET JOURNAL *Cleveland Bureau*

CLEVELAND—The diesel engine is increasing the range of modern war machines.

A diesel will do 50% more work on a gallon of fuel than a gasoline engine. This means that high speed tanks can travel farther from their bases, that 60-mile-an-hour torpedo boats need to carry less fuel load, that submarines can travel 6,000 miles across the Atlantic and back home again.

Installed in trucks, diesel engines provide the power for portable generating units that give temporary lighting. They contribute to the war indirectly, too, by powering locomotives, river boats, construction and farm tractors, civilian trucks, electric light plants and small factories.

These demands are booming the production of diesels. Last year the industry turned out engines totaling about 4,600,000 horsepower, or 10 times as much as in 1929. Output this year will show an increase of at least 50%, some manufacturers estimate.

Not only will diesel engines do more work on the same amount of fuel but the fuel they burn is cheaper—it costs about one third less than gasoline. Diesel fuel is non-explosive, too—a big factor in wartime. Setting fire to diesel fuel is about like setting fire to brandy on a plum pudding. It burns, but it doesn't explode.

Whale Oil for Fuel

Fuel flexibility is another advantage of the diesel. The Cooper-Bessemer Corp., a leading builder of marine diesels, reports that a diesel powered whaling vessel ran out of oil. It substituted whale oil and was able to get back to port without difficulty. General Motors Corp. recently made test with diesel engines, and found that a standard diesel, of the type being used in tanks and trucks, would operate, without any change in the engine, with soya bean oil, kerosene or gasoline. One of the engines was fueled with 100-octane gasoline, and ran with one-third less fuel than the finest truck gasoline engines now made. The experimental units were run continuously for a month with these fuels, indicating that if a diesel powered unit should have to get some place and fuel oil weren't available, these substitutes, one of which might be obtainable, could be used.

Diesels could even be operated on buttermilk, one manufacturer holds.

In tanks that may have to operate through water and in boats, diesels also have the advantage of having no ignition system, so there is no danger of a short-circuiting.

War has accelerated new developments in diesels and speeded long term trends that were already under way.

One of the most recent developments is General Motors' "Pancake" diesel. Now in production at the company's Electro-Motive Division, the new engine is believed to be the lightest ocean duty diesel engine in the world. It occupies about one-third the space of the most successful previous diesel engines of the same horsepower. It is designed for driving submarine chasers. Weight and space gains can be utilized for more fuel, for greater range, additional armament and ammunition, or for the installation of more engines to give greater speed. The engine has an unusual construction, which is responsible for its being called "the pancake." Four banks of four cylinders each are located around a vertical crankshaft.

A second wartime development in diesels is the radial type air-cooled diesel being manufactured by the Guiberson Diesel Engine Co., Dallas, Texas. The Buda Co., one of the larger diesel makers, is also producing these engines under license from Guiberson. At present, the engine is being used primarily in tanks. Being air-cooled, it is especially good for tanks engaged in desert warfare, where water is at a premium. The Government has financed a $2,500,000 plant for making this type of engine that will be operated by Guiberson.

Germany's Radial Type Diesel

Germany makes the only other radial type of diesel. It uses them in airplanes as well as tanks. In 1937, this type of diesel was used in about 50 Junkers planes by the Lufthansa in its South Atlantic line. It is reported that the newest Junkers diesel weighs only 1.4 pounds per horsepower—the lightest gasoline airplane motors weigh slightly less than one pound per horsepower.

There are two schools of thought on the

BALTIMORE NEWS-POST

Whaling Hunt Season Opens

12/21/39

NEW YORK, Dec. 21.—With one United States ship at the whaling grounds, the 1939-40 season on baleen whales opened in the Antarctic recently, it was reported by the Bureau of Fisheries of the Department of the Interior. The season will continue three months.

Nine "killer boats," plus the mother ship, S. S. Ulysses, will represent the United States' lone expedition this Antarctic season, according to information received by Charles E. Jackson, acting commissioner of the Bureau of Fisheries. The Ulysses, a "factory reduction" vessel, said from Norway in October.

At Curacao, Dutch West Indies, where the Ulysses fueled on the way to the south polar whaling grounds, two United States Coast Guard officers joined the expedition. They are charged with the enforcement of the convention for the regulation of whaling, the Whaling Treaty Act, regulations thereunder, and treaties supplementing the convention of September 24, 1931.

U. S. DROPS WHALE OIL CASE APPEAL

BALTO. EVE. SUN
AUG 31/39

Abandons Efforts To Have $1,410,000 Cargo Forfeited, Court Told

[*By the Associated Press*]

Norfolk, Va., Aug. 31—The Government has abandoned its appeal from a decision by Federal Judge Luther B. Way in the Federal District Court here in which the United States lost its efforts to have a $1,410,000 cargo of whale oil forfeited.

The cargo of 12,536 gross tons was brought here in November, 1937, by the Norwegian ship Charles Racine, and the United States immediately filed a libel suit against the oil, asking its forfeiture on the contention that it was brought here on a foreign ship from an American factory ship, the Ulysses, in Shark Bay, Australia, and that in reality it had been transported between two points in the United States (an American ship and Norfolk) in violation of the Merchant Marine Act of 1920.

Appeal Is Filed

The act provides that only American ships can carry cargo from one American port to another for discharge.

Judge Way handed down his opinion February 9, 1939, ruling that the oil processed aboard the Ulysses was a product of American fisheries. The United States noted an appeal to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Fourth circuit.

Marine Act Test

The district court here was notified by the clerk of the Circuit Court that the case had been dismissed on the stipulation of attorneys in the case.

Final disposition of the case had been awaited with interest by shipping concerns as a test of the latitude of the Merchant Marine Act. Owners of the oil, the Western Operating Corporation of Delaware, had been expected to take the case to the highest court if a decision had been advarse to its claims. The cargo had been released on bond of $250,000.

Explorations to Start When Winter Breaks

WASH. (Post)
20 August 1939

"With the ships' crews the expedition will number about 180 men of whom about 55, with previous polar experience, will be left on the duration of the long Antarctic night." By being actually stationed on the continent during the winter about three months is saved. Explorations can then be begun as soon as the winter breaks. Then, too, it requires approximately two and one-half months to unload the vessels and set up bases, which would otherwise further consume valuable exploring time. Hence the necessity for reaching the Antarctic as soon as possible.

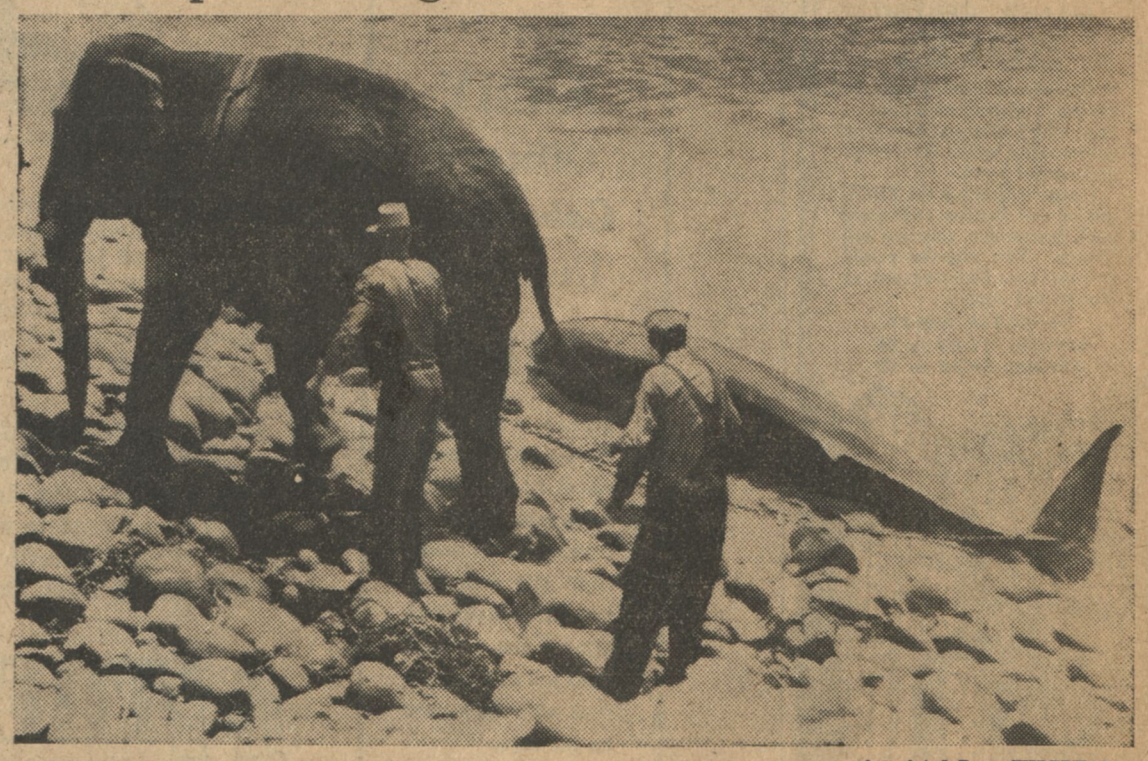
With all the expense and care incidental to the organization and conducting of such an expedition, and the further fact of the necessity for continuous occupation, a situation that will call for annual appropriations by Congress, it might be well to ask what is our stake in the Antarctic? Is America's slice of Antarctic polar pie worth the price?

From a commercial, or even an industrial standpaint, the only investment at the present which yields an attractive revenue is the whaling industry, and herein lies the interest of the British, Norwegians and the Germans. As far as the United States is concerned the possibilities in the whaling industry are nil.

At a recent session of Congress an amendment to the tariff act placed a prohibitive excise tax on whale oil, it being believed that this commodity would be in competition with American fish and vegetable oils. The new tax becomes effective July 1, 1940. However, the excise will not be applicable if the "floating factory" (the whaling ship), the "killer-ships" which serve it,, and the vessels which bring the whale oil to the United States are all owned by American capital and operated by Americans under the American flag.

WASH Post TUES AUG 4-1942

Elephant Tugs at Lions' Share of Fish



Associated Press WIREPHOTO

SEAFOOD, BONNIE—It took Bonnie the elephant to solve the problem of how to dispose of an 18-foot sea creature which floundered onto the beach at Ventura, Calif. Some of the spectators called it a baby whale, others an over-sized dolphin. Fish, or mammal, Bonnie towed it off to a nearby lion farm

Anniversary

Wise Saws And Modern Instances From B. Franklin

Baltimore Evening Sun Jan. 17, 1941

BORN this day, 235 years ago, Benjamin Franklin. . . .

It seems an incredibly long time ago, as modern history is recorded. Yet Franklin, a long-lived citizen of the world, lasted to his eighty-fourth year, from which vantage point he could at least peer into the future which is now our own times. And because our own times are so used to repeating the wise saws of this essentially modern man, he seems much closer to us than most of his contemporaries.

Inventor, scientist, printer, statesman, diplomat, writer—his character is perhaps best revealed in his own proverbs and maxims, and in those which he drew from other writers and put to his own use. For it must not be assumed that all "The Sayings of Poor Richard" were original with him, nor did he make any claim that they were. Paul Leicester Ford, in his introduction to that work, points out that "Anyone familiar with Bacon, Rochefoucauld and Rabelais, as well as others, will recognize old friends in some of these sayings"; Franklin also had ready recourse to handy collections of proverbs. "Honesty is the best policy," generally attributed to him, was used by various writers before his time all the way back to Quintilian. "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn at no other" may have been of his own phrasing, but it had many prominent ancestors to whom the resemblance is marked. Among Franklin's remarks which are indubitably his own, the following are good enough to stand with virtually any company:

> They that can give us essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.—*Historical Review of Pennsylvania.*
>
> We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately. —*At the signing of the Declaration of Independence July* 4, 1776.
>
> Human felicity is produc'd not so much by great pieces of good fortune that seldom happen, as by little advantages that occur every day.—*Autobiography, Chapter I.*
>
> When men are employed, they are best contented; for on the days they worked they were good natured and cheerful, and, with the consciousness of having done a good day's work, they spent the evening jollily; but on our idle days they were mutinous and quarrelsome. —*Autobiography, page* 177.
>
> The grand leap of the Whale up the Fall of Niagara is esteemed, by all who have seen it, as one of the finest Spectacles of Nature.—*To the Editor of a London newspaper* (1765), *to rib the English for their ignorance of America.*

"Out of Nantucket."

The 1941 calendar of the Seamen's Bank For Savings, of New York City, sent us through the courtesy of Capt. Harry Manter, bears a reproduction of a painting showing a whaleship scudding during a stiff breeze. The picture bears the title "Out of Nantucket," by Frank Vining Smith.

The ship portrayed in the picture is the whaleship *Dauphin*, built 132 years ago and sailing two voyages out of Greenwich, R. I., before she was sold to Nantucket. She made some good voyages from this port for fifteen years thereafter, being lost in 1830 at Saldanha Bay, Cape of Good Hope, while under command of Capt. Benjamin Hussey. In the year 1820 she was one of the ships rescuing the survivors of the ill-fated *Essex*, sunk by a mad whale.

The painter, Frank Vining Smith, is recognized as one of the foremost marine artists in America.

Treasure of the Deep

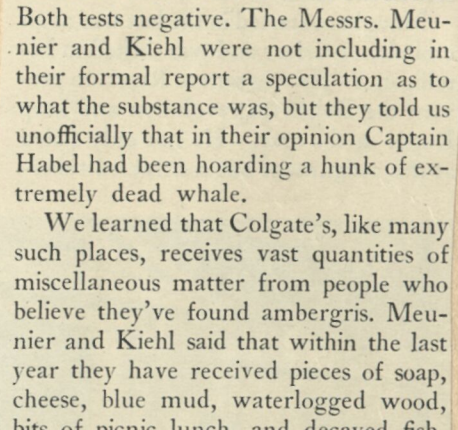
"THE NEW YORKER" 6/7/41

FOR a good many years, man and boy, we've had a romantic interest in ambergris and when we read in the paper the other morning that Captain Habel of the steamer Siboney had arrived in port with what he thought was three tons of it we decided to take the day off and headed for Jersey City, where the Siboney had docked. Thus we got right to the centre of things. We went to the master's cabin of the Siboney and found Captain Habel alone, which seemed odd for a man who was counting his wealth in the millions, maybe. We instantly became aware, however, that there was good reason for this. The Captain was walking up and down the cabin in his undershirt in a state of mind we have never associated with men of the sea. "Know ambergris when you smell it?" he demanded of us, and then whipped out a hand and stuck a small, whitish blob right under our nose. He needn't have done this. We had smelled it from the door, unmistakably. It was terrible. "I've got thirteen barrels of the stuff on the pier and a big hunk in the bathtub," the Captain said. He offered to show us the piece in the bathtub but we declined and hurried off the ship, and the pier too. We paused only long enough to learn that a sample was being analyzed at the laboratories of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, which the Captain had found conveniently near the pier. We got this information from a steamship-company official who seemed indisposed. "I've smelled a lot of things in my time," he said darkly, "but never anything like this."

We went to the laboratory and found two Colgate chemists, Maurice Meunier and John Kiehl, in the very act of drawing up a report. The last sentence read, "We have made the usual tests of this Siboney sample, and find that it in no way answers the description of ambergris." Kiehl told us that the substance had been put to two standard tests. First, a hot wire had been plunged into it to see if it became blackish and resinous; second, they had put it in alcohol and warmed it to see if it would dissolve. Both tests negative. The Messrs. Meunier and Kiehl were not including in their formal report a speculation as to what the substance was, but they told us unofficially that in their opinion Captain Habel had been hoarding a hunk of extremely dead whale.

We learned that Colgate's, like many such places, receives vast quantities of miscellaneous matter from people who believe they've found ambergris. Meunier and Kiehl said that within the last year they have received pieces of soap, cheese, blue mud, waterlogged wood, bits of picnic lunch, and decayed fish. Kiehl told us of a waterfront lounger who jumped joyfully into the Hudson fully clothed and came out with an automobile tire which he thought was ambergris. Last summer, a lady sent them a sample for analysis and two days later, dissatisfied with the time they'd taken to respond, demanded immediate payment or the return of her ambergris. The boys returned the sample with a covering letter explaining that what the lady had sent in was a piece of Roquefort cheese, which they were happy to return.

The chemical function of ambergris —a morbid secretion found in sperm whales—in face powders, toilet waters, and perfume is that of a fixative. It gives body and staying power to whatever scent is used. It is employed in combination with other animal extracts, such as civet, musk, and castoreum. The last-named comes from beavers. Perfumers pay from $10 to $30 an ounce for ambergris, depending on the quality. There is black, white, and gray ambergris, the gray being the finest quality. Generally speaking, the harder ambergris is, the more valuable it is, and gray ambergris is often as hard as rock. It is usually found floating about in chunks of seventy-five pounds or less, or turns up, upon autopsy, inside the bodies of dead whales. Whalers are the only people who find enough of it to be a commercial source of supply, and the fact that there's less whaling being done today has sent up the price of ambergris. Nobody ever found three tons of it in a chunk, as Captain Habel hoped he had. For your information, genuine ambergris has a musty, animal smell, pungent but not unpleasant. Remember, if it smells bad, it's not ambergris.





Whalebone Gateway

A WHALE which was washed ashore some years ago is responsible for this unique gateway, which attracts many tourists in England. The arch is made from the ribs of the whale and is surmounted by tail bones.

"Mechanix Illustrated" Dec. 1939

Submarine Scare

Ship Strikes Object, Heels—Captain Finds It Was Whale

San Francisco, May 20 (AP)—Captain Shunji Ito of the Japanese liner Tatuta Maru said the vessel struck a whale at sea May 9, and he was afraid for a minute it had collised with a submarine.

Ito said the impact, about 5.30 A. M., awakened many passengers and caused the ship to list for an instant. He rushed to the bridge but soon saw a school of sharks attacking the injured whale. 1940 "Eve. Sun"

Whaler Flees to Norfolk With $1,250,000 Cargo

Tuesday April 16, 1940

Special to the Times-Herald

NORFOLK, Va., April 15. Loaded with $1,250,000 worth of whale oil and by-products, the huge floating oil refinery, Suderoy, a Norwegian craft, today joined the growing fleet of Scandinavian "exile" ships in Hampton Roads.

The Suderoy, accompanied by six "killer" boats, sailed into Hampton Roads to avoid capture at the hands of the Germans.

There are more than 12,000 tons of whale oil and products aboard the Suderoy. She was to have discharged cargo at Curacco, but her master was wirelessed from Norway to proceed to Hampton Roads. Fear was felt Germany may move into Holland, it was said, thus making a Dutch West Indies port a hazardous berth for a Norwegian ship.

Three other Norwegian vessels dropped anchor in Hampton Roads today, joining seven other ships of Norwegian, Danish and Swedish registry—all biding their time with an eye on developments in North Europe.

54-Foot Whale Added To Nazi Mine Trophies

N.Y. HERALD-Tribune Nov 22/39

CTLAIS, France, Nov. 21 (UP)—A fifty-four-foot whale was sunk by a floating mine in the English Channel, it was disclosed today.

The whale was believed to have hit the mine during a storm. It was swept ashore on the Belgian beach at Coxyde, with a big hole torm in its side and four German mines near-by.

"The Evening Sun"

Erosion Kills Fish

May 16, 1940

[Copyright, 1940, by Science Service]

Washington, May 16 — Destructive land uses, like overgrazing and toleration of soil erosion, reach into rivers and lakes to the ruin of fish life. Any plans made for land improvement must include consideration of their possible effects on the nation's fish resources, valued alike for recreational and commercial uses, declared Elmer Higgins, chief of the division of scientific inquiry, United States Bureau of Fisheries, speaking here before the Eighth American Scientific Congress.

Exposure of land to rapid erosion, through overcutting of timber, overcultivation of sloping areas, overgrazing of pastures, changes rivers from clear to turbid, from cool to warm and brings on silting up of lakes. These changes make the waters less fit for habitation by desirable fish like trout and bass and reduce them to the level of "water slums" inhabited only by such fish as carp and mudcat.

Acids Create Aquatic Deserts

Industrial abuses of the waters, especially the discharge of factory wastes and the acid-water outpourings of mines, have made many rivers in this country unable to support even carp. They are not even water slums; they are aquatic deserts.

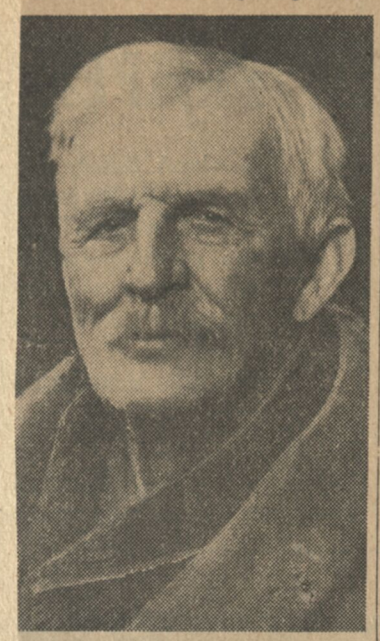
Other misuses of water resources mentioned by Mr. Higgins include neglect to screen irrigation ditch outlets, excessive canalization of rivers, construction of dams with no provision for the passage of fish, drainage of swamps and shallow lakes that afterward turn out to be unsuited to agriculture and too rapid changes in level of lakes backed up by irrigation and power dams. He suggested a program of correction that would permit reasonable use of waters without killing off the fish.

Whaling Industry Suffers

Vast slaughter of whales, too fast for natural replacement, threatens the existence of the whaling industry operating in the region off the Antarctic end of South America, Dr. Remington Kellogg, of the United States National Museum, reported.

Twentieth-century whaling operations in these waters began in 1904. Since then, nearly 200,000 of the great mammals have been killed in the waters of the Falkland Island Dependencies, which include South Georgia, South Shetlands, South Orkneys and Graham Land. The great majority of these belonged to three species, humpbacks, finbacks and blue whales. Less than 1,000 were sperm whales.

Retired Whaling Captain



Capt. Gabriel B. Edwards

FRIDAY JULY 19, 1940

Capt. Edwards, Whaler, Dies at Montauk at 94

Retired Fishing BoatMaster Helped to Catch 57-Foot Specimen Offshore in '07

Special to the Herald Tribune

MONTAUK, L. I., July 18.—Capt. Gabriel B. Edwards, one of the few remaining offshore whalemen of the Hamptons and Amagansett, died yesterday at his summer home at Fort Pond Bay, Montauk. He was ninety-four years old.

Capt. Gabe, as the veteran whaler was known, kept in high spirits—his term was "full of ginger"—until the end of his life, and went swimming up to the age of ninety. He went fishing alone in the surf for bluefish until the spring of 1939. This spring he had to content himself with mending fishing nets for his son, Capt. Nathaniel Edwards, of Amagansett, and with carving seine needles. He was still so vigorous, however, that when he went to the beach a month ago and some younger men brought out a chair for him, he was highly insulted.

"I never mended nets in a chair yet," he scornfully announced. "I don't intend to start now."

A Captain at Twenty-One

Capt. Gabe won his master's license at the age of twenty-one, and for twenty-five years he captained a "bunker boat" which went outo to sea, with seines and a crew of twenty-five or thirty, for menhaden. This fish, the most plentiful along the Atlantic coast, is caught for oil and fertilizer. It is known in New England as a "moss bunker."

Capt. Gabe was so successful in that trade, supplying menhaden for the oil and fertilizer factories at Promised Land, two miles east of Amagansett, that he was able to retire in his mid-forties. He devoted his time to surf fishing and, until he helped kill the last right whale off East Hampton in 1918, to offshore whaling.

Capt. Gabe's best known exploit occurred on Feb. 22, 1907, when, as boat steerer with his elder brother, the late Capt. Joshua B. (Capt. Josh) Edwards, he fastened to a fifty-seven-foot right whale. The skeleton of this whale is now in the American Museum of Natural History, New York. The finishing touches were put on the whale when Capt. Josh's son, Capt. Everett J. Edwards, of East Hampton, came alongside in another boat and, with his father, took turns lancing the leviathan until it died.

Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews, now director of the museum, went to Amagansett to collect the whale's bones as a first assignment for the museum. He told of the experience in his book, "Whale Hunting With Gun and Camera."

Once Nearly Killed by Whale

Mr. Andrews also wrote the introduction for a book telling man of Capt. Gabe's experiences, "Whale Off!" written by Capt. Gabe's nephew and grand-niece, Capt. E. J. Edwards and Mrs. Jeannette Edwards Rattray. One incident in the book told how Capt. Gabe was nearly killed by a whale off Amagansett in 887. He was knocked out of the twenty-eight-foot whaleboat by a swish of the whale's tail, then picked up for dead. After lying unconscious for several days, however, he finally revived and was furious with the other whalers because they had let the whale escape.

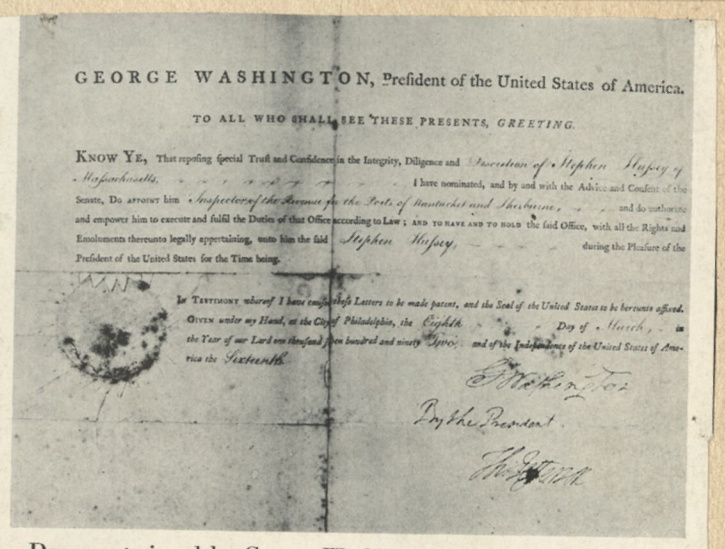
Capt. Gabe was born in 18[illegible] on the old Edwards homestead, overlooking the Atlantic from the bluff ta Amagansett. His parents were Nathaniel and Irena Edwards. In his father's home was a "scuttle," a high window used as a lookout for whales. If a whale hove into view, a "weft" or signal, was hurriedly run up, the cry "Whale Off!" was shouted, and the six men who made up the crew of a whaleboat would rush into action.

Most of the five whaleboats in Amagansett were owned in shares. Capt. Gabe, however, had his own craft and acted as "boat header," with five oarsmen to help hem, on many of his expeditions. Until the death of Capt. Josh in 1910, he helped man his brother's boat. Capt. Josh went on a number of long deepsea whaling voyages, but Capt. Gabe's experience was all offshore, close to home. Capt. Gabe's boat finally came to grief in 1911 while he was chasing a whale off Bridgehampton, but the smashed bits were mended and the craft is now in a private museum at the home of the late E. H. Foster in Southampton.

At the age of eighty-eight, in 1934, Capt. Gabe, with a regulation crew, steered a boat in a mock whale hunt for the benefit of a motion picture camera, to make a record of old-time whaling for East Hampton's Guild Hall.

Capt. Gabe was married twice, first to the former Miss Ella Mainwaring, the mother of his four children, and, after her death, to the former Mrs. Daniel Conklin, who died several years ago. His son and one daughter, Mrs. Elbert Osborne, of Water Mill, L. I., survive.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow at 2:30 p. m. at the Amagansett Presbyterian Church, of which Capt. Gabe was a deacon. Friends said they could not remember his ever missing a service there. Burial will be in Amagansett Cemetery. Four nephews, Capts. Herbert N. and Samuel S. and Everett J. Edwards, and Dr. David Edwards, will be pallbearers.



GEORGE WASHINGTON, President of the United States of America.

TO ALL WHO SHALL SEE THESE PRESENTS, GREETING.

KNOW YE, That reposing special Trust and Confidence in the Integrity, Diligence and Discretion of Stephen Hufsey of Massachusetts, I have nominated, and by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, Do appoint him Inspector of the Revenue for the Ports of Nantucket and Sherburne, and do authorize and empower him to execute and fulfil the Duties of that Office according to Law; AND TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said Office, with all the Rights and Emoluments thereunto legally appertaining, unto him the said Stephen Hufsey during the Pleasure of the President of the United States for the Time being.

IN TESTIMONY whereof I have caused these Letters to be made patent, and the Seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed. GIVEN under my Hand, at the City of Philadelphia, the Eighth Day of March, in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety Two, and of the Independence of the United States of America the Sixteenth.

By the President.

Document signed by George Washington and Thomas Jefferson appointing Stephen Hufsey to post at Nantucket, Mass. (1792)

FINE ANTIQUES

Furniture · Glass · China

Rare Old Prints

DWIGHT D. MOORE

Nov. 1941

U. S. Route 202 Bernardsville, N. J.

Two miles from Bernardsville on Morristown Road — Telephone Bernardsville 1062

WASH D.C. TIMES-HERALD
26 Dec '46 - THURS.

Red Whaling Flotilla Bound for Antarctic

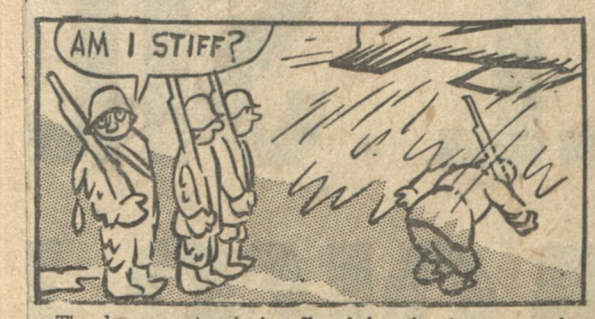
MOSCOW, Dec. 25 (AP)—A 10-ship whaling flotilla, headed by the well-known Soviet explorer Voronin, departed from northern Russia today for the Antarctic, Russian newspapers reported.

Buffalo Eve Sun. Thurs. July 18/40

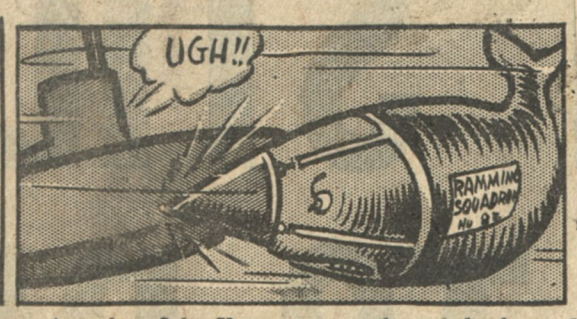
Fancy-Free War Inventions

[By the Associated Press]

THERE'S no famine of ideas on how wars should be fought and won, the War Department is discovering. Trouble is, a harvest of such ideas produces a lot of chaff. These screwball inventions, offered to the department, give you the idea:



The humane touch is offered by the inventor who would have an airplane fly low over ground troops, the way cotton-dusting planes fly, only his plane would drop quick-drying cement. The goo would turn the enemy into harmless statues, to be remobilized by mop-up squads equipped with hammers.



A modern Jules Verne proposes that whales be used to sink enemy submarines. The whale would be armored with a steel ram and sent out a-hunting. (Once caught, a trifling detail, of course, the whale would have to be trained to recognize enemy submarines and not molest the local favorites.)

Chickens Due To Feast On Whale Towed To Port

Feed Dealer Agrees To Take Mammal Off City's Hands And Plans To Use It In Manufacture Of Poultry Diet

Monday, March 11, 1940 "Baltimore Evening Sun"

The whale in the Baltimore harbor which has caused all the excitement over the week end may have come from far and strange places—but it's an odds-on bet that the places he came from aren't as strange as the places he's going.

Because he is destined to travel down the gullets, in "cracklin' " form, of about sixty million chickens.

Today J. G. Miller, head of a firm at Reckord, Md., on the Harford road, which makes chicken feed, arranged with Harbor Engineer Fred M. Kipp to take over the whale, and along with it the headache which the mammal has been to the Harbor Bureau for three days now.

The municipal tug Baltimore nuzzled up to the whale in the harbor off Boston street and Ellwood avenue shortly before noon, snubbed a line about his big flippers and set off across the port toward Pier 3, Locust Point, where Mr. Miller has made arrangements with the Jarka Corporation to use a derrick to lift the huge mammal onto a flat car.

From then on the whale will travel by train to his destination.

Planned To Blast It

Before the offer from Mr. Miller, Mr. Kipp had been considering dynamiting the mammal to bits. The tentative plan had been to tow the whale down the harbor past Bodkin Point, where there's a depth of more than

[Continued On Page 22, Column 4]

CHICKENS TO FEAST ON WHALE IN PORT

Feed Dealer Agrees To Take Over Mammal For Use In Poultry Diet

[Continued From Page 34]

fifty feet, stick some dynamite in it and let her "blow."

Mr. Kipp also has lamented the cost of entertaining the whale. "The people of Baltimore," he said, "are paying for the whale's visit.

"It's unfair for them to have to do so, though. I think the tanker that dragged her in here ought to be charged with the expense."

Mr. Kipp, though he may be a bit angry about having the whale dumped in his back yard, said the taxpayers were probably getting their money's worth.

"One," said Mr. Kipp, "the whale has been quite an education for the thousands of people who came down to the water front yesterday to see it. Two, it is certainly advertising the port of Baltimore. Who knows, we may show up in the papers some day in 'Strange as It Seems'?"

Boy Sightseer Hurt

Among the sightseers on hand yesterday was Melvin Michaels, 13, of 2018 Fountain street. Melvin, anxious to have his first gander at a bona-fide, if dead, whale, tripped on a cross tie on the railroad along the waterfront and broke his left arm. He was treated at City Hospitals.

The whale was brought into Baltimore late Friday. It was hooked around the bow of the Standard Oil tanker New Orleans, whose master, Capt. William J. Manning, reported that he knew nothing about the strange cargo until it was sighted by one of the seamen at Quarantine.

Crew members think, however, the rammed the whale off Cape Hattera

2 USED WHALES SOLD AT AUCTION FOR $235

Baltimore Eve Sun Aug. 24/39

However, Boxcars And Whaling Guns Are Thrown In; Losing Bidder Collects The Money

Trenton, N. J., Aug. 24—With his auctioneer's hammer in his hand, Samuel Green gazed out over an audience of two bidders and intoned: "What am I offered for two fine twenty-five-foot whales from the far waters of the Pacific that have appeared on the stage in many of our finest communities and are now at liberty? They are as good as new, although a trifle embalmed."

A. J. Applebaum put in a bid of $100. Harry Rosen rasied him five.

Throws In Boxcars

"I will also throw in," continued Mr. Green, "two boxcars containing the whales and their glass showcases, two modern whaling guns and whatever else is in the cars."

Mr. Applebaum carried the bidding up to $230. Mr. Rosen bid $235. Mr. Applebaum shook his head. Mr. Green went through the "last call once, last call twice" formula and then, banging his hammer on the side of the boxcar, said:

"Sold—to Mr. Harry Rosen for $235. You got a bargain, Mr. Rosen."

Mr. Appelbaum Gets It

Mr. Rosen, who acted for Harry Byer & Sons, dealers in scrap metals, agreed.

Mr. Applebaum, who appeared for the International Products Company, owners of the siding on which the whales have rested for eight years, was pleased, too. His company had a rental lien of $240 against the Transcontinental Captive Whale Exhibit, for a year's rent, and got all but $5 of it. In addition, Mr. Applebaum bid in for $1.10 one old ship's bell.

No White Elephants

At the Byer company's office later, Mr. Rosen explained why the metal firm ever bid on whales in the first place.

"We are primarily interested in the metal in the boxcars," he said. "However, if we can find a buyer who'll take our purchase off our hands lock, stock and whales, we'll sell. I've got a couple of people interested. If we don't sell the whole outfit, we'll try to give the whales to a rendering company. If we can't do that, we'll just burn the whales and make money on the boxcars."

Mr. Rosen paused before concluding his remarks.

"I do not think," he said, "that we have bought any white elephants."

WASHINGTON POST **Something Fishy** Jan 9 1947

Britons Snap Up Whale Meat As Truck Strike Limits Beef



Selling for 37 Cents a Pound in Britain

London, Jan. 8 (AP).—Whale meat went on sale to the public today for the first time in England and, with a truck drivers' strike endangering the supply of nonwhale meat, the people bought it as avidly as though it were T-bone steak.

Distributors put the chewy red stuff on sale in fish markets, at about 37 cents a pound, and no ration coupons.

One housewife submitted a report:

"It looks like steak until you smell it. There is a decidedly fishy smell, like bloaters cooking.

"Grilling will probably be the most popular cooking method. Small steaks, about 6 ounces and ½ inch, are best.

"The meat should be scored (criss-crossed with a knife) or beaten beforehand and should be well sprinkled with salt and pepper. Even then it gives out little juice and tends to cook dry unless you baste it with fat."

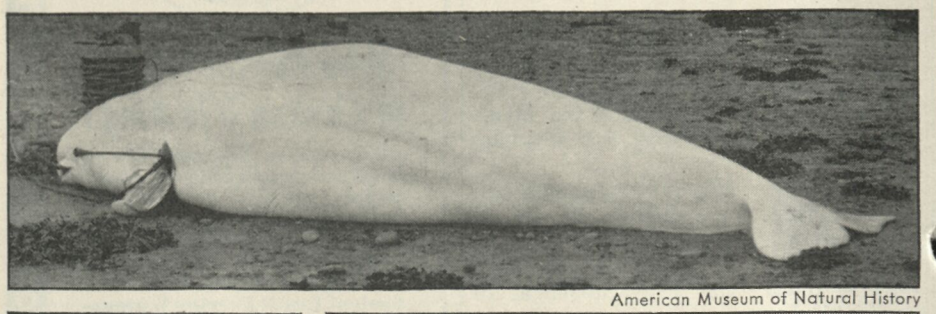
The whale meat went on sale as Britain began its eighth year of food rationing with Britons getting less of most commodities than in the bleak war days of 1940.

Sample weekly rations then and now:

Commodity	1940	1947
Bacon	4 ounces	2 ounces
Sugar	12 ounces	8 ounces
Preserves	2 ounces	4 ounces
Butter	4 ounces	3 ounces
Margarine	2 ounces	3 ounces

Whale *v.* Horse

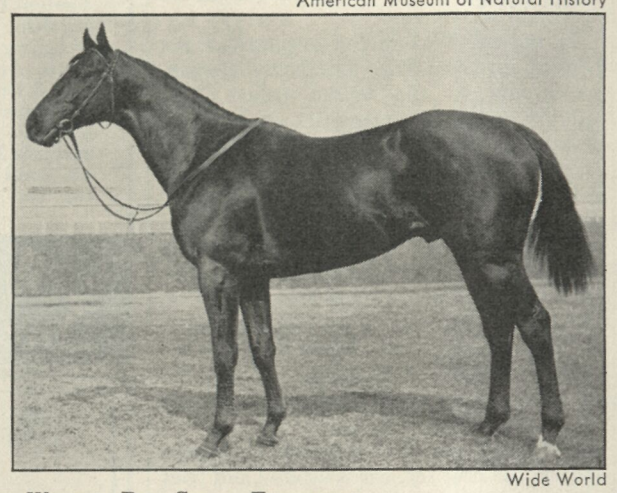
The race horse Equipoise (1928–38) was a big daisy on the U. S. turf. In six years of racing he won $338,610 for his owner, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney. In 51 starts he finished first 32 times.* He was descended through a line of thoroughbreds from the great English-born horse, Eclipse, which was foaled in 1845 of mixed English and Arabian ancestry. In racing form, Equipoise weighed about 1,000 lbs. When he died he weighed 1,150.



American Museum of Natural History



Sherman Carash



Wide World

WHITE WHALE, DR. CRILE, EQUIPOISE
Old Mother Nature eclipsed a Whitney.

The white whale (*Delphinapterus leucas*) is a splendid denizen of the arctic deeps. The young, three or four feet long at birth, are black; the adults, 16 to 18 feet long, are milky white. They have highly developed blood systems in the chest region, and their brains are plentifully supplied with blood.

Dr. George Crile, 75, famed, far-ranging surgeon and biological researcher, and his associates at the Cleveland Clinic Foundation are interested in comparing the major energy-controlling organs—brain, heart, thyroid and adrenal glands—of various energetic animals. They have studied specimens of 3,700 species, including the featherless biped, *Homo sapiens*. On one of their arctic expeditions they caught six white whales, one of which weighed almost exactly the same as Equipoise when he died. The Whitney stables politely allowed them to take the organs they wanted from the great horse's carcass. Last week Dr. Crile's solid, grey research associate, Dr. Daniel Paul Quiring, gave the figures on whale *v.* horse at the Philadelphia meeting of the American Philosophical Society.

The horse's heart was somewhat bigger than the whale's—4,455 grams to 3,181—and so were his adrenals—47 grams to 35. But the whale's brain was nearly three times as big as the horse's—2,355 grams to 809—and the whale's thyroid was more than three times as big—108 grams to 33. On the whole, therefore, the whale's organic power plant was bigger. Scientific moral: Old Mother Nature, whose selection produced *Delphinapterus leucas*, is a better hand at turning out an efficient biological engine than young *Homo sapiens*, breed he ever so artfully.

* But lost three of these races through disqualifications.

TIME, November 27, 1939

Ideas for War

During World War I someone offered the British Government a chemical which, he said, would freeze clouds solid. Guns could then be mounted on the clouds, to ward off airplane attacks.

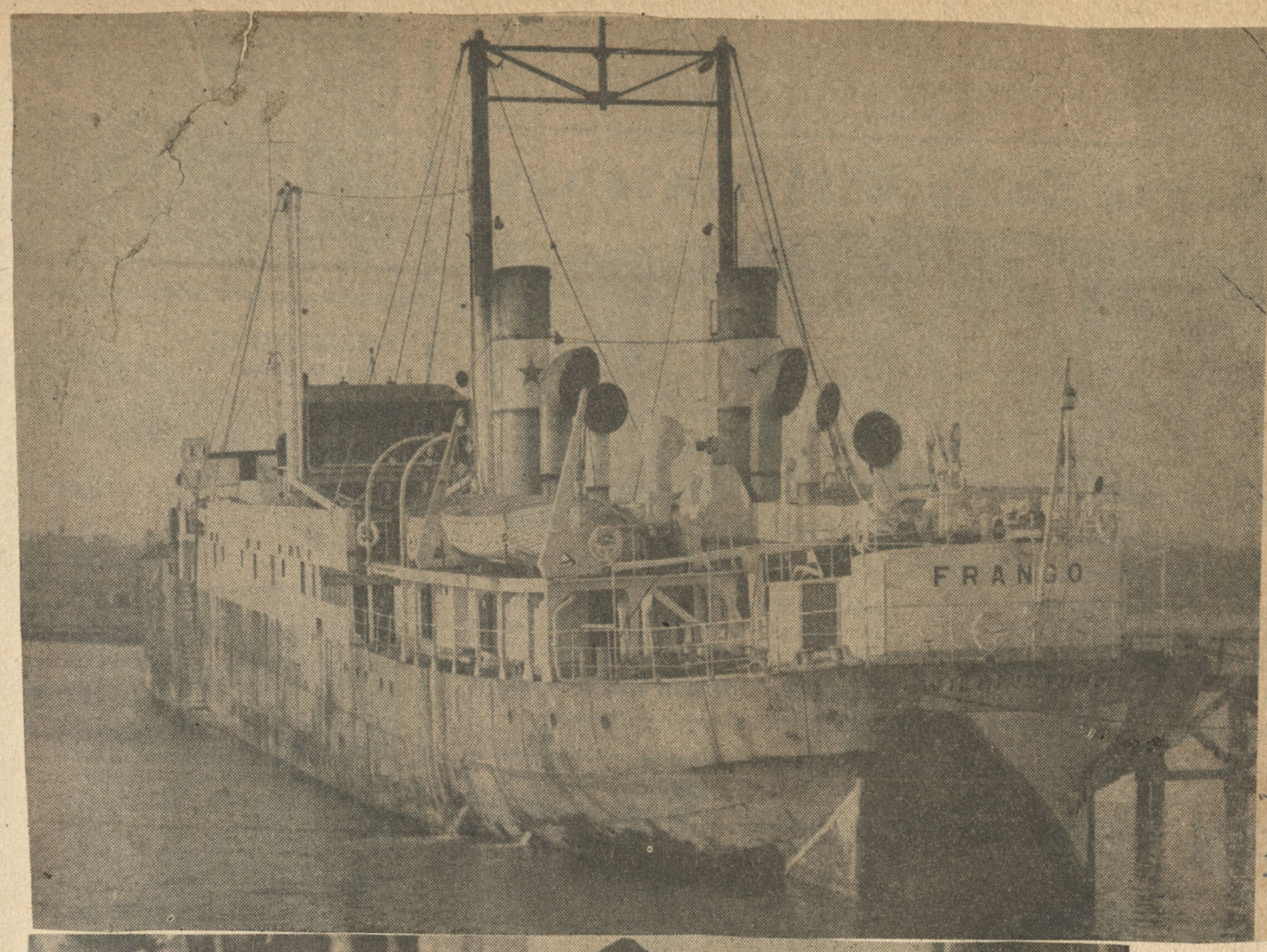
So many ideas of this specific gravity were sent in that the authorities got to skimming them over rather hurriedly, perhaps missing a few that had some actual value. The story is still current in Britain that in 1915 a gunner submitted a device for plotting the course of attacking aircraft to increase the accuracy of anti-aircraft fire. In 1918 he was finally permitted to demonstrate, and his gadget performed so effectively for altitudes up to 16,000 feet that it was adopted forth-

W. S. S. 4 JAN '47

A seaplane is missing on an exploratory flight from the Navy's Antarctic expedition. It took off Monday morning from a tender and wasn't heard from except for a brief radio report two hours later. An area 1,200 miles southwest of Cape Horn is being searched. Meanwhile, Argentina announced the sailing of a transport to establish a weather outpost in the Antarctic, where the Argentines have territorial claims.

The Antarctic is getting a little crowded. The Russians have a nine-ship whaling flotilla en route. Chile, Australia, Norway and Britain also have expeditions.

* * *



UNCLE SAM "cracked down" when the Frango, whaler, arrived in port, libeling the ship, shown at left in dock at Jersey City, to investigate reports that mother whales and undersized whales had been killed. Picture from International News Photograph Service.

"Baltimore News-Post" Dec 9, 1938



CUSTOMS MEN inspect whale-oil cargo of S. S. Frango, basing their investigation on the report of Lieutenant Midtlyng, a Montana cowboy who became a deep-sea sleuth aboard factory steamship for Uncle Sam. Picture from International News Photograph Service.

Canadian Expedition Recalls Search for Northwest Passage

10/10/46

"EVE. STAR" WASH. D.C.

Re-discovery of the Spicer Islands by a Canadian air-borne expedition stirs memories of early Arctic exploration when sailing ships first dared the icy waters north of Canada in search of the elusive Northwest Passage.

North of Hudson Bay and of the Arctic Circle, Foxe Basin—in which the Spicer Islands lie—was named for the English navigator, Luke Foxe, says the National Geographic Society.

Capt. Foxe sailed from England in 1631 on one of the many expeditions sent out in the 16th and 17th centuries to find a northern short cut to the trade and riches of the East. Exploring the waters of Hudson Bay and the channels north of it, he showed not only exceptional navigation skill but a sense of humor in some of the place names he left behind him.

History Upheld Name.

"Cape Wolstenholme's Ultimum Vale," Foxe explained, was so called because he believed "Sir John Wolstenholme will not lay out any more monies in search of this bay." History upheld the title.

In asserting English possession of the lands he visited, Capt. Foxe paid his respects to his "dread sovereigns, Charles the First, King of Great Brittaine, in such names as "King Charles his Promontory," "The Prince his Cradle" and "The Prince his Nurse."

He called one group of islands "Brigges his Mathematickes," and his own turning point along Foxe Channel "Northwest Foxe, His Furthest."

Foxe apparently did not penetrate as far as the Spicer Islands, in the heart of Foxe Basin. These islands were not reported until 1879, when Capt. Spicer of the old whaling port of New Bedford, Mass., described them as low-lying reefs. Although the islands were marked on sailing charts, other navigators in the waters did not see them, and until the present time there was even doubt as to their existence.

Formed Explorers Recalled.

Names of famous men who came this way dot the map of Canada's northern islands and seas. Behind such simple words as Hudson Bay, Baffin Island, Davis Strait, James Bay, Frobisher Bay, renamed from the mistaken Frobisher Strait, lie the great stories of Arctic achievement and disaster:

How the mutineers set Henry Hudson and his small party adrift to die; how Frobisher's ships were caught in grinding drift ice and miraculously freed by sudden wind shift; how James spent a miserable winter in the bay that was to bear his name, writing about it a "book of lamentation and weeping and great mourning."

Northwest of Foxe Basin stretches the narrow Fury and Hecla Strait, named for the twin ships that attempted successfully to fight their way to clear water beyond. Actually there is no record of penetration of the strait, which even in summer is ice blocked. The successful northwest route lies by way of Davis Strait, Baffin Bay and wider channels to the north.

12/26/46 HERALD TRIBUNE

Antarctic Crew Passes Shivery Christmas Day

Biting 40 M.P.H. Wind Hits ByrdShips; Soviet Whalers Off for South Polar Area

By Robert E. Nichols

ON BOARD THE U. S. S. MT. OLYMPUS, with the Byrd expedition, Dec. 25.—A cold, forty-mile-an-hour wind, whipping waves and spray over decks heralded in Christmas for the flagship of the Navy's Antarctic Expedition, which is commanded by Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, and other vessels of the central task force proceeding toward the Ross Sea.

Biting air driven by the wind forced lookouts on the navigation bridge to don heavy polar clothing and bizarre face masks. Below decks, rivets and beams were literally groaning with strain as the ship's engines shook the vessel from stem to stern turning propellers in the fight with heavy seas.

Despite the winds and waves, this ship has not yet encountered water as rough as that met just off Cape Hatteras on the second day of the voyage. Shipboard aerologists had forecast today would remain calm enough for all hands to enjoy a large Christmas meal without seasickness.

Around dawn—shortly after 1 a. m. nowadays—the flagship radar detected what was at first thought was an iceberg ahead. However, the iceberg has not yet been sighted. Thus far this is the only group of expedition ships not in iceberg waters.

[Mr. Nichols, of the New York Herald Tribune, and Alten L. Blakeslee, of The Associated Press, and Roy Gibbons, of "The Chicago Tribune," were reported by The Associated Press in a dispatch on Tuesday from the Olympus to have been chosen by lot to accompany Rear Admiral Richard H. Cruzen when he transfers soon to the Coast Guard cutter North Wind to lead this expedition through the Antarctic ice pack. The newsmen will alternate in writing a daily pool story, which will be relayed via the Olympus to the Navy Department at Washington for simultaneous, immediate release to all agencies and newspapers.]

Russian Whalers Off

MOSCOW, Dec. 25 (AP).—A ten-ship whaling flotilla, headed by the well known Soviet explorer Voronin, departed from northern Russia today for the Antarctic, Russian newspapers reported.

The fleet, composed of nine whalers and one large vessel carrying equipment, will be met off Gibraltar by the Soviet tanker Pamin, which will supply the ships with fuel during the voyage.

Many Expeditions to Antarctic

Oil, uranium and old claims to Antarctic ownership all have been mentioned in connection with the unprecedented number of scientific and whaling expeditions to the Antarctic during the current southern summer.

A world-wide shortage of fats and oil has placed a premium on whale oil, and planes, radar and explosives are being used to locate and catch whales.

Scientists from several nations have predicted that uranium—raw material of the atomic bomb—will be found in the southern wastes, where high ionization has been observed by meteorologists.

The United States, whose explorations into the Antarctic have been extensive, now is sending the largest polar expedition in history into the south. The party, headed by Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, is composed of 4,000 men.

Great Britain is reported to have had an expedition on the bleak subcontinent for the last two years. The British conceded Tuesday they are maintaining what they call a meteorological station on "British territory in Marguerite Bay,"—1,000 miles south of Cape Horn. The Marguerite Bay base originally was built by Byrd in 1941.

Australia also plans to send a naval ship and airplanes to "Australian territory in the Antarctic," to seek a suitable ice-free base for "future operations."

Chile has announced she will send, with Argentine participation, an expedition to "Chilean Antarctica." Chilean scientists believe the territory contains the world's most extensive deposits of uranium. Recent reports from Chile said that no definite progress had been made on plans for the joint expedition. However, Argentine officials announced Dec. 17 that an all-Argentine expedition would leave within a few weeks for the South Orkney Islands.

Russia had announced earlier she would send an expedition to the Antarctic, but it was not known here whether this was a reference to the whaling ships or whether it meant a separate scientific expedition.

Norway and several other nations have expressed interest in South Polar explorations.

At least fourteen separate whaling expeditions, including virtually every whaling ship in the British and Norwegian fleets, were reported at Johannesburg, South Africa, last month ready for a dash into Antarctic waters.

About 10,000 sailors are in the fleets, which planned to use planes and radar to spot the whales.

CATHOLICS' DIET ON FRIDAY VARIES

"N.Y. TIMES" JAN 16, 1966

Fare May Include Flesh of Whale, Duck and Frog

BALTIMORE, Jan. 12 (AP)—The Archdiocese of Baltimore made it plain today that Roman Catholics might eat terrapin on Friday.

Whale meat and frog's legs also were described as acceptible Friday fare.

qenrnotlouse etaoiF taoi e

The question of whether the terrapin should be eaten on Friday, the Archdiocese said, depended on man's estimation of the turtle, not on the zoologist's classification.

Careful Catholics raised the question after a talk by Lawrence Cardinal Chehan o*f Baltimore.

hTe Cardinal had said that he hoped abstinence from meat on Friday would remain a part of church doctrine. There has been talk that Pope Paul may change or abolish the rule.

Cardinal Shehan, half in jest, suggested that it was not much of a sacrifice for Roman Catholics in Maryland, where seafood abounds, to abstain from the eating of meat on Friday.

"I am ready to defend the right of the tasty crab, the luscious oyster, the noble rockfish and the incomparable terrapin to continue their part in the penitential practice of Friday," he said, breaking into a smile.

Some Catholics were unaware that they could eat turtle.

The Rev. James McCabe, director of the aCtholic Information Center, said that in New Orleans duck was thought of as waterfowl and could be eaten on Friday. But the issue is usually left up to the individual, he added.

"After all," he said, "meat doesn't suddenly go bad on Friday. It's the intent of the individual that counts. As long as there is no willful disregard of the church's teachings, I feel that there is no sin committed."

Cardinal Shehan himself was not available for comment.

But a spokesman for the Archdiocese said:

"The church goes by the common estimation of man in deciding whether something is meat or fish, not by technical definition. Such things as frogs legs, whale and terrapin are regarded as seafood."

hTe frog is an amphibian, the whale a mammal and the terrapin a reptile.

Turtle Approved Here

In the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of —New York, churchgoers—if they want to—may eat terrapin, frog's legs and whale on Friday. A spokesman for Cardinal Spellman said that it had always been so. He even put duck on the list, if the eater, in good conscience, accepted it as waterfowl.

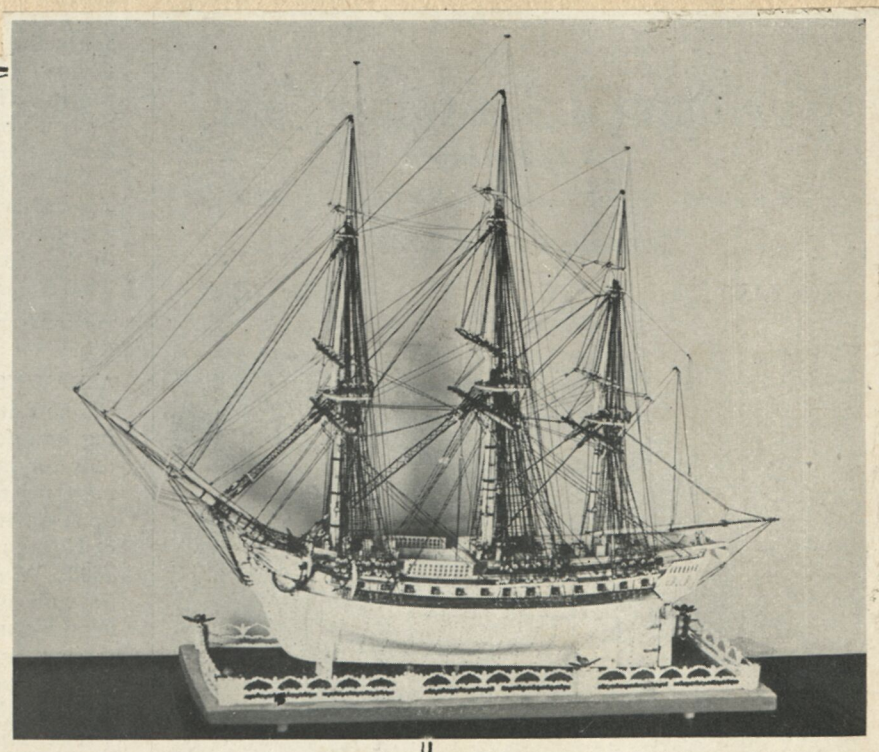
Late 18th Century scale model of a frigate, fully planked and completely rigged. The hull is of bone, with full deck equipment. Twenty four cannon are mounted on each side on miniature bone trucks.

•

Models of fighting ships of this period have special interest for the marine collector, as they represent the final chapter in the history of sailing ships of battle.

•

This model is of the well known group of "Prison Models", made in England, by French prisoners of war.



JAMES GRAHAM & SONS, Inc.
514 Madison Ave. New York, N. Y.

ANTIQUE MAGAZINE NOV - 1943

Thrills On Whaling Voyage Scarce As Whales' Teeth

Balto. Sun. Tues. Dec 14/37

Captain Of Ship Frango, Docked Here With Oil, Can't Remember Seeing Huge Mammals Hurt Anybody

Scarce as whales' teeth are tales of thrilling battles with Moby Dick aboard the Frango, the whaling ship which docked at a soap factory here yesterday.

Capt. Johannes Smith can't remember ever having seen anybody hurt by a whale, or a boat overturned or anyone endangered by one of the leviathans. It's all a methodical job, harpooning 1,200 whales, slicing them up, boiling them and bringing to Baltimore all their mortal remains in the form of oil.

There seems to be more romance in whale teeth than anything else about a whaler. Very few whales have teeth —only sperm whales, and they are rare. So when one is hauled aboard the first man to get a whack at them takes saw and crowbar and extracts all he can. They look like little ivory tusks. The sailors use them to carve or to decorate things like lamp stands.

Gets Word Of Son's Birth

The most exciting thing that happened on this voyage to the captain and his second mate, Harry Songdahl, who also is his son-in-law, was getting a wireless message of the birth of Songdahl's first-born son on November 13. It has been eight months since they left Oslo, Norway, where Mrs. Songdahl lives, and they are heading there after they make calls at New York and England. The boy was named Johannes, after the captain.

The ship hunted in the whaling grounds off the west coast of Australia. It is a factory ship, to which the catch is taken and processed and on which the oil is stored. The whales were slaughtered by the crews of six killer boats, which set out from South Africa, chartered by the owner of the Frango, the American Whaling Company, of Wilmington, Del.

Officers American Citizens

The crew of 116 are all Norwegians, experts in whaling. The officers are American citizens, either naturalized or native-born. American crews for whaling ships are hard to get, the company has found. For one thing, no experts are available. Gone are the New Bedford days, when hundreds of seamen made careers of whaling. Another thing, American seamen don't care about the long voyages which the whalers take. Norwegians for generations have been the foremost whalers in the world.

The killer boats are steamers 125 feet long, with harpoon guns mounted in the bows. It was the invention of these guns in 1864 by a Norwegian, Sven Foyn, which brought an end to the old dangerous whaling days, when four-men crews attacked the monsters from little wooden boats.

The harpoons can be shot at the whale from a great distance, and the mammal dies without putting up much of a fight. There are tales of whales dragging the killer boats at tremendous speeds for hours at a time before they give up. But Captain Smith has

(Continued on Page 8, Column 2)

Thrills On Whaling Voyage Scarce As Whales' Teeth

Captain Of Ship Frango, Docked Here With Oil, Can't Remember Seeing Huge Mammals Hurt Anybody

(Continued from Page 24)

never seen it happen. Usually the whale flops around a bit, or runs a little. Then the killer boat draws alongside, a seaman plunges the pointed nozzle of an air-pressure hose in its side, turns on the compressed air, and in ten seconds all is over with Moby Dick.

Towed To Factory Ship

He swells up like a balloon. A flag is planted on top of him, and the boat leaves him floating there while it goes off to make another catch and then tow back to the factory ship the trophies of that day's chase. The flags are red or blue, and they are numbered, so that each whale can be identified.

The whales are towed to the stern of the factory ship and there they are pulled aboard, up a slipway, a sixteen-foot-wide tunnel, which slopes down almost to the water's edge. The meat is sliced with knives, which resemble sickles, and the bony parts are carved with steam saws. The carcass is all boiled for its oil and the residue is cast overboard. The whales caught on this trip produced 2,719 tons of oil.

Tender young wales are prized for their meat. At least, Captain Smith likes it, and he declares it is rated a delicacy in many parts of the world. The sailors eat it when they feel in the mood, either frying it in steaks or chopping it up like hamburger.

Has Found No Ambergris

What about ambergris? one asks the captain. His sharp, ruddy face breaks into a smile. He hasn't found any of it, he says. And even when it is found, it doesn't have the commercial value it used to have.

Only whales of certain types and sizes may be caught under an international whale-conservation agreement which was signed last year by the United States. To check up on this, a young Coast Guard officer, Lieut. James D. Craik, was sent on this voyage of the Frango. Disembarking yesterday, his most vivid impression of the trip was of "blood and grease." The mixture was so thick on deck while the processing was going on, he said, that the crew wore spiked shoes to avoid nasty spills.

Another Coast Guard officer, Lieut. Q. W. Walsh, of New London, is still at sea on another American whaler, the Ulysses.

Not As Bad As Palm Oil

The odor of a whaling ship has long been notorious. But a visit on the Frango last night was enough to prove that the ships have been greatly maligned. It has a distinctly fishy odor, but it is not very unpleasant.

A much worse odor is produced by a palm-oil ship, one employe of the soap company related. He particularly objected to palm oil. But most of the soap workers find sardine oil worst of all. To everybody at the dock, however, whale oil is a positive treat.

Whale oil is used chiefly for soap, although it has been found to have unique properties which make it valuable as a lubricant for certain types of machinery. In Europe it is used to make a butter substitute, but that is an illegal use in this country.

42-Foot Boat Tows Whale 8 Feet Longer

WEA Feb 16, 1949

Times-Herald

NEW YORK, Feb. 15 (INS). John Perrone of New York, a commercial fisherman who has seen many a "big one" get away, came in today with a catch eight feet longer than his 42-foot boat — a whale weighing 15 tons. Perrone said the whale apparently had been hit by a steamer. A rope was thrown around its tail and it was towed into New York harbor.

The Whalers Are In; Moby Dick's Match Docks With Big Catch

Wall Str. Journal 24 Feb 49

* * *

The Anglo-Norse, a Floating Factory, Brings in $3.7 Million Sperm Oil Cargo

Moby Dick has met his match in the Anglo-Norse—a floating whaling factory that docked at Elizabeth, N. J., yesterday, with 9,300 tons of sperm oil.

This cargo, called the biggest sperm oil catch since before the war, is valued at $3,720,000. The Werner G. Smith Co., division of Archer-Daniels-Midland Co., will refine and process the oil for use in lubricants, leather, textiles; chemicals and cosmetics.

The Anglo Norse, a British ship manned chiefly by Norwegians, has cruised the whaling grounds off the coast of Peru for more than six months. Her flotilla of seven speedy whale-killer boats, equipped with explosive harpoons, snared more than 3,000 sperm whales weighing 40 to 60 tons each.

The killer boats towed their victims to the factory ship where, as in by-gone whaling days, the crew chopped up the whales with razor-sharp "flensing knives." Blubber, bone and meat was rendered in huge "digestors" aboard ship to extract the sperm oil. The oil was then stored in tanks.

FISHERIES

3¢ Tax

In 1851, when Herman Melville finished writing *Moby Dick*, the golden age of U. S. whaling (1820–50) was on its way out. It probably hit its peak around 1846 when lusty Yankee whalers out of New Bedford and other New England ports came home with some $8,000,000 worth of crude whale oil. But by 1900 the U. S. industry had passed into history due to the exploitation of cheap petroleum products and a scarcity of whales. Since then it has revived, but last week it appeared that it might be doomed once more.

Seven years ago descendants of the owners of the old whaleship *John Carver* formed American Whaling Company, sent a small "floating factory" to the Australian fisheries. In 1937 testy, Danish-born Hans J. Isbrandtsen of New York City (Isbrandtsen-Moller Co., shipping), founded Western Operating Corp. with the help of Norwegian-born Texas Corp. Board Chairman "Cap" Torkild Rieber, Danish-born General Motors President William S. Knudsen and others. For nearly $1,000,000 he bought the 12,395-ton former U. S. Navy auxiliary ship *Ulysses*, converted it into one of the most modern whale refineries afloat and dispatched it to the world's richest whaling grounds—the bitter, bustling, controversial Antarctic.

Impending war has made whaling highly competitive. The industrial value of a full-grown blue whale is about $1,500. Whale oil can be made into glycerin (for high explosives, etc.), oleomargarine, soap, lubricants. England has stored some 80,000 tons of it for war purposes. Partly because the Antarctic is its chief source, Germany, Norway and Argentina recently laid claim to vast segments of that frozen continent, and the U. S. is to send Admiral Byrd thither next October to establish U. S. claims.

To build up whaling fleets the U. S., Germany, Japan and others had to hire



Goro from Black Star

WHALER ISBRANDTSEN
Ulysses *needs some killers.*

Norwegians. Aristocrats of whaling are the 260 Norwegian harpooners, who earn $6,000 to $15,000 apiece in the five-month season, live like Hollywood stars in Norway's whaling capital, Sandefjord. For the business depends on their art, finding whales and killing them. Two years ago Germany (world's biggest whale-oil user) signed Harpooner Lars Andersen, Norway's ace gunner, to a three-year contract at a reputed salary of around $125,000 a season.

In the Antarctic last year were all but a few of the world's 40 floating factories and scores of killer ships (small motor vessels from which the whales are harpooned, then towed to a floating factory). Their catch: 46,039 whales; 3,340,330 barrels of oil (over 90% of the world total). Of this the U. S. share was about 3%. Using Norwegian killer ships, the *Ulysses* caught over 1,400 whales, boiled them down, sold the oil to U. S. soap manufacturers at an average price of about 5¢ a pound. Ready to send his refinery back to the Antarctic next December, Whaler Isbrandtsen struck a snag.

In the Revenue Act of 1938 Congress put a prohibitive excise tax of 3¢ a pound on whale oil produced with the aid of foreign killer ships. This does not benefit U. S. harpooners because there are none but it suits U. S. farm and fish lobbies, because whale oil competes in a small way with domestic oils and fats in soap making. The whalers sponsored an amendment postponing the excise for five years. Last week Congress adjourned without acting on it. To Whaler Isbrandtsen that meant: 1) buying a fleet of killer ships (estimated cost of eight if U. S. built: $3,200,000); or 2) taking a chance that Congress would pass the amendment next session; or 3) disbanding his company and virtually ending the U. S. revival of whaling.

TIME, August 14, 1939

Baltimore + Ohio Magazine
April 1940

A Whale of a Story

Which Has the Prosaic Ending "More Vitamins for Chickens via B & O Gondola"

SHIPPING circles in Baltimore harbor waked up on March 8 to the fact that they had a real "fish" story in their midst. Captain Manning, of the Standard Oil tanker "New Orleans," admitted that the hero, a big whale, had ridden the bow of his boat into the harbor. Members of his crew said they felt a faint bump while at sea the preceding day. So the whale had a long free ride, but probably did not enjoy it, because he was nearly cut in two when he reached port.

There was a deal of backing and filling about what disposition to make of the big foundling, and plenty of authorities were called upon and maritime law read before J. G. Miller, head of a chicken feed firm at Record, Md., provided the answer when he offered to pay the freight on the carload lot if it could be gotten to his manufacturing plant.

J. M. White, B & O agent at Locust Point, was right on the job. Our Freight Department classified the carcass as "fresh meat on carcass."

The Baltimore City tug, "Baltimore," towed it across the harbor to B & O Pier 3, the Jarka Corporation used two big scow derricks to lift it out of the water and load into the gondola. It took about two hours to do this job, and required the services of a number of experienced watermen, for the whale was thirty-five feet long and weighed nearly twenty tons.

And now, judging from what we have read concerning the vitamin content of whale blubber, there are vitamins galore stored in Mr. Miller's feed that will soon be nourishing bigger and better chicks.

A budding poet, from somewhere in the Baltimore Terminals, feeling spring coming, conceived of the whale as a lady, and, signing his effusion "M. C. R.," sent the MAGAZINE some verses about her, like these:

The girl had no mother to guide her,
To many strange ports did she roam,
  Till she fouled a tanker
  Which proceeded to yank her
To Baltimore town, her last home.

There she found willing hands to attend her,
To her sorrowful story give heed,
  She was given the best
  B & O did the rest
And now she's become chicken feed.

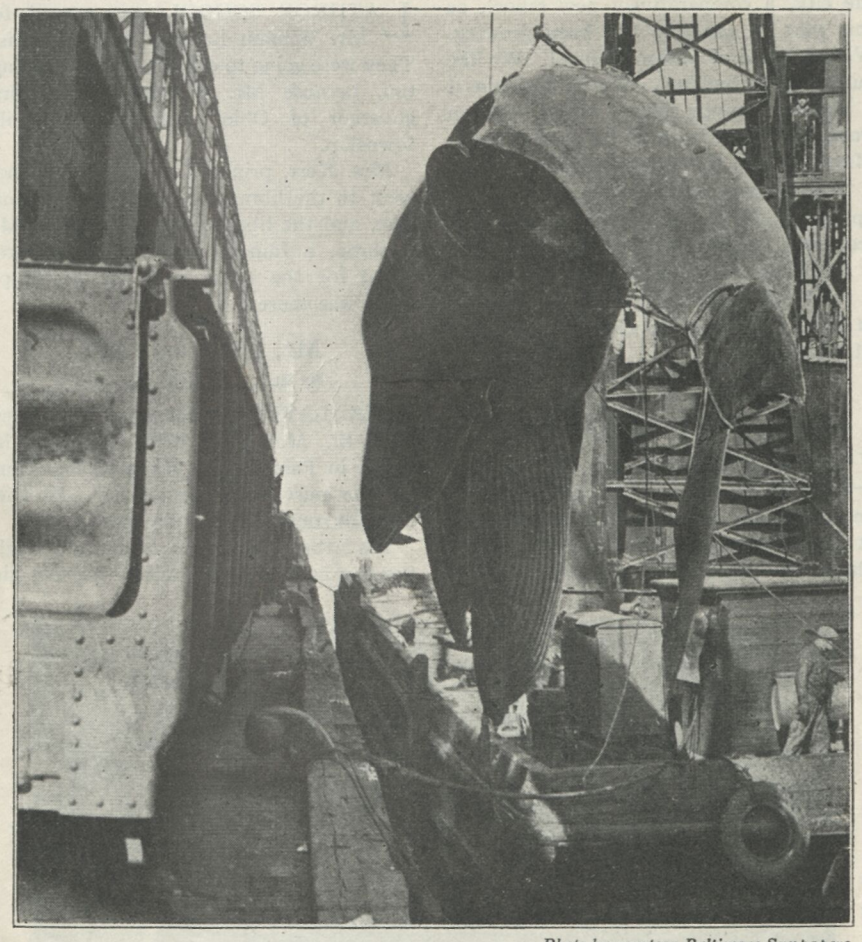


Photo by courtesy Baltimore Sunpapers

"Fresh Meat on Carcass" was the classification of the whale on its ride in a B & O gondola



Painting by Else Bostelmann

1939-40 National Geographic Mag.

Almost One-third Mouth Is the Bulky Bowhead Whale of the Arctic

Whaler Tells of Industry Shift From Oil to Meat Products

N.Y. Times Sun 12/14/68

The whaling industry is undergoing a profound change, according to the only Norwegian shipowner still active in the business in Antarctic waters.

Jorgen Jahre, head of the Norwegian shipping concern of Anders Jahre Company and operator of the 15,000-ton whaling ship Kosmos IV, said that the emphasis in whaling had shifted from oil to meat.

A Dying Industry

In an interview during a brief visit here last week, Mr. Jahre noted that whaling was dying because of the scarcity of whales. Norway, he said, had every intention of hoding onto her international whaling quota. He also said that his company intended to stay active in whaling as long as conditions permitted.

Decline in Demand

As for whale oil—the initial reason for man's pursuit of the world's largest mammal—Mr. Jahre noted that demand has diminished because of declining prices and competition from Peruvian fish oil and African vegetable oils.

Because of the depressed oil prices, he said, various by-products of whaling have become more valuable.

Mr. Jahre said the Kosmos IV recently returned with some 7,000 tons of frozen whale meat that was sold to the British subsidiary of an American pet food company.

He also told of a recent effort by his company to market 1,500 tons of frozen whale meat in Norway for human consumption. Reception of the whale meat by Norwegian housewives was good, he said.

Another valuable by-product of whaling, he said, is the production of meat extracts for soups.

The decline of the Norwegian whaling industry, he noted, was also demonstrated last year when the Kosmos IV was diverted from whaling to serve as a processing center for Norwegian herring boats.

He said the experiment was successful, adding that he did not believe that this was the proper work for a whaling factory ship.

In the foreword, Mr. Church reveals that he was at one time part owner of ten whaleships, including the famous *Charles W. Morgan*, now reposing in South Dartmouth as the last of the great square-rigged fleet from the port of New Bedford.

Without question the book contains the finest grouping of photographs to do with whaleships and whaling that has ever been collected and printed. It is the sort of collection in which the casual reader as well as the student may find enjoyment. Whaleships being outfitted at the wharves, with foregrounds of ropes, tackle, casks, drays, and other of the old-time things associated with the business; whaleships going down the bay, outward bound, casting off the tug's hawser; whaleships with all canvas set, catching the first sea-breezes.

Of unusual interest are the views of the ships hove down, showing the wide sterns, the bluff bows, the tremendous hulls; affording glimpses of the ship-carpenters fitting a rudder, or sheathing the bends, and the caulkers busy at work making the hulls proof against the barnacles as well as the tiny Pacific worms.

Particularly graphic are the scenes of cutting in the whale and other views aboard ship while on "cruising ground."

There are pictures of the great ships at the wharves with sails drying, or out to sea with their canvas taut to strong off-shore breezes. No closer association with the sea was ever made than that of whaler and whaleships, and these pictures have the spirit of that old-time urge which caught the men to man them.

Old hulks, rotting at the wharves, are not without their significance, and the view of the bark *Wanderer*, a wreck on Cuttyhunk only a few hours after a companion picture shows her under full sail in Buzzards Bay, offer a full story of an event which marked the end of a great era.

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As a matter of fact, Nantucket's ships were not only the pioneer craft in discovering many Pacific islands, but in the case of the island called "Howland" it may be well to note that it was discovered by Captain William Worth in the *Rambler* of Nantucket in 1822, and named by him "Worth Island." Its nearest neighbor to the south was discovered by Capt. Elisha Folger in the Nantucket whaleship *Equator* in 1819, and named New Nantucket.

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Vol. 119, No. 34. Established 1846.

MANY CHRISTMASES WERE SPENT AT SEA

Here Are Some Records from Afar, Long Ago

How many Christmases the Vineyarders of an older era spent at sea would be hard to estimate; the number was certainly great, and over a long span of years. Entries in logbooks and journals tell something of what these Christmases were like, and in other instances they tell nothing.

In 1853 Capt. Presbury L. Smith of Vineyard Haven was master of the brig Brownsville City on the long passage, with cargo and passengers, from New York to Australia. The entry in his journal for Dec. 24—Christmas Eve—was this:

"Throughout these twenty-four hours light breezes from the South to SSW. Heading from SSE to SE by compass. Squalls of rain throughout the day. Saw a ship steering west."

And for Christmas day:

"Sunday, Dec 25, 1853. Light breezes from SE to South by compass. Saw a brig steering to the N."

Not a word did the captain write about Christmas, though from time to time his journal made note of small events that interested him.

When Capt. George A. Smith and his wife, the former Lucy Vincent, sailed for a whaling voyage in the Nautilus in 1869, they took with them their son Freddie, then 3 and a half years old. Of the first Christmas at sea, Lucy's journal said little except that Freddie hung his stocking.

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shown on Town of Tisbury Ass
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Map No. 1.

41738—Being Lots numbered 55,
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duly recorded in Dukes County R
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Town of Tisbury Assessors Map N
1.

41739—Being Lots 38 and 163 or
plan of Oklahoma duly recorded
Dukes County Registry of Deeds a
also shown on Town of Tisbury
sessors Map No. 1.

If you desire to make any obj
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in the office of the Recorder of sa
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Unless an appearance is so filed b
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And in addition to the usual serv
ice of this notice as required by law
it is ordered that the foregoing cita-
tion be published forthwith once each
week for three successive weeks in
the Vineyard Gazette, a newspaper
published in Edgartown in said Coun
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Witness, JOHN E. FENTON, E
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VINEYARD GAZETTE 18 DEC '64

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Bound for Pacific

On Christmas day, 1871, the Nautilus was bound from St. Helena for Cape Horn and the Pacific, and some gifts acquired at St. Helena were ready for Freddie's celebration. Christmas Eve fell on a Sunday, and the Nautilus took a whale. Lucy wrote in her journal:

"Freddie has just gone to sleep expecting Santa Claus to fill his stocking. I have got almonds, several little books, a box of blocks, puzzles, and a bag of things Mrs. Carroll gave me to hang for him, and will now fill the stocking, then write a little more to Lydia, as I cannot go to bed until the whale is in . . .

"Dec. 25. Freddie delighted with his presents, and I also found something for myself in the bag Mrs. Carroll gave me for Freddie . . . a book mark, blue ribbons, etc. Finished cutting in at 1:30 a. m. . . ."

Christmas dinner was not mentioned, and because of the urgent business of cutting in the whale, was probably not elaborate. But on New Year's a whole pig, stuffed and roasted, was served with bread and butter, and pumpkin pie to follow.

On Dec. 23, 1872, in the Pacific, Lucy wrote:

"In the p. m. had to hold Freddie most of the time; he kept me awake all night and from his appearance I shall have to be up with him all of this night.

"Tues. Dec. 24, very warm day. Freddie very sick, great deal of fever. Lowered and caught eight green turtles.

Pies, Pudding and Presents

"Christmas. Very warm day. . . . we dined on roast turkey, potatoes, cranberries, turnips, pickles, squash, bread and butter, mince and pumpkin pies, and custard pudding. Caught 15 more turtles. Freddie better, and very happy with his presents—a magic lantern, set of dominoes, two tops, small ninepins, some almonds, an apple, and a book . . ."

These gifts had been bought in San Francisco. At the year's end, Lucy's journal had this to say:

"On this last night of the year 1872 I am seated to write a few lines. The old year with its joys and sorrows will soon have passed away, and we are all one year nearer our eternal resting place. As I look backward I see much to regret, many duties neglected, and much that should have been neglected that has been done, and my heart rises to God in prayer for grace and patience to enable me to do far better in the future. My husband and child and many dear friends are spared to me. Oh how grateful I feel for these blessings, Heavenly Father, look tenderly upon us, give us wisdom to direct and help us, we pray . . .

"Jan. 1, 1873. A happy New Year. God grant it may prove so to all on board our little Bark . . . Dined on roast pork, stuffed, potatoes, turnips, onions, cranberries, beets, pumpkin, bread and butter, and pumpkin pie . . ."

On another Nautilus Christmas, the dinner consisted of chicken stew, chicken pie, besides "the usual fare of boiled beef, pork, potatoes, bread and butter, mince pie, etc. Seemed a long day . . .

New Year Dress Making

"Jan. 1st . . . The last week of the Old Year I spent in making a black Alpacca dress for myself. It took me all the week. I made it with double skirt, two fluted ruffles, and one row of velvet on the lower skirt, one ruf-

[To Page Five-A]

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PETITION TO FORECLOSE TAX LIEN

SEAL

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CON

Nos. 4178, 4737, 4738, 4739

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1964

Many Christmases Were Spent at Sea Long Ago

[From Page One-A]

fle and velvet on the upper looped up with rosettes with velvet buttons in the center, sleeves with a large puff at the top and a small one at the bottom . . . Mr. Silva, the 4th mate, gave me a mat made of rope yarns, the cooper a pail made of hard wood, so unexpectedly I have New Years presents . . ."

Capt. and Mrs. Valentine Lewis of the Vineyard saw Christmas, 1869, in the Pacific aboard the whaleship Thomas Dickason. The ship's log discloses little Christmas feeling.

On Dec. 23 "a man by the name of Lapham fell down the main hole and the main hatch on top of him and hurt him quite bad". On Dec. 28 the ship was boiling blubber and "the second mate very near setting the ship on fire by the works".

There were Island Christmases at Talcahuano, in the frozen wastes of the Arctic, in the Indian Ocean, and on the coast of Japan. And there was a terrible Christmas aboard the whaleship Junior, Capt. Archibald Mellen, in the Pacific in 1857. Cyrus Plummer, who had contrived successful mutinies on previous voyages, had shipped on the Junior for the express purpose of seizing the ship. He always had luck with his undertakings at Christmas.

And so it happened that he exclaimed, as testimony later showed, "By God, it's Christmas night—it must be done tonight."

Actually, the time was 2 o'clock on Dec. 26 when shots violated the silence aboard the Junior.

Shot With Whaling Gun

Captain Mellen had been shot with a whaling gun, the great balls tearing ragged holes in his flesh, passing through his body and entering the side of the ship. Someone seized him by the hair and plunged a hatchet into his body. He fell back dying.

First Officer Provost, wakened by the uproar, sprang out of bed as a shot was fired at him, passing so close to his cheek that it bruised the skin, and lodging in his left shoulder. One of the mutineers set fire to his bed. He staggered to the door of the captain's cabin, and his bare feet slopped in something warm and moist and sticky.

He called the cabin boy to bring a light, and in the flickering flame he saw the captain groaning on the floor, the third mate beside him, plunged through and through with a great boarding knife. He lifted the captain's head from the deck, and the man died in his arms.

There was no sign of the second mate and Provost took it for granted that he was already dead. The smoke was suffocating. There was no chance of escape to the deck.

He took the captain's pistol, loaded it, and made his perilous way to the lower hold in search of water for his feverish thirst and to bide his time until he could use the pistol to advantage. He found a cask of bread and managed to live until he was discovered and taken on deck.

He was so greatly changed that the mutineers did not recognize him at first and when they did they had compassion on him and bound up his shoulder, which was already an angry and infected wound.

"I was strong as a lion in the hold," he said, "but I could hardly stand when I came out. My hair stood upright from fear of being killed."

Ordered Mate to Navigate

The mutineers, who had attempted to steer the Junior toward an Australian port, were sailing in the wrong direction. Probably realizing that they were helpless to reach land, they ordered Provost to land them.

"So I did it to save my life and the ship," he explained.

Meantime he learned the fate of his comrades. The second mate was alive and not badly injured, but he was kept in irons and not permitted to communicate with the first officer.

Plummer, who feared no living man, was reported to have quailed at the task of facing a dead man. He delegated others of the mutineers to bury the victims. They fastened a rope to the captain's ankle, hauled him up to the deck, weighted his body with a chain, and threw him overboard. And in place of a prayer at his funeral, there was a curse, attributed to Plummer, "Go down to hell and tell the devil I sent you!"

The third mate was disposed of with similar dispatch and cruelty, but his body was weighted with the grindstone. Then the murderers, mad with power and success, proceeded to wreck the ship, throwing overboard all equipment connected with whaling, many of the valuable instruments, even casks of rye, which they disdained perhaps to touch, knowing that it had been reserved for the officers when they were forced to go without liquor.

Whaler Became Prison Ship

Nearing the Australian coast, the murderers and others of the mutineers put off in a small boat. Provost, suffering terribly from his wounded shoulder, brought the ship to Sydney and reported the crime. All but two of the criminals were caught and brought back to New Bedford in the Junior, the proud whaler transformed into a prison ship which was almost stripped of its fittings by the morbidly minded who wanted some memento of the crime that it was best to forget.

Imagination? A guess at what happened on board the whaler the night the rest of the world was rejoicing in the Yuletide and its significance? No, the true story, surrendered by the forbidding gray logbook.

In faded ink on the cover is a capital letter A with a triangle about it. It was Exhibit A at the trial of the mutineers, held soon after their return to this country in Boston.

For the conspirators were as strange as they were brutal. The daily record of the trip ended on Dec. 28. And immediately there followed a disclosure which supplied all the color, romance and thrill that were lacking from the record of the voyage. It was the confession of the murderers, preparing to leave the ship, and taking this precaution to prevent the crime from being fixed on innocent members of the crew. Honor among thieves?

This brief and moving story is not written in blood, but in ink, a little faded but quite legible, penned in a firm hand, signed and witnessed like a legal document transferring a house and lot.

A Berth for Kennedy's Ship Models in New Museum

WASHINGTON.

The model ship collection of the late President John F. Kennedy is now on display at a new museum that has recently been opened in the nation's capital. These are the ship models that were frequently seen in the background of pictures showing the late President at his desk or greeting visitors. They were on mantels adn tables in various rooms of the White House.

The collection is at the newly opened Naval Historical Display Center, a full-scale museum, at the Washington Navy Yard in southeast Washington.

There are 24 ships in the collection and models of some of the most famous sailing ships ever built are included. Perhaps the best known name in the collection is that of Flying Cloud, the name of the legendary clipper ship built at the yard of Donald McKay in East Boston in 1851. On her maiden voyage the Flying Cloud made the passage from New York to San Francisco in 89 days, 21 hours. This was a record. In 1854 she shaved 17 hours off this time, another record. That same year the Flying Cloud, Josiah Creasy, master, made the voyage from New York to Hong Kong via San Francisco in 126 sailing days. This was another record.

CLIPPERS

The ten greatest years in American sailing history are represented by the model of the Clipper Sea Witch. New York to Valparaiso, Chile, in 59 days; Canton, China, to New York in 81 sailing days, one stop, and in 1849 the first permanent world sailing record. Hong Kong to New York with the China Mail in 74 days, 14 hours.

The development of the clipper hull is illustrated by a model of the Ann McKim. Launched at the Kennard and Williams Yard in nearby Baltimore, she was the first fine-lined clipper built.

The New England whaling industry is represented by a model of the New Bedford Whaler Charles W. Morgan. Built in 1841, this 105-foot whaler participated in 37 whaling voyages and grossed over $2 million for her owners. She was active until 1921 and now is on display and open to the public at Mystic, Connecticut.

The Navy is represented by the second in a long line of U. S. fighting ships to carry the name of Wasp into battle. She distinguished herself in the War of 1812.

Although not yet officially dedicated, the museum opened several months ago with exhibits of interesting bits of American Naval History. The display is not yet complete, and Capt. Gordon R. Keating, director of the Display Center, hopes it never will be. A static, unchanging series of exhibits is not his idea of a museum.

BATHYSCAPH

As new items are located they will be brought to Washington and placed among those already on display. If they are too large to go inside they will be shown in an area that has been set aside for this purpose near the entrance.

Others, such as the Presidential yacht Honey Fitz, will be on view from the dock. Full advantage will be taken of Navy ships that call from time to time at the yard. Arrangements can be made to inspect the submarine and destroyer now in port.

Currently set up for viewing in the yard, near the seawall, are a half-size model of the bathyscaph Trieste, which figured in the search attempts for the sunken submarine Thresher, and a whale-boat-size model of the U. S. S. Constellation. This fully rigged model once actually sailed from Baltimore to Philadelphia under its own canvas.

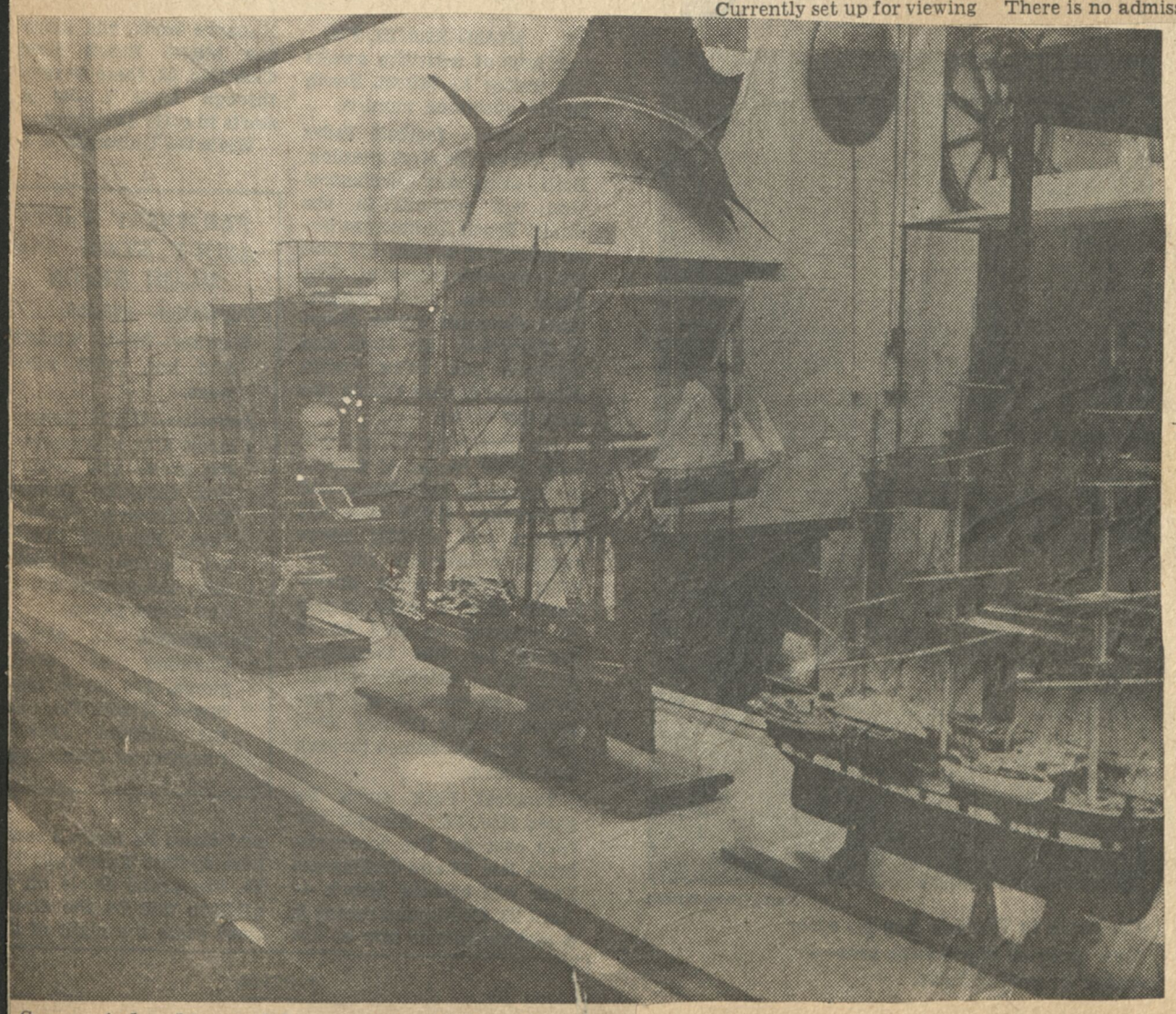
The original masts of the U. S. S. Constitution, "Old Ironsides," are on exhibit in the hall. The ship is presently being overhauled and rerigged and her masts have been replaced. Capt. Keating went to Boston and brought the old masts down on a truck.

KOREAN SHIP

Among the exhibits in the hall is a model of the first known armored ship of war, a Korean ship built in 1592 named Tortoise. The ship looked like its namesake, with an armored covering running fore and aft over her like the shell of a turtle, thus protecting her crew inside. The model was presented to the United States Navy by the Korean Embassy.

Soon to be put on display is the hut that Admiral Richard E. Byrd used during his famous winter alone at the South Pole in 1934. No model, this is the real thing, complete with the handcrank radio that Byrd used to communicate with the main base at Little America.

The museum hours now are 1-4 p. m., Monday through Friday. However, there are plans to liberalize these hours as the public becomes more aware of the museum. Entrance is through one of the several gates to the Yard. There is no admission charge.



Some of the ship models owned by the late President John F. Kennedy and now on display at the Naval Museum in the Washington, D. C., Navy Yard.

Canadian Whaling Firm To Suspend Operation; Catch Prospects Poor

Dec. 13, 1967 * * *

Concern to Be Inactive for '68 At Least; Japanese Losing Appetite for the Whale Meat

"The Wall Street Journal"

By a WALL STREET JOURNAL *Staff Reporter*

VANCOUVER, British Columbia—Western Canada Whaling Co. announced it will suspend operations at least for a year because of low whale-oil prices and the prospect of a limited catch next year.

The company also said that whale meat was beginning to encounter consumer resistance in Japan, where it has long been considered a delicacy.

Western Canada Whaling has a fleet of five modern whalers based in Quatsino Sound on the northwest coast of Vancouver Island. The company is owned jointly by British Columbia Packers Ltd., Vancouver, and Taiyo Gyogyo Kabushiki Kaisha, a concern that represents Japanese fishing interests. British Columbia Packers is in turn 69%-owned by a subsidiary of George Weston Ltd., Toronto.

K. F. Fraser, president of Western Canada Whaling, said the company's fleet caught only about 500 whales this year, mostly sperm whales, the least valuable of the commercial species. A contributing factor to the poor catch was the decision by the International Whaling Institute, Oslo, a world-wide trade group that regulates the industry, to limit this year's catch of blue whales to 1,500, down from 4,500 in 1966, as a conservation measure. Mr. Fraser said prospects for the 1968 catch were also poor.

Sperm whale crude oil, used in the U.S. and elsewhere primarily as a lubricant, is quoted at about 8 cents a pound in U.S. markets, down about 50% from 18 months ago. Some nations also use sperm whale oil in soap.

Dolphin Cures Blues of Young Killer Whale

Chicago Daily News Service

LOS ANGELES — Baby Orky, a 3000-pound killer whale, is getting along just fine in his new Marineland surroundings, thanks to Clyde the Dolphin.

The 3-year-old whale was caught accidentally by some Canadian fisherman a few weeks ago. They freed him from their nets and turned him over to Marineland curator John Prescott, who flew him to his new home in a specially rigged plane.

"He wouldn't eat anything for 20 days—just what we were able to force-feed him," says Prescott. "He was upset by the plane ride, the confinement and the change in food.

"Then we introduced Clyde and two other dolphins into his tank. The two took to each other right away. Orky even lets Clyde nuzzle him and lay on his snout."

WASH. POST THURS. 16 Nov '67

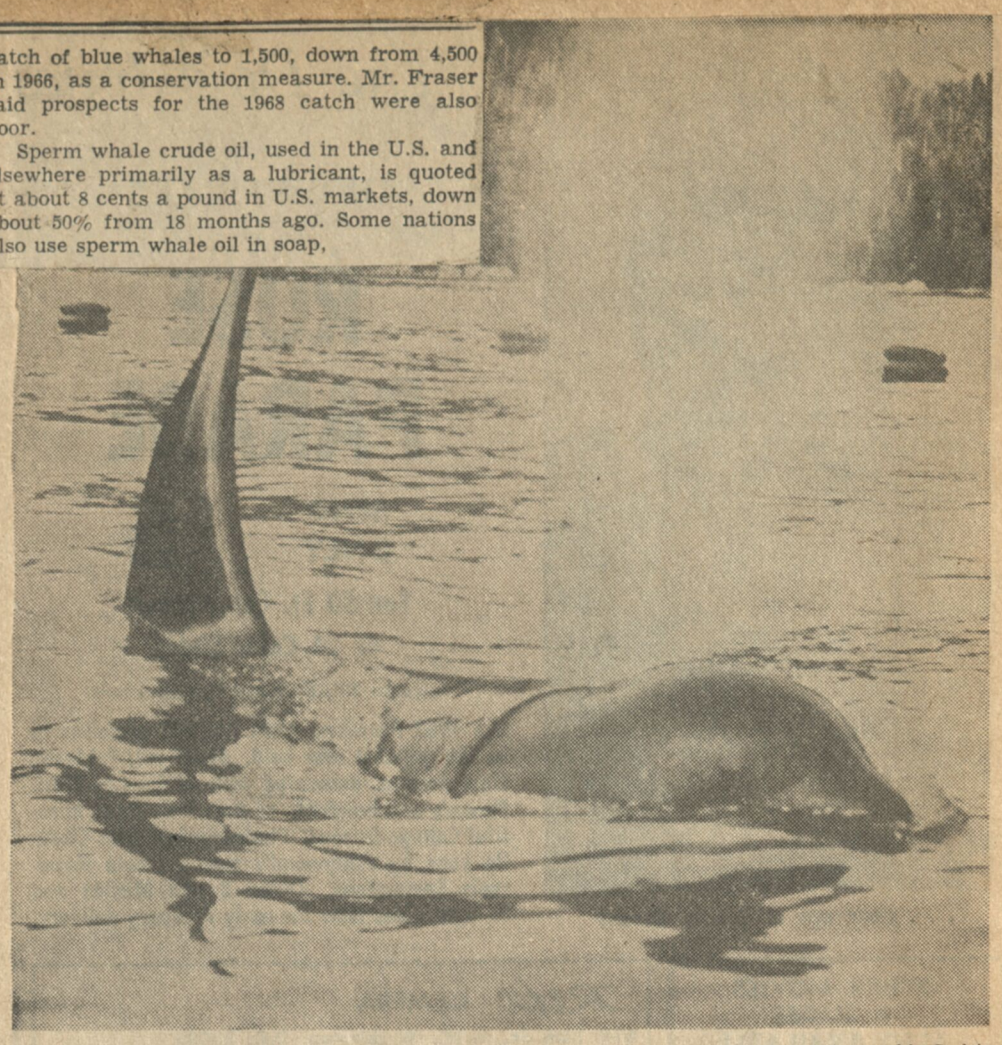


Photo by W. A. Stark II, ©National Geographic Society

Easy to irritate, the giant gray whale, whom scientists hope to catch by the tail.

"The Washington Post" Jan 2, 1967

Scientists Will Attempt to Capture A Fierce Gray Whale for Studies

By Phil Casey

Washington Post Staff Writer

A medical research team sponsored by the National Geographic Society is going out to catch a whale by the tail, because that end is safer.

Then what these doctors plan to do is tow the dangerous, giant gray whale to shallow water and give him a complete checkup.

None of this will be easy. Besides not wanting the checkup in the first place, the whale weighs about 40 tons and is irritable. The doctors are banking on courage, harpoons, and tranquilizers. What they hope to be towing and checking up on is a very sleepy whale, one that won't give them any lip, or take any of theirs.

Scientists want to find out how whales and porpoises stay submerged for long periods without breathing. The answers could be of great significance to man, the scientists say, since man and the whales have a similar physiology, even though they don't look it.

Study While Diving

The research team plans to harpoon the whale and obtain cardiograms while he is diving. An electronic device attached by cable to the harpoon will record the heart action and the depths at which it is taken. The device will release automatically after 45 minutes and float to the surface to be retrieved.

A tranquillizer will then be injected into the whale by a special harpoon head.

When the drug takes effect the whale will be towed to shallow water for study of respiratory airflow, expired air, body temperature, blood volume, blood chemistry and whatever else the doctors dare to check.

The expedition begins this month and will take the scientists to Mexico's lonely Scammon Lagoon, halfway down the Pacific Coast of Baja California.

It should be interesting. About ten years ago, the Geographic Society aided by Dr. Paul Dudley White, heart consultant to President Eisenhower, in an attempt to obtain a cardiogram of a gray whale in the same lagoon.

That expedition ended when an irate mother whale smashed the side of the harpoon boat. On a second trip, there were no mothers around and Dr. White got his cardiogram.

Dr. Merrill P. Spencer, director of the Virginia Mason Research Center, Seattle, Wash., will head the new study. Its first objective will be to observe and photograph actions and habits of the gray whales, particularly their submergence periods, respiraton and vocal activity.

What Do Whales Eat?

The scientists will study the whale's stomach contents to find out whether whales eat at all during the mating season. It's apparently a very turbulent period and not many scientists have ever gotten close enough to find out exactly what is going on.

But a lot must go on. The gray whales migrate thousands of miles from Arctic seas to the same Baja California lagoons every year. The females give birth to 14-foot babies and it takes them a year to do this.

Dr. Spencer and the others on the expedition have high hopes for what man can learn from the whales.

"Perhaps," said Dr. Spencer, "if we understand enough about (them), we can find ways of enhancing our own abilities to survive threats to our circulation that arise in cardiopulmonary bypass during heart surgery, find another treatment for the respiratory distress syndrome of infants, prevent infant deaths arising from difficult births, and help in many other hypoxic (oxygen deficiency) diseases of humans."



WASH. DAILY NEWS - NOV 13 1967

N.Y. Times

Trapped Beluga Whales FFeared Dead in Arctic

Tues 31 Jan 67

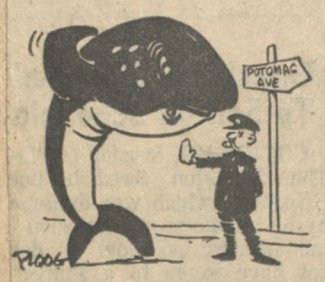
EDMONTON, Alberta, Jan. 30 (Canadian Press) — An Arctic blizzard apparently has taken the lives of the three beluga whales that remained alive in a hole in the ice 1,200 miles north of here.

P. J. Benson, Edmonton coordinator of a save-the-whales campaign conducted by the Inuvik Lions Club in the Noreswest Territories, said a blizzard and 40-below-zero temperatures had covered the hole through which the whales had been breathing.

"There was only one man working on the hole," he said. "He just couldn't keep it open by himself."

The three were all that survived a herd of 17 trapped in Eskimo Lake. The freeze prevented the herd from swimming 50 miles into the Beaufort Sea en route to wintering grounds in the Pacific Ocean.

I would like to know when the accident happened when they shot a whale on Potomac Avenue, New Alexandria, in 1965 and the details.—J.E.J.



Action Line assumes that you must mean Pokey the Whale, who went aground on the mudflats of the James River near Williamsburg in 1966, some 70 miles from his habitat. According to news reports, he was shot about 50 times by fishermen and towed away, dead, by the Coast Guard on April 16. A Coast Guard spokesman, however, categorically denied that any of its cutters were on Potomac Avenue on that date.

Northbound traffic on Minnesota Avenue SE is especially heavy in the mornings. To add to the problem, a service station tow truck is invariably parked in the curb lane, creating a backup of monumental proportions. Can you do something about this? — R.S.

No, but the 14th Precinct can and promised Action Line to do so.

"Action Line" Washington D. C. Friday, Nov 24, 1967

Dancer Is Charged With Lewd Show

An exotic dancer from Arlington was charged with performing lewdly Friday night at the Ritz Theater in Tampa, Fla., by appearing bare to the waist.

Louise Ann Kacmar, who performs as Ann Howe, was arrested by a city vice squad sergeant who said he watched an entire act before apprehending her. She was freed on $500 bond pending a Jan. 6 hearing, as was the show manager, Stanley Morton Ostrow, who was charged with allowing a lewd act.

N.Y. Times Sun. 5 Feb 67

Spanish Treasure Sale Lures Crowd

By SANKA KNOX

A captain's golden whistle from salvaged treasure of a sunken Spanish fleet called the high note at an auction yesterday. An audience of all ages witnessed the capture of the prize at $50,000.

Dealers and collectors of rare coins and other valuable trophies were in the crowded salesroom at the Park-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Avenue. And boys and girls were there to buy dreams. They came with the light of acquisition in their eyes to have some small share in a romantic adventure—if only a piece of eight, rusty nails from a Spanish galleon or a cannon ball.

There was a stir as the whistle appeared, and a murmur as it vanished into the possession of Elinor Gordon, an antiques dealer of Villanova, Pa.

The whistle, suspended from a golden chain more than 11 feet long, was the emblem of office oof Captain General Don Juan Estaban de Ubilla, commander of a fleet of 10 galleons that sank in a hurricane off the east coast of Florida on July 31, 1715. The ornament, wrought in the form of a dragon, was made in China.

Applause for Young Buyers

The triumphs of the young at yesterday's auction attracted most of the applause, and cameras and the glaring spotlights of television crews focused on their feats—which were few enough; prices were high.

Twelve-year-old Brad Staub of Ridgewood, N. J., won 10 nails for $65, $5 more than the price paid by a physician of Spokane, Wash., for a similar prize. "I've been saving a long time, and I still have a little money left," said Brad as he left with his trophy.

Jeffrey Green, also 12 and also from Ridgewood, lagged home 20 lead grape shot, $90 worth of antiqued lead, and got a bonus of a cannon ball from a kindly buyer who had several.

The treasure auctioned yesterday was part of recoveries from two vessels of the fleet. The Real "8" Company has lease rights to salvage from the State of Florida to 1975.

The salvage operation, initiated as a hobby by Kip Wagner 10 years ago when he found the first treasure washed up on a beach, went into high gear in 1964.

"We had to borrow money. We have two vessels, each with a crew of five. We'll use the proceeds of the sale to locate the other wrecks and bring up the salvage," said Col. Daniel Thompson, a partner in the Real "8." The treasure site is close to Sabastian Inlet, about 40 miles south of Cape Kennedy, and extends to about 2,000 feet from shore.

The Spanish fleet was carrying bullion and gold and silver coins to Spain, gathered from far-flung mints of Cuzco and Lima in Peru, Bogata, Colombia, and Mexico City. This was the Royal Fifth, the share of the Spanish crown from its colonial possessions that was collected for about three centuries, to 1820.

$1,000 For an Anchor

Armed galleons from Cartagena in South America and from Vera Cruz gathered at Havana for the voyage, sailing the Spanish Main in an armada. the merchnt vessels under its protection. The 1715 fleet made its way through the gulfs of Mexico and Florida, took a northerly course along the Florida coast and there met its end. It was carrying more than £3-million worth of gold and silver in delayed shipments to Spain. War in Europe had prevented sailings with the Royal Fifth.

The flagship, the Capitana, had formerly been the Hampton Court, a London-built vessel of 1678 captured by the French and presented to their Spanish ally. Presumably, the great anchor that was auctioned yesterday for $1,000 came from the British ship. More than 11 feet long and indelibly marked by 250 years on the sea floor, the anchor will now return to England, the purchase of L. P. Lee, a London firm.

London-marked peuter plates from the same vessel brought from $175 to $525; small porcelain cups carried from China $450 to $600. The salvagers found the cups still nested in their original packing. Some of these cups were purchased by Otto M. Wasserman, a New York dealer.

The Smithsonian Institution, bidding on many objects, won a 33-ounce quartered ingot of gold for $1,700 and another for $800.

Clusters of silver coins were purchased by the Newark Museum and by the University of Illinois. The university also won a breechblock, cannon balls and some of the Chinese cups.

Mrs. Gordon, the buyer of the golden whistle, also acquired a prize full dubloon, a gold coin of 1711 that cost her $6,500. A 120-ounce gold ingot, with about $4,200 worth of precious metal in it, fetched $5,000. Another great ingot, an almost perfect circle, weighing 106 ounces, was sold for $7,500.

October 1967

Bigger than Nessie

Your item on Dr. Roy P. Mackal and the Loch Ness Monster (This Month, July '67) was especially distressing to me. It is not that the Loch Ness Phenomena Investigation Bureau Ltd. should not keep on investigating, but this group is after minnows compared to the huge Leviathan in waters approximately two hundred miles west of the Azores Islands, in the regular shipping lanes. The Loch Ness Monster, according to other articles I have read is not larger than fifty feet, while the mammoth creature of which I am speaking may be over three hundred feet, possibly five hundred feet.

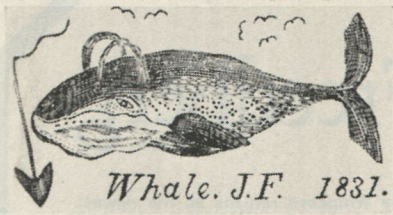
Approximately 1300 hours, 25 June, 1966 while on board a ship enroute to New York I saw this tremendous Leviathan partially surfaced in a calm sea. There was not a whitecap to be seen, when all of a sudden there was a breakwater about a mile distant, as the prow of a ship might make. My first glimpse of the greyish-blue sea serpent came as the long round body emerged from the depths and, like a roller coaster, began descending. This prompted me to believe it might be a whale (many of which I have seen). But as I watched in amazement the continuous emerging and descending for almost a minute, I realized that it was no whale but a sea serpent at least twenty times larger than a whale.

I did not see the head or tail or lower portion of the long round body, but the portion I did see was about twenty feet above the water. It was travelling in the same direction as the liner I was on and at twice the speed. I was so awed by what I had seen that I was speechless and the creature disappeared as I tried to attract another passenger to take a look at it.

HENRY BROWN
Washington, D.C.

"Science DIGEST"

ANIMAL WOODCUTS



Whale. J.F. 1831.

by Jonathan Fisher, (1768-1847)

6 RARE WOODCUTS

A rare discovery! Woodcuts done by Jonathan Fisher, Parson of Blue Hill, Maine. A versatile man of great energy and talents, Parson Fisher engraved 142 woodcuts to illustrate his book Scripture Animals, published in 1834. Through special permission of the Jonathan Fisher Memorial, Inc. we have reproduced six of his original wood engravings. These delightful, primitive animals are printed on antique finish, colored book cover paper. Size 11 x 14 inches (standard frame size). The woodcuts make handsome decorative groupings in home or office.

(Historical pamphlet included)

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ART FORUM Dept. 517B, 80 4th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003

"The New Yorker" Oct. 28, 1967

Species of Finback Whale Came Ashore Near Dionis — Skeleton To Be Saved

A forty-four foot right whale, trapped in the shoals north of the Island, close to shore, met an inevitable death late Friday afternoon and came up on the beach a few hours afterwards. Apparently pursuing fish for food, the whale was first sighted by John Macrae, who was fishing off the beach between Eel Point and Dionis. At first, he thought the object a capsized boat as it had little movement, but as it came nearer he recognized it as a whale. The movement of the great flukes gave mute evidence that the creature was still alive, but at this stage he was literally scraping along the small-stoned bottom which extends just off the beach in this area, and soon stranded with the falling tide.

Mr. Macrae notified the local Police Department of the whale's presence. It was not possible at this time to tow the creature into deep water, as that section of the north shore has a shoal water approach, and the size of the mammal precluded any small-boat towing. When the tide dropped the whale was high up in the wash, firmly imbedded in the sand.

All day Saturday and Sunday various groups and parties journeyed out to see the stranded whale, some proceeding by way of Dionis, others from the other side of Capaum Pond. A number of jeeps and beach buggies drove along the shore, and one group actually came by horseback, providing an unusual picture with three horses and their riders clustered about the whale.

By actual measurement, the creature was 43 feet, 10 inches long. His flukes were 9 feet across and the upper jaw 6 feet 5 inches long. From the ivory white underbody, with the long grooves extending from the mouth along the belly to the navel, the blue gray coloring on the top side and back, the broad white band across its pectoral fin, the under side of the flukes white and the top side black; together with the snout and jaws rather sharply pointed and the arrangement of the baleen in the upper jaw in single rows — the whale had the characteristics of a Little Piked Whale, being different from the common finback by the shape of the head and the coloring of the body. Years ago it was called by mariners a "grampus" or a "young finback", but while the body outline was like the finback, the posterior end did not become as slender as the finback's and the dorsal fin had more of a pronounced

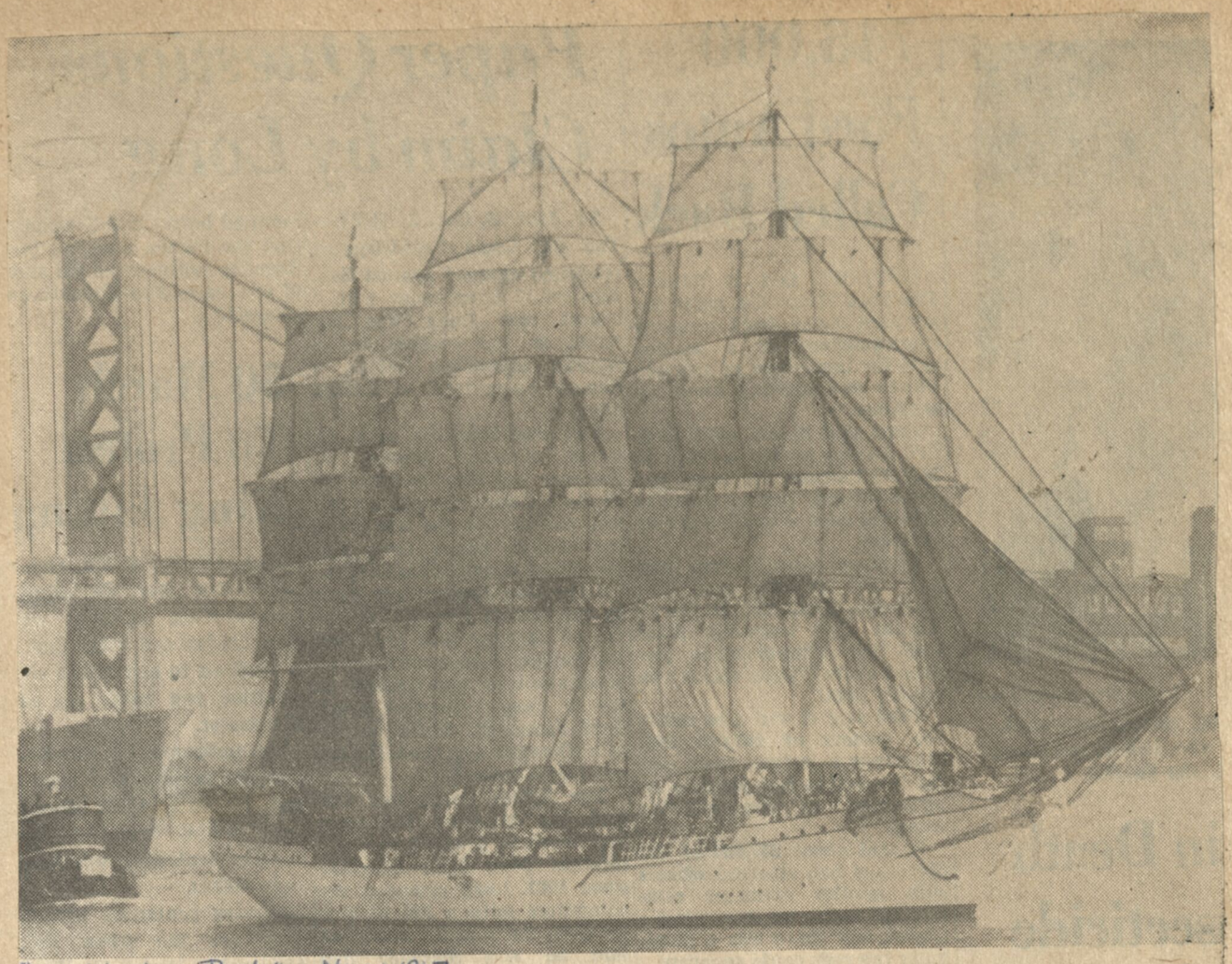
Oceanographic Institution to examine the creature. At this time a conference was held with representatives of the Nantucket Historical Trust and the Nantucket Historical Society, who were interested in salvaging the skeleton of the whale for possible exhibit somewhere in Nantucket. At length, Walter Beinecke, Jr., offered to underwrite the cost of saving the skeleton. Despite the number of whales which have come ashore here in the past, there has never been an attempt to preserve the entire skeleton of the creatures, and that an arrangement has been made for such salvage is to be commended. Both Mr. Scheville and Mr. Konnerth were enthusiastic at the opportunity of thus securing a complete skeleton, realizing it to be of scientific as well as historical value.

The problems involved in the undertaking are not easy of solution, but the task was undertaken by Mike Lamb and his workmen on Wednesday morning. With weather conditions at this time of year not easily predictable, the disposal of the blubber and meat necessary, and the need for prompt action so that the skeleton may not only be separated but marked for reconstruction, this is truly a major effort. The Nantucket Historical Association is cooperating by loaning some cutting-in spades from the Whaling Museum. Tentative plans have been discussed as to how the skeleton may be ultimately displayed, but no definite decision has been reached as to what organization will eventually secure the exhibit or where it is to be placed.

The whale that came ashore in front of Gilbert Verney's place at Dionis has attracted many people since it came ashore Saturday. It has been measured and found to be 43 feet, 10 inches long. There was talk of the Coast Guard towing it off the beach, but something better has come up since.

Mike Lamb flew up Tuesday morning to bring Bill Scheville over from the Woods Hole Oceanographic, to look it over. The whale is believed to be a piked whale, similar to the finback. If this turns out to be right, it will be a large one for this type as 35 feet is usually a good size for this type of whale. The Historic Trust plans, if feasible, to have the whale cut up and the bones cleaned, to be reassembled some day and set up for exhibit some place here. The Whaling Museum has a fine whaling collection which includes the largest sperm whale jaw ever brought into Nantucket, but at present does not have the skeleton of one of these large creatures.

Oct. 26, 1967 "Inquirer + Mirror"



"Washington Post" Nov. 1, 1967

Associated Press

EASTWARD HO—En route to its home port, the Danish maritime training ship, Danmark, moves outbound on the Delaware River under full sail after passing under Philadelphia's Benjamin Franklin Bridge, seen in background.



Scrimshaw whale's tooth, circa 1825.
Rare Creil plate, *Pèche de la Baleine* in polychrome colors. Circa 1825.

Personally Selected Antiques for Museums and Collectors

JOHN BIHLER

HENRY COGER

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ANTIQUES ~ DECORATIONS

October 1967

On Handling Whales

By REP. H. R. GROSS (R.-Iowa)

I was leafing through the *Federal Register* the other day and came upon a ukase put out by the benevolent bureaucrats of the Interior Department.



I wish to pay proper respect to Mr. Udall's minions who have acted with courage, with farsightedness, with compassion, and with their ever-present sense of priorities. They have prohibited you and me from molesting whales.

Never having been a whale molestor, I was unaware of the apparently pressing need for Section 230.50 of this regulation, but I think those who may have toyed with the idea should be aware of the new rules.

They state, in part—and I quote:

"The chasing, molesting, exciting, or interfering with, through the use of firearms or by any other manner or means, of any whale—is prohibited."

The regulation goes on to forbid fooling around with baleen whales, blue whales, grey whales, humpback whales, right whales, and toothed whales.

But, like many another bureaucratic regulation, this one has loopholes, and it turns out you can do almost anything to a whale if you are "hunting, killing, taking, towing, holding onto"—that is what it says—"or scouting for whales."

If you somehow manage to obtain a whale without molesting it, the Interior Department says you must measure the whale, and in case you do not know how to measure a whale, the bureaucrats spell it out for you inch by inch, and I quote:

"Whales must be measured when at rest on deck or platform, as accurately as possible by means of a steel tape measure fitted at the zero end with a spiked handle which can be stuck into the deck planking abreast one end of the whale.

"The tape measure shall be stretched in a straight line [that's what it says] parallel with the whale's body and read abreast of the other end of the whale."

End of lesson. I wait with baited breath the Interior Department's regulations concerning the capture of dichromatic herbivorous ungulates, which, I understand, is a real dilly.

FISH-SHAPE PAUMANOK, Nature and Man on Long Island. By Robert Cushman Murphy. American Philosophical Society 60 pages. 33 illustrations. $3.

Long Island and its flora and fauna have found a combination Boswell and Thoreau in this charming little book by Dr. Murphy. He is a native and lifelong resident of the island and is the Lamont Curator Emeritus of Birds at the American Museum of Natural History. His major work was the classic "Oceanic Birds of South America."

For a Long Island buff this book is a must. Not the least of its attractions are the illustrations, most of them showing ships, boats and scenes of a bygone era done between 1833 and 1867 by William Sidney Mount and obtained from the Melville Collection in the Suffolk Museum at Stony Brook, L. I.

The book is Volume 58 in the American Philosophical Society Series "For Promoting Useful Knowledge." The odd title comes from Walt Whitman's poem that begins: "Starting from fish-shape Paumanok where I was born. . . ." JOHN C. DEVLIN.

March 22, 1964 N.Y. Times

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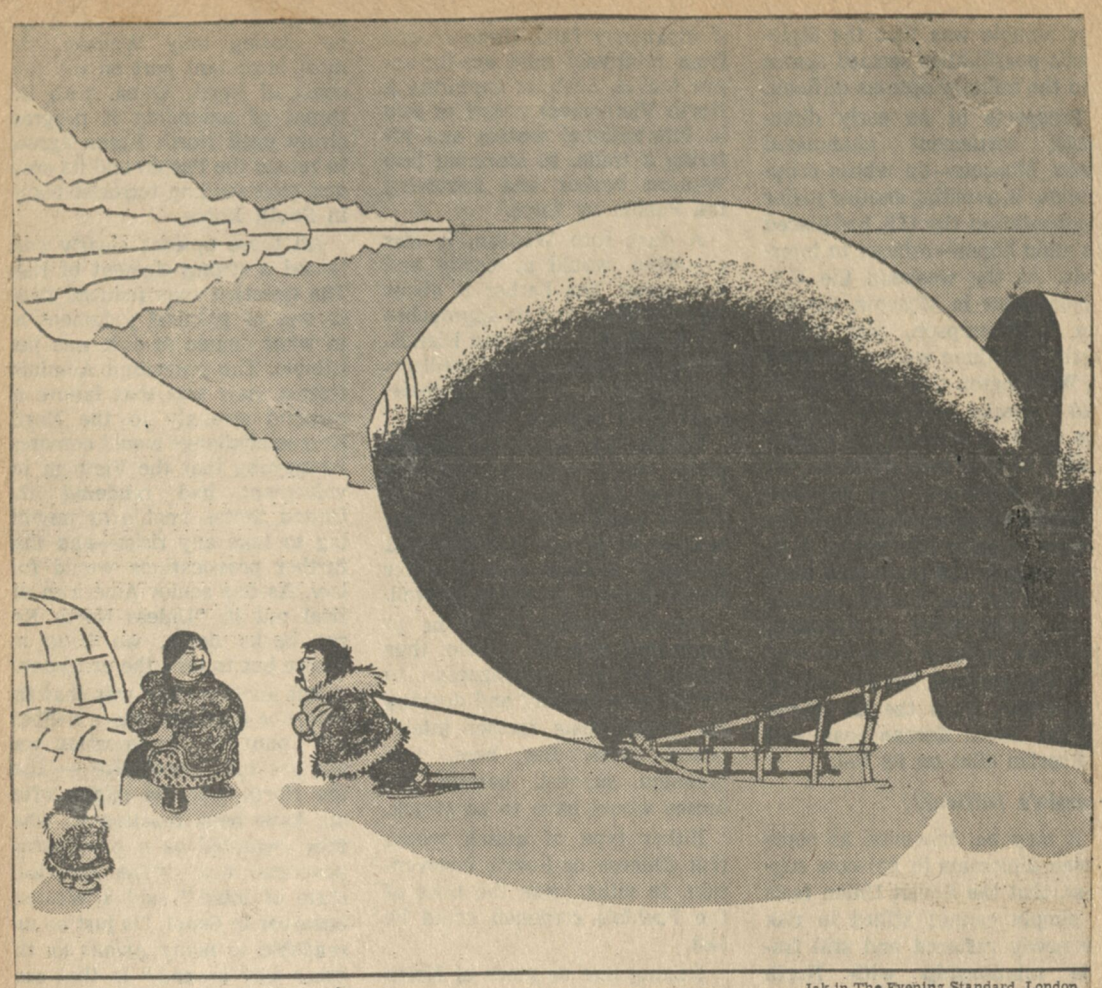
SUN 29 JAN '66

The Library of Congress has published the fifth volume of a report on manuscript collections housed permanently in American repositories that are regularly open to researchers.

More than 18,000 collections are described in the National Union Catalog of Manuscript Collections. The latest volume is for sale by the Card Division, Library of Congress, Building 159, Navy Yard Annex, Washington, D. C. 20541, at $15 a copy.

The new volume lists 2,020 collections reported by 177 repositories representing all 50 states, the District of Columbia, and the Canal Zone. Bound with the volume is an index to the reports that were compiled from 1963 to 1966 and published in the third, fourth, and present volumes.

Suggestions regarding the catalogue and inquiries about taking part in the program should be addressed to Mrs. Arline Custer, Head of the Manuscripts Section in the library's Descriptive Cataloging Division Queries about the manuscript collections described in the catalogue should be sent to the repositories holding the materials.



"Not whale again!"

Jak in The Evening Standard, London
"N.Y. TIMES"
Jan. 28, 1968

Nautical Bauble

"The Washington Post"
Tuesday May 21, 1968

"I'm thinking of giving it to a museum," explained millionairess Rebekah Harkness as she moved around the White House the other night dangling an evening bag fashioned from what must surely be two of the world's most see-worthy seashells.

The bag looks as if it might have been made for the Queen of Atlantis by a court jeweler who was challenged to find some way to use up all that sunken treasure that litters the ocean floor.

Two giant, rippling gray mother-of-pearl shells have been hinged in gold. A pair of ruby-eyed dolphins, their skins sleek with the glisten of hundreds of small diamonds, cavort playfully.

The inside of the bag was outfitted with all the feminine cosmetic necessities by a goldsmith who delicately etched each piece with tiny nautical scenes.

South African Girl Is Safe After Ride on Whale at Sea

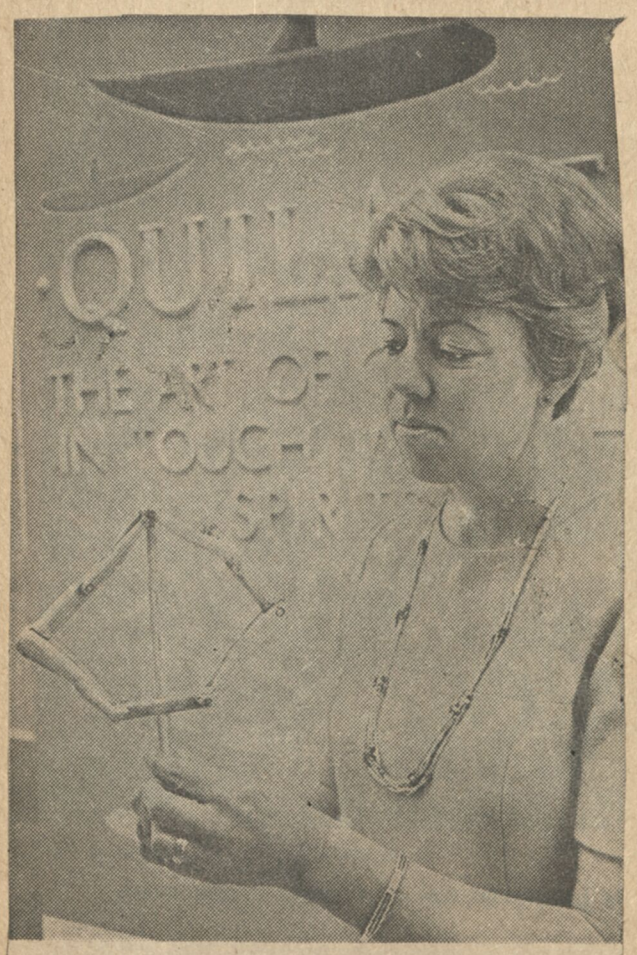
PORT ELIZABETH, South Africa (Reuters)—An 18-year-old hairdresser reported how she had ridden a 20-foot whale at sea.

Miss Anna Marie Wasserman said she and a friend had swum to a spot off Port Elizabeth, where the whale was frolicking.

"The next moment I felt myself being lifted out of the water," she said. She was on the whale's back.

A lifeguard, who had watched the incredible ride, went to her aid as she swam as fast as she could to shore.

1/3/68



ESKIMO ARTIFACTS—Mrs. Stewart L. Udall, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, examines a jumping-jack, carved in ivory, from a display of Eskimo art at the Department of Interior Gallery, 18th and C Streets, nw. The artifacts displayed were found in early Eskimo tombs. The exhibit is open from 9 a.m. to 4:15 p.m., Monday through Friday on the Department's 7th floor.

"WASHINGTON POST" Jan. 8, 1968

Shamu, Non-Killer Killer

Whale of an Act

TRAINED porpoise acts are about as common these days as miniature golf courses used to be, but only one place boasts a killer whale so well trained a pretty girl can ride on its back.

This non-killing killer, name of Shamu, performs three times daily at San Diego's nautical and newish big travel attraction, "Sea World," on Mission Bay.

The killer whale has been described as the most vicious of all denizens of the deep but Shamu's San Diego trainers have conditioned her to do most anything a porpoise can do. One trainer even puts his head in her mouth. This is both so perplexing and interesting that the National Geographic Magazine has been working for months on a story about her. (But remember you read about her first in The News.)

One trainer theorizes the killer whale is one species where the female is not the deadliest, that the male whales are the real killer-killers; the females (as long as they're well fed and properly motivated), as docile as dolphins.

The 40-acre Sea World also has the world's only known trained elephant seal, a one-ton clown named Google the Great.

Only danger of the killer whale show is that Shamu packs a lot of blubber. She makes a tremendous splash when she belly-flops. Better not sit on the first few rows of seats or you'll get drenched.

(More about "San Diego in Off-Season" in next Tuesday's travel section.)

JOHN F. McLEOD



Shamu leaps her length out of water.

—Photos by Roger Wrenn.

Jan. 2, 1968 "WASHINGTON DAILY NEWS"



A "Sea Maid" rides on the back of Shamu, the killer whale, holding dorsal fin for support.

Skull Found at Chesapeake Bay

"Washington Post" Nov. 22, 1968

Scientists Free a Stuck Whale— 20 Million Years After He Died

By Hal Willard
Washington Post Staff Writer

CALVERT CLIFFS, Md., Nov. 21—Whales don't often get stuck in the mud, but one did along the Chesapeake Bay perhaps 20 million years or so ago. Paleontologists dug up his skull today.

That's a long time to be stuck, and the successive levels of earth and rock piled on top of the whale over the eons squashed the skull to perhaps half its normal size. Scientists could still tell, however, that the whale must have been about 20 feet long.

The whale was found on the far north side of the Calvert Cliffs digs where the Maryland Academy of Sciences has been excavating since last March in an effort to expand man's knowledge of the Miocene Epoch, a period 15 to 20 million years ago.

People have always scouted along the Chesapeake's shores in this area looking for shark's teeth and fossils. It has about the largest Miocene deposits in the world.

No concerted effort to reconstruct what went on in the

See CLIFF, C7, Col. 1



By Bob Burchette—The Washington Post

John Ott of the Smithsonian Institution prepares whale skull for removal from excavation at Calvert Cliffs.

Scientists Dig Up Old Whale Skull

CLIFF, From C1

Miocene Epoch was begun until the Baltimore Gas and Electric Co. let it be known that it was going to build a nuclear power plant along these shores.

Since then, it has been dig, dig, dig. According to Dr. Frank C. Whitmore, paleontologist for the U.S. Geological Survey who is in charge of operations, the whale is the first item of real significance that has been discovered.

However, he points out that the effort is not being made to stand the science world on end.

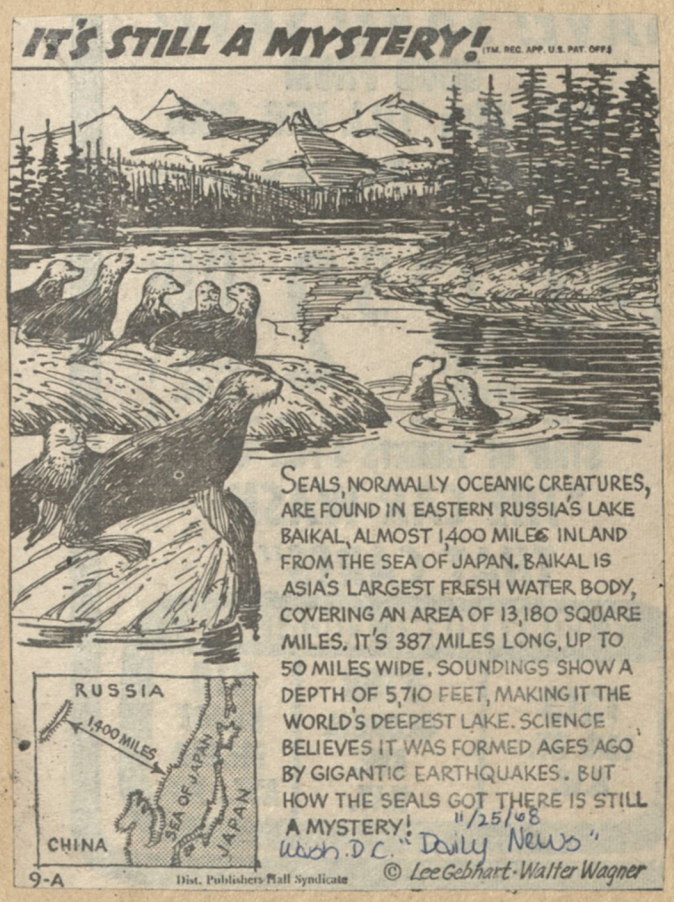
"We just want to relate objects we find from the Miocene Epoch to one another so we can find out the way it was 20 million years ago," he said.

Mostly, the scientists are finding invertebrates. Dr. Robert W. Vostreys Jr., an Academy paleontologist, says workers have found about a dozen new species of them. By "new species" he means types of creatures that have not been described in scientific literature. These include things similar to clams, snails and crabs.

The whale is the main vertebrate found so far, and that brought in scientists from the Smithsonian Institution and the Geological Survey who, under an agreement with the Maryland Academy, pretty much take over when something of special importance turns up.

Their procedure is pretty simple. Getting to the place where they found the whale and then getting out again was the hardest part. They cleared away all the dirt and sand from those millions of years and then caked the skull with plaster-bandage, the same sort of stuff used to make a cast for a broken leg.

This holds things together and comes off easily. The scientists hauled the whole four foot glob the 20 feet or so to the Bay's edge, put it in a boat, rowed it up shore to where a truck was parked to take it to the Smithsonian for minute examination. Because of soft sand, mud, wet leaves, rutty roads and the cliff, all of this was difficult and caused Dr. Whitmore to observe that hernias are occupational hazards for paleontologists.



"Daily News" 11/25/68 Wash. D.C.

UNBURIED BY STORM

"The Evening Star" Washington D.C. Nov. 22, 1968

Prehistoric Whale Is Found

By DUNCAN SPENCER
Star Staff Writer

CALVERT CLIFFS, Md. — Archeologists yesterday saved the relics of a small whale that had lain here in greenish-gray clay for about 16 million years.

They did it dressed in sweatshirts and miners' khakis, in freezing weather.

When "Parieto Balina," his head bones encrusted with scallops, his ears clogged with mud, emerged from the foot of the 90-foot cliff that had enveloped him, one wondered whether so much attention would be paid his own bones in some future excavation.

The little whale was about 20 feet long, and his crushed skull was a mere 5 feet in length, but some of the best archeologists in the country — men from the Smithsonian Institution, the U.S. Geological Survey, and the Maryland Academy of Science — crowded around his burial place, which had been suddenly exposed by the gales of a week ago.

Balina was of interest to Dr. Frank C. Whitmore, of U.S. Geodetic Survey, and Robert Vostreys, an archeological party chief of the Maryland Academy of Sciences, but for different reasons. Vostreys, an energetic 28-year-old scholar who hopes to write this century's definitive work on the Miocene Age in Maryland, and Whitmore, an endlessly cheerful professor who is an expert in vertebrate paleontology, called the find at least "fairly" important.



CRUSHED WHALE SKULL
16 Million Years Old

When the gales a few days ago stripped the surface off the cliffs near the site of Maryland's first nuclear reactor, being built here by the Baltimore Gas & Electric Co., they exposed a few of the blackened bones of the now-extinct whale, one of the few specimens of an ancestor of the white, bow-head, right, blue, and finback whales that now exist.

The dark bones were spotted among the grays and tans of the high shoreline banks by Lauk Ward, a field assistant to the Smithsonian-Geodetic-Maryland team that since March has been probing these clifsf about 60 miles from Washington.

The team, taking advantage of the work of hundreds of bulldozers and earthmovers that are preparing the land for the nuclear plant here, has laid bare cliff sections and revealed signs of aquatic life over 20 million years old.

Ward wandered the beaches after the big storm, along with several others, knowing that the storm erosion would expose many specimens in the cliff area, known as one of the richest beds of Miocene fossils in the world.

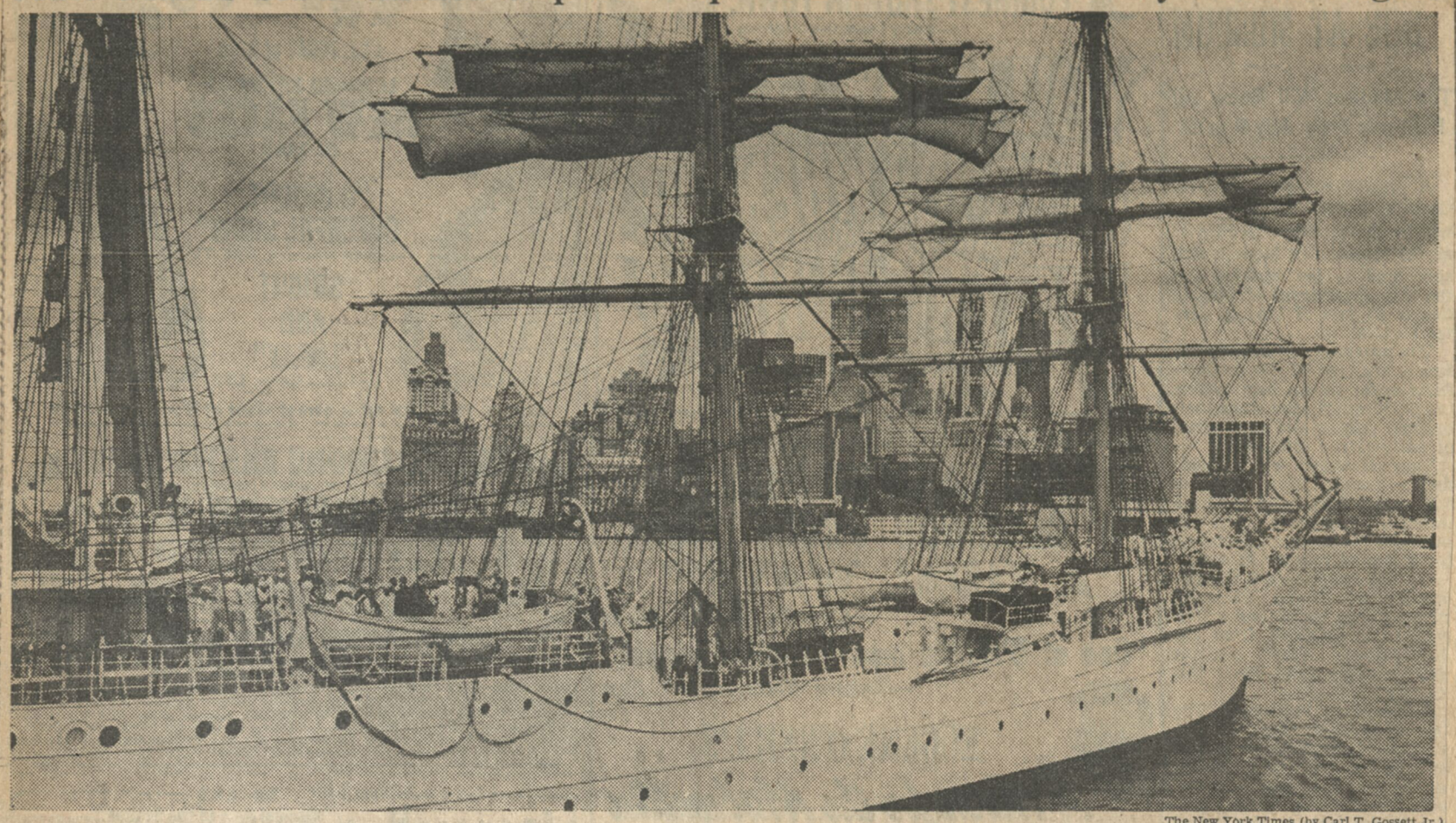
What he saw was a splotch of black against a background of white shell embedded in mud, and it was enough to start him digging.

The skull, flattened by the pressure of the mud above it, was carefully chipped out by Whitmore and Vostreys, aided by John Ott and Lee Glen of the Smithsonian, and Abraham Bates of the Maryland Academy of Sciences.

The whale skull is destined to be examined by Smithsonian experts here who will reconstruct it from its crushed condition. Then it will be evaluated by scholars, who will compare it with the three or four others recovered from the same period.

None of the scientists at the dig would risk a guess on how this particular whale came to be here. All agreed, however, that it was a full grown whale of a type typical of the period; that the Calvert Cliffs, then part of the bottom of a shallow sea, was a possible breeding ground for such whales.

Coast Guard's Old-Fashioned Ship Sails Up the East River Assisted by a Diesel Engine



The New York Times (by Carl T. Gossett Jr.)

Eagle, training bark of the U.S. Coast Guard, off the southern end of Manhattan. She will be open to the public in afternoons today and tomorrow.

"N.Y. Times" June 15, 1968

The Coast Guard's training ship Eagle, a three-masted bark, docked at Pier 16 on the East River at 2 P.M. yesterday, pushing her bowsprit over South Street, where blue water sailing ships docked a century ago.

Peter Stanford, president of the South Street Seaport Museum, at 16 Fulton Street, took the first line over from the Eagle as her host at the museum's growing site and stood beaming in shirt sleeves.

"She's a pleasure to handle, and to see," said Capt. C. William Morch, a pilot for the Moran Towing and Transportation Company, who took the Eagle alongside.

Like the clippers before her, the Eagle had waited overnight in Gravesend Bay for a favorable tide and came up the bay on the flood tide, her sails furled against her braced yardarms and tall masts.

But her own 750-horsepower diesel engine pushed the Eagle, and a Coast Guard helicopter hovered over her as she passed Governors Island at 1:30 P.M. A fireboat trailed five plumes of spray along her port side.

The white-hulled training ship, on the first of four summer cruises for the Coast Guard Academy, will stay at Pier 16 until Monday and will be open to the public during the afternoon today and tomorrow. She will return to South Street for another three-day visit on June 21.

AND WITHOUT WHALE OIL

May 19, 1968
"The Sunday Star" Washington D.C.

Own Bakery Fulfills Dane's Dream

By DAVID BRAATEN
Star Staff Writer

If you've never tried to find a substitute for whale-oil margarine, you just can't appreciate the problems involved in Jorgen Kolle's dream.

Kolle came here from Denmark 15 years ago with a dream—not of wealth and fame in the New World, but of the flaky, melt-in-the-mouth pastry he had left behind in the Old World.

The nightmare was that nowhere in the Washington area could Kolle find real Danish. The stuff Americans call Danish pastry—and which the Danes, naturally, call Viennese bread—was edible, but not authentic.

"It's good, but it's not Danish," is the tactful way Kolle put it.

Years passed, and Kolle became a travel agent. His yearning for kringler, flodeskumskager and all the other high-cholesterol specialties of a Danish bakery would be periodically sated on business trips back to the old country. But it was a tough commute.

The logical solution, Kolle decided, was to open a Danish bakery of his own, where he could not only satisfy his own craving, but might even provide a civilizing influence on his adopted countrymen.

And that brings us to the whale-oil margarine.

Site Easily Found

The site for Kolle's bakery was no problem. He chose a posh new shopping center in Potomac. The area isn't exactly overrun with Scandinavians, but it does have the sort of high-income families who could be expected to appreciate—and afford—the finer things of life, like $50 almond-paste cornucopias that take seven hours to make.

And getting a baker was fairly simple. Kolle just ran an ad in the Danish Bakers' Guild paper and hired Jorn Nielsen, a 26-year-old master baker from Copenhagen. Neilsen brought a wad of 30-year-old sourdough starter with him.

Even the financing was easy. Kolle took on a partner, Burr Edwards, a Chevy Chase businessman, and a third partner asked to get in on the venture. He is Joseph Gawler, the funeral director.

But when Nielsen made out his first shopping list, it turned out that Danish margarine, of which whale oil is a key ingredient, is simply not available in this country. Cottonseed, soybean, corn oil, polyunsaturates—this is the stuff of American margarines.

"You see, the margarine has to melt at exactly the same time as the dough bakes," explained Kolle. "There are sometimes 100 paper-thin layers of dough, and each layer is brushed with margarine. Butter, or American margarine, melts at a lower temperature, before the dough has baked, and it all runs together. You get American-style Danish instead of all those flaky layers."

Touch of Magic Used

And so began a months-long search for something to replace whale-oil margarine. The traditional American substitute for whale oil—kerosene—wouldn't do, so Nielsen began experimenting with combinations of shortening and margarine.

Eventually, the alchemy worked. Nielsen was able to produce golden Danish pastry out of base materials, and the bakery opened in November.

"It's a unique formula, and it's a secret," said Kolle. "I can tell you this much. Along with the special margarine, we use the cheapest, coarsest flour we can find. Regular flour has too much gluten in it, and you can't get the light, flaky texture."

In only a few months, the bakery is showing every indication of solid success, and is drawing Danish pastry lovers from as far as Alexandria.

Predictably, one of the bakery's best customers is Kolle himself. His appetite for authentic Danish pastry, coupled with his strict, Danish-style rule forbidding sale of any day-old goods, may prove his undoing. Sundays, when the bakery closes early, are especially trying.

"I have been forbidden by my dear wife from going to the bakery on Sunday," he said sadly. "I can't bear to see all the leftovers thrown away, so I bring it home and we're both getting too fat. We'll just have to keep the place open till 5 or 6, I guess."



—Associated Press

FERTILIZER FROM THE SEA

Robert C. Sinclair (right) holds processed seaweed now being produced at Tangier, Va., in a plant run by former Tangier Mayor Alva Crockett, holding harvested seaweed. University studies show the plants make an excellent fertilizer.

"Evening Star" Wash. D.C. Nov 21, 1968

GREAT WATERS, by Sir Alister Hardy. Harper & Row, Publishers ($10.95). In 1925 Captain Scott's wooden square-rigger, the Royal Research Ship *Discovery*, sailed out of the mouth of the River Dart again for the Southern Ocean. Refitted and crammed with scientists and their gear, she was bound not for the ice-locked continent but for the waters that wash the antarctic shores, the realm of the wandering albatross, the great blue whale and the green and red plankton pastures of the open sea that feed them all. The *Discovery*'s chief zoologist, the author, is a lanky, inventive, humorous, sensitive and now distinguished scholar; his book is a journal of that voyage, a grand and winning mix of narrative, diary, maps, afterthoughts, photographs, watercolors, pen-and-ink drawings, anecdotes, doggerel and scientific analysis, completed 40 years after the sailing and nearly all produced by his own hand.

How the 40 years floated by is a story in itself. The first *Discovery* mainly studied the whaling grounds off the Falklands and South Georgia. She was relieved after five years by the steamer *Discovery II*, whose range allowed work on a more suitable scale than did the slow reaches of the wooden square-rigger. Then World War II came, and after the war Sir Alister, by then the senior surviving working scientist of his voyages, and a professor at the University of Oxford, began to see that any personal account of the *Discovery* voyages was up to him. But he had somehow come to spend a dozen more years writing a two-volume natural history of the open sea around Britain, so that it was not until 1961 he could begin assembling his story. A wonderful story it is. He argues, and one gladly agrees with him, that it was not too late; now he could view his own years in the perspective of the work that followed, the 34 volumes of published reports, the tens of thousands of samples in jars.

Sir Alister is a student of plankton. He is also an instrument designer and something of an engineer in the high British tradition. On his first voyage to the wide antarctic waters he brought his continuous plankton recorder, a contraption that dragged a roll of gauze behind the ship to strain out the plankton, unreeling the gauze to expose fresh areas as the ship moved. The roll of gauze becomes a chart in space and time of the life of the depths. Preelectronic, the device is shown with its cheerful inventor: "Proud father and child."

Insight and meaning crowd the pages. Here is a sketch of the green flash at sea (from which we learn that Sir Alister reads *Scientific American*), there a delightful and casual explanation of the colors of pelagic life. The deep-sea beasts are jet black or scarlet; both hues are effectively black in the deep sea, where the light is all blue-green. The fish can make melanin more easily and are black; the crustaceans synthesize the carotenoids and are red. The predators of the top 100 meters have blue-green backs and silver sides ("doing it with mirrors"). The shallow-water plankton are mainly quite transparent. The many deep forms that carry downward-pointing luminous organs have adopted an active form of countershading to prevent their detection as dark shadows across the dim light seen looking up from below; at a distance their predators cannot easily resolve the glowing spots and see only a reduction of the shadow. The most important point made in this always enjoyable book is the role of the krill, the single shrimplike species that is the principal food of the whales. Writes Sir Alister: "This great Antarctic Zone,... so rich in life, is bound to play an increasing part in Man's affairs.... In time, I believe, great steam or diesel—nay perhaps atomic—artificial 'whales' will collect the krill... to feed man.... It must not be thought, because the Southern Ocean is so vast,... that it would not be necessary to exercise any control over such a fishery.... Without such guidance Man is most likely to blunder again."

This is a book less to read through than to dip into again and again, a book to start out from. We are fortunate to have got it at last and to find it still so young of heart. "Scientific American" June 1968

NORWAY "Time" Nov. 29, 1968

The End of Big Blubber

Day after day, Industrialist Anders Jahre, 77, padded about his red brick mansion on a hill above the Norwegian town of Sandefjord and brooded over a decision he had to make. As he gazed down at the harbor of Norway's biggest whaling port, Jahre knew that there was only one way his decision could go. Finally, and sadly, Norway's last active whaling-fleet owner passed the word. After 40 years of expeditions to the Antarctic, Jahre's Kosmos Co. was going out of the whaling business.

Since Norway's six other major whaling firms had previously made the same decision, the announcement put the country itself out of a proud and profitable business. It left the Antarctic to the Japanese and Russians.

Small Catch, Slim Prices. Jahre made his choice on economic grounds. To outfit and dispatch the factory ship and catcher boats that make up a whaling expedition costs about $3,000,000 a season. In a good year, the catch of whales can return many times that amount in meat and oil. But despite the efforts of an international whaling commission, whalers have so depleted the Antarctic that catches today are uneconomically small. Ten years ago, factory ships sent to sea by Norwegian owners processed 905,000 barrels of oil from 31,000 whales in one season. Last year the country's ships were able to bring back only 80,500 barrels from 15,000 whales, which now run quite a bit smaller than they used to.

In Norway, where whale oil has been used as an ingredient in margarine, the price has fallen largely because of heavy competition from fish oil; whale oil is now $163 a ton, one-third less than it was a decade ago. One way to overcome the price drop might be to follow the Japanese example and process every part of a whale, from tooth to tail fluke. But this means a considerable extra investment in factory-ship equipment that the Norwegians are no longer willing to make, especially since their government, while urging them to continue whaling, has offered no subsidy to make it profitable. When Jahre tied up his factory ship *Kosmos IV*, it marked the end of an enterprise that made millionaires out of owners and national heroes out of the top gunners who manned the harpoons.

A Special Breed of Men. Norwegian whalers first sailed into the Antarctic in 1904; for years after that, their voyages sounded like something out of Herman Melville. The trip to the whaling grounds took a tedious four weeks. The seas were awesome and the food terrible. Even seasoned sailors were sick much of the time. Once the hunt began, they had to face not only danger from harpooned whales but also the nauseating stench of whale processing. The returns, though, made it all worthwhile. In a good year, Sandefjord's seamen earned more in six months than a landlubber could in a year. The other six months they spent working their gardens and painting their houses, until Sandefjord (pop. 6,000) gained a reputation as one of Scandinavia's prettiest towns.

TRUCKING

Picking Up

As the U.S. economy turns out greater and greater mountains of goods, the demand grows for trucks to haul them. By the end of 1968, truck manufacturers will produce a record 1,803,000 trucks and Jeeplike vehicles. Understandably, they are delighted about the present—a

WALTER SANDERS



JAHRE & CATCHER BOATS AT SANDEFJORD
Like something out of Melville.

Conversion of Ship Marks the Decline Of Whaling Fleets

NY Times Tues. 2 April '68

The conversion of the whale factory ship Thorshovdi into a drilling ship is a reminder of how rapidly Europe's whaling fleet has declined, the Fairplay International Shipping Journal reports.

Only two Antarctic factory ships are owned by Europeans, the Scandinavian Koskos IV and the Thorshavet, all others being Japanese or Russian. The Soviet Union is believed to have four and the Japanese 10.

Whaling entered a new phase after the 1923-24 season, during which Capt. C. A. Larsen took the then newly converted Sir James Clark Ross, formerly the Mahronda, to fresh grounds in the Ross Sea, and there found whales in profusion.

For her time and type, that ship of 8,244 tons, was large and reasonably well equipped. But far more typical of that period was the Norwegian Ready. Built in 1897 as the Castle Line's Raglan Castle, the Ready had seen service as a Russian supply ship, and then was owned by the East Asiatic and Donaldson Lines before starting her whaling career in 1911.

The first sternramp whaling ship appeared in 1925, the 7,866-ton Lancing, a former British cargo vessel. From then on expansion of whaling fleets was rapid, and many ships were bought by Norwegians for conversion to whaling.

In all, about 40 converted whaling steamers, large and small, were in service during the 1920's and 1930's. The first factory ship to be designed as such was the Vikingen of 2,639 to ns. New and larger factory ships were built int he thirties. But l osses of thes such was the Vikingen of 12,639 tons. New and larger factory ships were built in the thirties. But losses of these vessels were heavy during World War II.

After the war, priority was given to the construction of whaleships in Euripe, with the series ending in 1955 with construction of the Willem Barendsz of 24,570 tons. Since then, the Japanese fleet has been built by purchase of ships, rather than original construction.

SPIRES OF THE SPIRIT

What Is Your Size?

Sun-Star 19 MAY '68

By DR. FREDERICK BROWN HARRIS
Chaplain, United States Senate

The question of size is a very important one. From hats to shoes, the size of articles of apparel is a most relevant matter. It's no use to go into a man's store and ask for a collar is the question, "What size?"

But, after all, physical proportions are comparatively insignificant matters. As one great Englishman put it, when some slighting reference was made to his unprepossessing stature: "The mind's the measure of the man." The vital question about a person is not what clothes fit him, but what conceptions of himself and his fellows find room within the circumference of his interests and sympathies. William Wilberforce was a pigmy edition of a man. No physical delineation of him could possibly look impresive: But that dwarfish, sickly specimen of humanity had a moral stature so big and strong that in 20 years he never yielded to the craving for increased doses of opium which the doctor prescribed to keep body and soul together. Boswell went to hear him and, after being gripped by his tingling passion, set down in his record: "I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mount upon the table. But, as I listened, he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale." At first the tag this disappointed observer put upon this little man, who as no other one man stopped the British slave trade, was, size—shrimp. But when the passion of a titanic cause flowed from his burning lips the tag was changed to, size—whale. That was indeed Wilberforce's correct measurement. That is reflected in the inscription on his grave in Westminister Abbey: "The Attorney General of the Unprotected." That was his size. A great cause made him great!

During World War II a newspaper correspondent saw brave men gladly and gallantly give their lives for a great cause. Then, also, he watched with contempt others who cleverly evaded any place of danger where their own precious lives would be placed in jeopardy. Surreptitiously they feathered their own nests and protected their own little interests, seeming callously oblivious to the big issues being determined. That reporter wrote these lines:

Some men die by shrapnel,
And some go down in flames,
But most men perish inch by inch
Who play at little games.

Ah, playing at little games! To be sure tiddly-winks is an amusing game but not worthy of being made one of life's major interests.

A historian wrote of Queen Anne of England, "She was the smallest person ever set in a large place." She has some descendants in modern times. The tragedy today, with the loaded pistol of ruthless tyrants pointed at the very heart of liberty, is that there are so many people living in their diminutive world, working on the crossword puzzle of their personal whims and wishes.

What will be the size of the questions discussed in the coming elections—as political trumpets sound for the quadrennial free-for-all democratic debauch—as, alas, so many election years have witnessed? How many Americans will be big enough to think in terms of the next generation, rather than of just the next election? The answer to that in your individual case determines the size of your citizenship.

"You had better aim for the presidency now," said a politician to the eminent statesman, Elihu Root, "Later you may find yourself having missed the substance, and having nothing but the shadow." Replied that great secretary of state, the dimensions of whose patriotism were spacious: "I have always thought that trying to get something was the shadow, and that being something was the substance." No mistaken magnitudes there!

In a day freighted with destiny when the greatest of all causes is calling for our loyalty and the garnered treasures of a thousand years poison arrows of determned foes are flying about our heads—too many, in picnic mood, are riding wooden hobbies in a futile merry-go-round of trivialities, instead of riding forth as valiant knights to battle for God's truth against the devil's falsehood.

One of America's most pungent preachers has recently said: "The world is full of shortages, but most crucial shortage in this devastated and frightened world is that of people with heads the right size to fit a globe. World survival demands heads that can think in global terms." Some one paid a tribute to a legislator not long ago, saying: "He has a heart of gold and a head full of feathers. Feathers won't do today—they never did. We are in a global gamble where heads win."

What is the size of your head—and your heart? That is the guestion!

Sad tail of the whale

This is the wail of a down-hearted whale
Of the men who sought her with spear and drail.
Let man not to himslef do as he did to the whale
But keep on living hearty and hale.

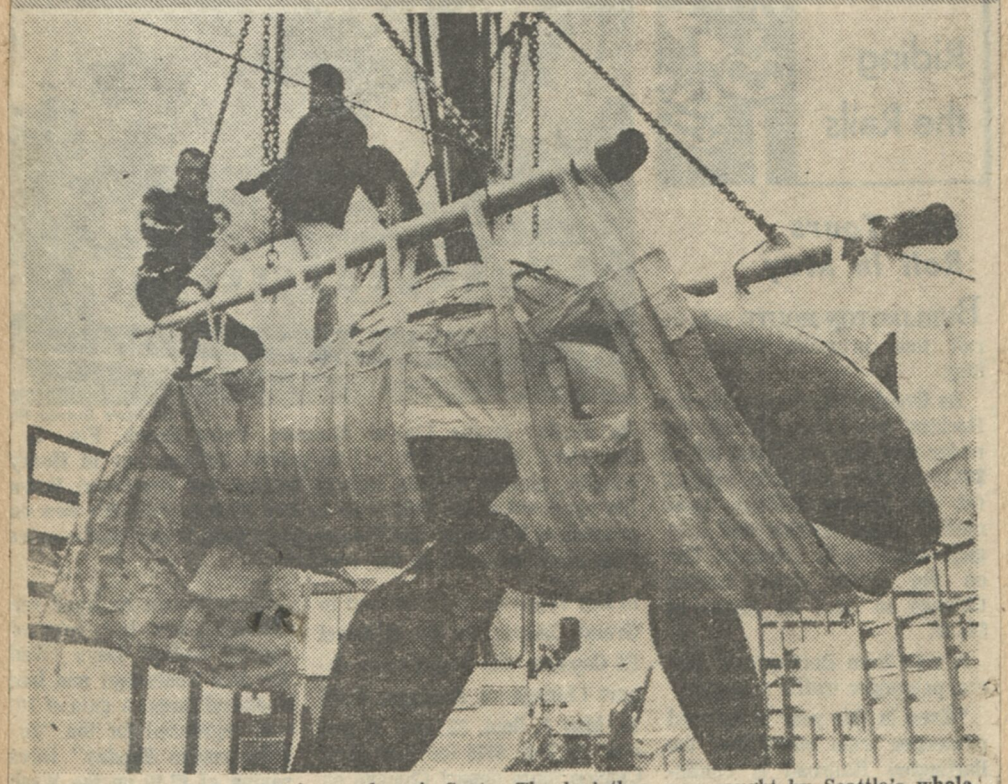
Once we were many, now we're quite rare
We swam around with a debonair flair
Till men on their ships drove us to dispair
In their seeking of oil for a lantern's glow
All because darkness gave them a scare.

Now men are too many, soon could be rare
They drive in cars that poison the air.
They search for parking everywhere
And traffic snarls make tempers flare.
Now just fear of darkness gives them the scare
And their scattered thoughts are beyond repair.

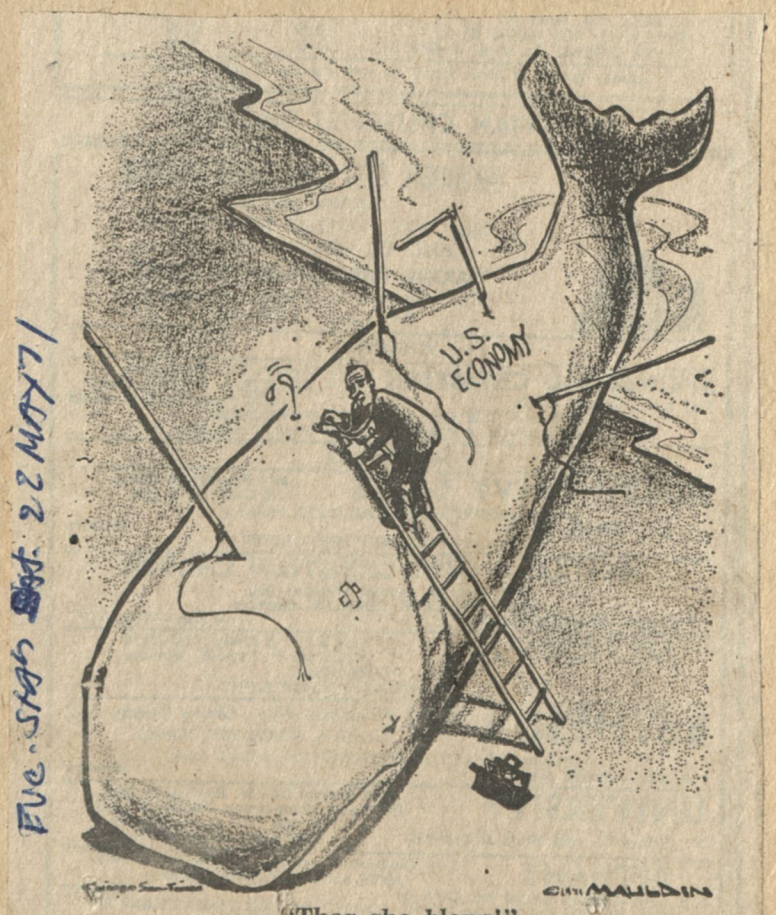
So if you give this some thought and care
You'll be riding a "bike" from here to there
With less confusion, wear and tear
And maybe even years to spare.

"Inquirer + Mirror"
Dec. 17, 1970

The Washington Daily News, Tuesday, April 2, 1968



WHALE OF A JOB — Marine workers in Seattle used a sling to load Lupa, a three-ton killer whale, on a truck for the first leg — to the airport — of her trip to New York where she'll reside in the city's aquarium at Coney Island. The leviathan was caught by Seattle's whale hunter, Ted Griffin. Lupa is 18 feet long and eats 150 pounds of fish for breakfast. She's the largest killer whale in captivity and the only one on exhibit on the East Coast.



"Thar she blows!"

Eve. Star 22 MAY 71

Whaleman's Daughter

Vineyard Gazette
Jan. 29 1965 Friday

Mrs. Edgar E. Cushman Was Tie with Great Era—Dies at 76

Mrs. Edgar E. Cushman of Edgartown died at the Martha's Vineyard Hospital early Thursday morning after an illnes, at the age of 76.

She was the former Carrie Louise Coffin, daughter of Capt. Edwin Coffin and Caroline Norton Coffin, and one of the last of the immediate descendants of what may be called the old Vineyard whaling stock. Her father first sailed out of Edgartown as a cabin boy under Capt. Thomas Worth of the Champion in 1868, and his active career included forty years of whaling in the Arctic.

In 1903 he sailed as master of the steamer America on the Ziegler expedition which sailed from Tromso, Norway, in an attempt to reach the North Pole. The America was crushed in the ice and lost, and the the thirty-seven survivors were rescued by the Arctic steamer Terra Nova which went to their relief in 1905.

Mrs. Cushman was graduated from the Edgartown High School in the class of 1907, and from the Bridgewater State Normal School in the class of 1910. She taught school in several towns, including Edgartown, and for a time was a member of the Edgartown postoffice staff. Later she became clerk in the registry of deeds at the courthouse.

Married in 1924

Her marriage to Edgar Everett Cushman, an attorney of Bridgewater, took place at her home in Edgartown on Feb. 9, 1924, Rev. Ernest A. Royal officiating. Ten years ago, following Mr. Cushman's retirement, they moved to Edgartown as all year residents.

Mrs. Cushman was known for her quiet personality and for the traits associated with the Vineyard family of which she came. She was respected and held in affection accordingly, and she will be long missed in the Edgartown of which she was so long a part.

She was a member of the Edgartown Woman's Club; the D.A.R., Martha's Vineyard Chapter; and of the Oriental Chapter of the Eastern Star.

She is survived by her husband; a son, Francis Norton Cushman, an attorney in Seattle, Wash.; and five daughters, Mrs. Donald G. McMahon (Marion Cushman) of Great Falls, Mont.; Mrs. J. Whittier Anderson (Margery Cushman) of Saybrook, Conn.; Mrs. Lawrence W. McCracken (Dorothy Cushman) of Morristown, N. J.; Mrs. E. Elliot Mayhew (Mildred Cushman) of Chilmark; and Mrs. Earl R. Heaton (Ruth Cushman), whose husband is in the U. S. Armed Service in Weisbaden, Germany; a sister, Mrs. Edna Coffin Langille of Oak Bluffs; and two brothers, Irving Haven Coffin of Chatham and Edwin Coffin of Bridgewater.

The funeral service will take place at 2 p. m. on Sunday, at the Edgartown Federated Church, of which she was a member. Interment will be at the West Side Cemetery in Edgartown. Rev. S. Read Chatterton will officiate.



This Whale's Heart Weighs 554 Lbs.

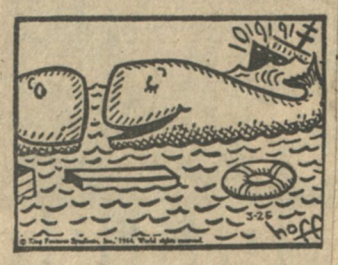
Cradled in thick ropes and dangling from a strong chain, the 554-lb. heart of a recently killed humpback whale is examined by pathology technician Jonas Ayers as it arrives at the University of Illinois' College of Medicine in Chicago. The heart, which is 3½ feet in diameter, will be used first for medical research and then as part of an exhibit. Scientists want to learn why a whale's heart slows down when the whale dives and stays underwater. This slower heart action permits the whale to stay under longer because less oxygen is being burned up. What they learn from studying the whale, the scientists hope to use in treating the human heart. This heart came from a whale almost 50 feet long which was harpooned and caught near Australia. Humpback whales were close to becoming extinct a few years ago, but now an international agreement limits the number of these whales that can be killed in one year to 1,250.

A Whale of a Flight

MANCHESTER, England, Nov. 12 (UPI) — Titch, the first whale to fly the Atlantic, landed here yesterday in excellent condition from Montreal. Thruout the 12-hour flight, Quebec Aquarium Director Dr. Gaston Morin talked, whistled and sang to the 7-month-old white whale to keep it happy.

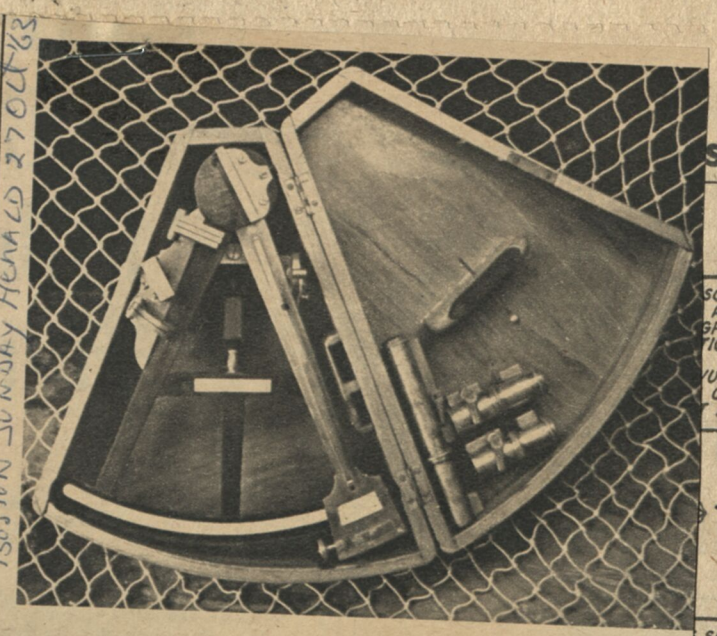
WASH NEWS 12 NOV 64

LAUGH IT OFF



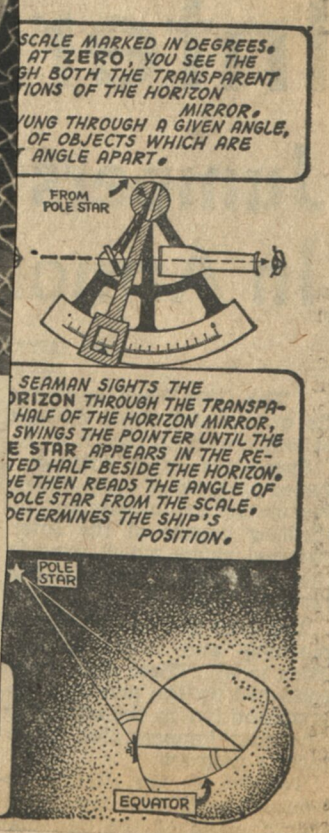
"You should have seen the one that got away."

WASH. POST- WED 25 MARCH 1964



BOSTON SUNDAY HERALD 27 OCT 63

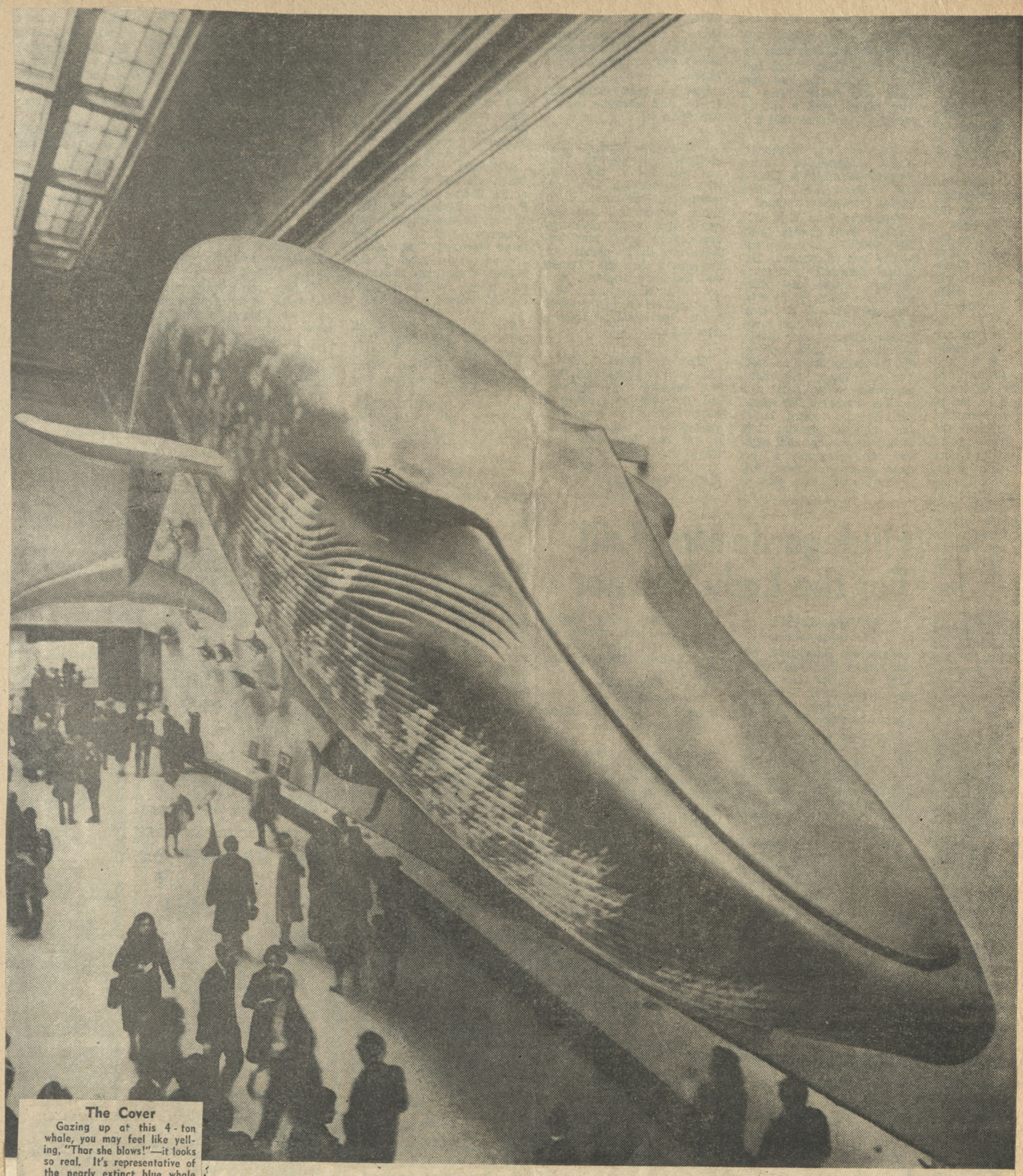
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TWO MIRRORS, A TELESCOPE, ... UP THE SEXTANT. ONE MIRROR (I... FRAME, AND IS HALF MIRROR, H... THROUGH THE TELESCOPE, WHICH IS ALSO FIXED TO THE FRAME, ... SEE THE HORIZON MIRROR --- PARTLY THE TRANSPARENT HALF, AND PARTLY A REFLECTION FROM THE OTHER MIRROR (INDEX MIRROR) THE INDEX MIRROR IS FIXED TO THE PIVOT OF THE POINTER (ALHIDADE).

AN OCTANT, sometimes called a quadrant, circa 1780-1800, used for measuring angles aboard ship will interest collectors of nautical antiques. It's part of a comprehensive exhibit of marine antiques and ship models at the five-day show and sale.



The Cover

Gazing up at this 4-ton whale, you may feel like yelling, "Thar she blows!"—it looks so real. It's representative of the nearly extinct blue whale species and if it were real, it would weigh 135 tons. It's the biggest exhibit in the "Life in the Sea" display of theh Smithsonian Institution's Museum of Natural History. It was made of plastic from color photos of a real whale and it's suspended 34 feet above the floor.

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Washington's Own 'Fantasyland'

—PAGE 8

"The Washington Star" 5/30/64

World's Biggest, But for How Long?

By CARLETON RAY

WITH profound sadness the biologist or humanitarian contemplates the blue whale, the world's biggest living creature. The species is becoming extinct.

Civilization draws away from nature as it destroys it and this sadness does not reach us all. Our culture mourns the fading of a great painting, yet art is but imitation. The blue whale can never have an imitation. It represents the culmination of many facets of the most complex and beautiful thing of which we know, life itself. It is a creature to which only superlatives are applicable, a living, vibrant, highly intelligent fellow mammal.

In not quite a century, humans in magnificent myopia have all but eliminated the blue whale as they have hunted it down for oil, meat and fertilizer worth millions of dollars. There are probably fewer than 10,000 blue whales left, including the slightly smaller "pygmy blue." And if the slaughter continues, an adviser to the International Whaling Commission warned recently, the blue whale will soon be gone.

LIVING IN DANGER

WHALES are re-entrants into the sea, mammals perfectly adapted to the greater part of this planet where man is unfortunately robbed of his senses and, therefore, the greater part of his ability to cope with his surroundings. Even whales are at some disadvantage at sea, for in adapting to a medium foreign to a mammal, they have become increasingly specialized and have lost the use of limbs and the sense of smell. Specialization is dangerous in evolution, however beautiful in its perfection.

Size precludes minute study and experimentation with the blue whale. Our technology at present does not allow close observation of large marine creatures. Therefore, a portrait of this vanishing beast deals largely from anatomy and dissection, a few observations on the sea's surface, inference from smaller Cetacea, and guesswork.

The species was given its scientific name, *Balaenoptera musculus,* by the great Swedish classifier of living things, Carl von Linné, called Linnaeus, in the 18th century. But how long men have known the blue whale is anyone's guess, though it certainly must have been known by ancient tribes and civilizations bordering the North Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Perhaps it was even known to tropical shore people, since the species spends its winters in warm waters. It is a creature hard to miss, for

(Continued on Following Page)

CARLETON RAY is associate curator of the New York Aquarium of the New York Zoological Society.



THREATENED WITH EXTINCTION—A lifesize model of a blue whale, "a creature to which only superlatives are applicable," on display at Washington's Smithsonian Institution.

The New York Times - Magazine section
Dec. 13, 1964

(Continued from Preceding Page)

40 tons, a third of the total weight, before reclaiming this weight in polar waters.

Larger calves are estimated to consume 130 gallons—1,000 pounds—of milk a day during a number of short nursing periods, in which milk is pumped into them by contractions of the mother's breast. A weight gain of 200 pounds a day on 1,000 pounds of food is efficient indeed. Less than half of the milk is water. Most domesticated animals and humans have milk that is 80 to 90 per cent water. Cetacean milk is 40 to 50 per cent fats, 11 to 12 per cent protein and only 1 to 2 per cent lactose or milk sugar. It is a milk to build bodies quickly. The size increment is necessary, as is the laying down of a thick layer of blubber, for both afford protection against the rigors of Antarctic cold which the calf has to face during seven months of nursing.

It would not be hard to show that the female produces as much as her total weight in milk, but how is a guess. This would be impossible if she did not commence feeding sometime during the nursing period, which casts some doubt on the current theory that the female does not feed until October.

During lactation and nursing, the mother is very solicitous of her calf. The two are rarely apart and a boatman might find himself in some danger while trifling with a calf blue whale. But at weaning, the union begins to break. The calves grow independent and by the age of 4 to 5 are sexually mature and 75 feet long. Physical maturity comes at 12 to 13 years, at which time females average 87 and males 81 feet. They live about 30 to 40 years.

ZEROING IN

THE hunt for the blue whale did not begin until the eighteen-sixties, when the Norwegian, Svend Foyn, developed the harpoon gun, explosive head and catcher ship. This combination was needed before these speedy and elusive whales could be caught. In 1925, with the advent of stern slipways on factory ships, open-ocean whaling began in earnest. In the last 100 years, more than a third of a million blue whales have been captured and today the entire whaling industry, in spite of motions in the direction of conservation through the International Whaling Commission, is about defunct, a victim of the same old story—overuse of resources.

The land is rapidly losing its productivity and we turn to the sea even as we must realize that the sea, with our laissez-faire attitude toward it, is depleted, too. The whales, with all their potential as a great resource, are still barely salvageable proof of that.

Sea Monster Remains Found

EAST MERSEA, England, March 10 (UPI) —Archaelogists are excavating on the south coast of England in an attempt to find more remains of a prehistoric monster, believed to be an ichthyosaurus.

A fossilized bone of the monster was found last week. Later, the skull, which weighs about 560 pounds, was uncovered by the receding tide. It has a long beak like a bird and the sockets of its teeth still can be seen.

Only three complete specimens of the Ichthyosaurus are thought to exist. It was a marine animal with a huge head, tapering body, four paddles and a long tail. 3/10/64 Wash. News

WASH. DIST NEWS

Ichthyosaurus Find Is Whale of a Fraud

EAST MERSEA, England, March 10 (UPI)—Amateur archeologists flocked to this South England coastal town yesterday when bones believed to be those of a 200-million-year-old ichthyosaurus were unearthed.

But the "sea monster" turned out to be a fraud. Robert McDonald, a youth camp ward, said last night, "I buried a whale on the beach here seven years ago."

11 MARCH '64

Whale Remains Found 15 Million Years Old

Reuters

MELBOURNE, March 27 The fossilized remains of a whale that may have lived 15 million years ago have been found at a Melbourne bayside suburb, a spokesman for the Australian National Museum said here today.

WASH. Post 1964
SAT. 28 MARCH

VENETO 57



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N.Y. Times 18 OCT 64 SUNDAY

'DIAMOND' HUNTING ON THE BEACHES OF HAWAII

By EUGENIA BEDELL

LAHAINA, Maui, Hawaiian Islands—After Hawaii's all-time favorite of Oahu, the island here that is most popular these days is Maui, which lies about 80 miles southeast of Honolulu, or a 33-minute trip by air. A new 18-hole championship golf course, two new hostelries, "diamonds" and the stretching and yawning, if not the actual reawakening, of the port of Lahaina are among the reasons for the star billing Maui is receiving.

Lahaina, a languid little settlement, is South Seas in appearance, and probably once outdid even Tahiti in reputation for excitement. In any case, the town's present lackadaisical, somnolent mien belies a boisterous past worth looking into.

But at the moment, diamonds, not history, are causing the tourist stir here. After all, there are not many places in the world, much less in the United States, where people can vacation amid palms, poi and plumeria (oleander) and return home with a gem or two, as well. On Maui, you can.

The diamond hunting takes place on Olowalu Beach, near Lahaina. A far cry from Honolulu's glittering, sandy-white Waikiki, Olowalu is rocky, pebbly, untenanted and no good for swimming. Yet, on the mornings following heavy rains in the West Maui Mountains, the beach is crowded with natives and tourists alike.

Among the Rocks

It is then that swollen highland streams and rushing waters deposit a fresh supply of the diamonds in the sea near Olowalu. They are then pushed up among the rocks and pebbles by the surf.

Actually, Hawaiian diamonds are not diamonds, but quartz crystals. Of little value, at least when placed alongside the "real thing," their only similarities to bona fide diamonds are a remarkable spring-water clarity and the fact that both were formed by volcanic action.



Josef Muench

HAWAIIAN SURF—Breakers pound the palm-fringed shoreline on the island of Maui.

Nevertheless, there is an understandable thrill not only to finding one's own jewels, but also, later, to having them cut and set and wearing them or giving them as gifts. And so the search is going on, and has been for more than a year.

This recent discovery on Maui, intriguing as it is, is minor compared to the commotion a similar discovery set off some 150 years ago on Oahu. In the early 1800's, a group of British sailors, poking about at the foot of an extinct volcano known as Leahi, just east of Waikiki, found a scattering of gleaming crystals.

Long-Forgotten

They thought they had discovered diamonds. By the time they learned that the stones were the same quartz that is being found today on Maui, the place where they had made their discovery had already been dubbed Diamond Head. And so it remains, its name of Leahi long since forgotten.

When not diamond hunting, picnicking, swimming, horseback riding or just relaxing, vacationists on Maui may be found on the handsome championship golf course. It was designed by Robert Trent Jones, who has his own cottage at Kaanapali. It is at Kaanapali, too, that the new resorts have burgeoned during the year.

One is a cottage colony; the other is a hotel built on a promontory called Black Rock, a venerated ceremonial ground of the early Polynesians. Both resorts offer excellent swimming facilities, use of the golf course and dramatic views of the horizon-hugging islands of Molokai, Lanai and Kahoolawe.

At Kaanapali and Lahaina, another activity is coming into its own. This one is whale-watching. Lahaina Roads, a body of water defined by Maui and the aforementioned islands, has long been a stopping-place for humpback whales during their trips south each winter, beginning in November. Some of the whales, particularly the mothers with newborn calves, winter in Lahaina Roads. From November through April, the whale traffic, heading first south, then north with spring, is formidable.

The huge mammals, 50 to 60 feet long and weighing 40 tons or more, put on a continuous show. One day last winter, five whales almost succeeded in pushing a 53-foot pleasure schooner aground near Kaanapali.

During the mid-1800's, Lahaina was the royal capital of the Hawaiian Islands, and today the islanders are pleased to see it coming into its own again.

The doughty Pioneer Inn, of whaling days' fame, is becoming busier and busier. Among its attractions are beer from all parts of the world and a list of all the whalers that called here in 1843. It gives home ports, ships' names, captains, the number of barrels of oil aboard and the quantity of whalebone that was being carried. Among the ships listed is the Charles W. Morgan, the American whaler that is now kept at Mystic Seaport, Conn.

Mark Twain Landmark

In addition to mementos of royalty and sailors, there are many other attractions in the Lahaina area. These include the Iao Needle, the steep cone of which Mark Twain is said to have climbed.

And there is Haleakala, one of the two volcanoes that "built" this island of sweeping mountains, plummeting waterfalls and deep valleys. Almost all visitors to the island drive up Haleakala.

JONAH — *Whale-back riding is a tricky business* — *By ED GRAHAM*